

January 15, 1964

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-

Travel guide to
AUSTRALIAN EDITION ONLY
perfect holidays
Biscuit cookbook

 **CANTERBURY BELLS and
other tall beauties, page 46**

FAB
SUDS
KEEP ON
WASHING
WORKING
WASHING
WASHING
WHEN OTHER SUDS ARE DEAD AND GONE
THAT'S WHY
the cleanest clean under the sun
is **FAB CLEAN**

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4988WW, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JANUARY 15, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 33

CONTENTS

Special Features

Models Sum Up Men	4, 5
Princess Margaret, by Pietro Annigoni	10, 11
Hairstyles from Paris	36, 37, 39

Fiction

Dolphin (serial, part 1), Eric Lambert	20, 21
A Lamb in the Fold, Deirdre Hill	22
Mrs. Lindsay's Next Husband, Whitfield Cook	23
Little White Lie, Grace Roxburgh	24

Regular Features

Social	12, 13
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	14
Television Parade, Films	17
Worth Reporting	19
Stars	42
Mandrake, Crossword	53

Fashion

Fashion Frocks	40
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	48
Summer Dresses at Budget Prices	49
Needlework Notions	50
Butterick Patterns	55

Home and Family

Cookery: Biscuit Cookbook	25-31
A Mother's Short Story of a Long Day	33
Home Hints, Prize Recipe	35
Handyman, Home Plans Panel	40
Collectors' Corner, Transfer	41
At Home with Margaret Sydney	43
Gardening: Tall Beauties	46, 47

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Author Eric Lambert has nostalgic memories of summer days in Australia — and this was specially true when he wrote his tender story "Dolphin" (see page 20).

OUR new serial, "Dolphin," is about summer life in a small seaside town on Australia's east coast.

It's full of the author's affection for this country; he says himself that he has never enjoyed writing a book more.

Eric Lambert is a kind of Australian-Englishman.

He came to Australia as a baby with his English parents, went to school in England (to Oxford), and, when war came, he joined the Australian Army and fought in the New Guinea campaign.

He has now made his home in Essex, England, with his wife, Phyllis, and daughter, Virginia (5).

* * *

MANY of our readers will remember Wynne W. Davies, who was one of the most popular fiction illustrators in our earlier years.

With us, they will be sad to learn of Mr. Davies' sudden death last month at his home at Springwood, in the N.S.W. Blue Mountains.

English-born Mr. Davies was a well-known resident

Our Cover

● Visiting Bowral, N.S.W., recently, staff photographer Ron Berg brought his car to a swift halt when he saw the spectacular sweep of Canterbury Bells in Mrs. Edith Dupain's lovely garden. It was pouring with rain at the time, and the staff reporter travelling with Ron held an umbrella over the camera—while our Mr. Berg, water streaming over him, took the picture.

of the Blue Mountains district.

He took part in local government affairs; for more than 12 years he was a member of the Shire and County Councils.

Mr. Davies was also one of the judges and selectors in the annual Blue Mountains Junior Art Exhibition, and often helped promising young artists in their careers.

Married 46 years ago, Mr. Davies is survived by his wife and by his brother — author John Davies — who lives in England.



HAY FEVER?

Then get quick relief with tried and proven



Bethal TABLETS

When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever... be sure to have your Bethal Tablets handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as Bethal Tablets work swiftly through the bloodstream. Bethal Tablets are easy to carry and easy to take... two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with Bethal Tablets, only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.



Bethals also give wonderful relief from Asthma & Catarrh



Life is so much more exciting when you are **SLIM!**

And now it is so much easier to become slim—and to stay slim.

No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no need for sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises. You eat normal food... and simply take three American Slimming Tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods, and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

American Slimming Tablets are obtainable from Chemists, and they cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day to be slim!

AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

Quick change by Elaine McKenna

• But the smile stays the same

WHENEVER Melbourne singer Elaine McKenna returns home from the United States to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McKenna, she brings new clothes.

This time, returning home as Mrs. Timothy Evans for the first time since her wedding in Texas last October, Elaine didn't bring quite such a big wardrobe as usual.

"Last time I came I brought far too many clothes," she said. "I just didn't wear them and, of course, I had a big excess-baggage bill."

So she arrived on this visit with several working outfits for her TV appearances on GTV9 Melbourne (including three shifts — one of them her wedding dress), a travelling outfit, and casual clothes.

Being so much in the public eye, Elaine is more or less forced to follow fashion trends. Full-skirted formal gowns are out, she says. Shifts are still at the peak of popularity.

Her lace wedding shift "has been worn to death," because it is so useful in her nightclub work.

Just before returning to Melbourne she had been working at the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans. She had two more shifts made there

by one of New Orleans' many "little" dress-makers, one a peacock-blue velvet and the other a white satin embroidered with gold sequins.

Elaine finds shifts marvellous to work in — they're so comfortable and easy to pack.

Recently she invested in a mink coat, a short one of pale beige tourmaline which suits her slim petite figure. "It's absolutely marvellous," she said. "I wear it everywhere."

Elaine's accessories are fascinating. She has linen shoes dyed to match her clothes, and matching handbags and gloves — which she says are all cheap and easy to obtain in the States.

For casual clothes she still favors shirts and slacks, but she has to have the slacks made — "otherwise I just can't get them to fit me properly."

For really kookie wear Elaine has a teenage-type outfit combining a long-sleeved white crepe blouse with a wide Peter Pan collar, either red, green, or black tights, and a pinafore top which finishes just above the knees.

The pinafore Elaine brought with her was of beige cotton, flaring at the sides, with an enormous squirrel painted on the front panel. There's a detachable mink tail for the squirrel.

— MARGARET BERKELEY



ELAINE McKENNA'S favorite blouse is this cute red-and-white-check gingham number, which she wears here with green slacks and matching gingham bows in her hair. In the United States she usually teams this blouse with off-duty wear of jeans and sneakers.



WHITE SATIN shift with a beautiful gold-sequin motif is Elaine's favorite "working" shift. She had it made in New Orleans. Material is from Hong Kong.



PEACOCK-BLUE velvet is one of several shifts Elaine wears when working in American nightclubs, because they are easy to wear and travel well. This also was made for her in New Orleans.



TUNIC TOP in white pique with broderie anglaise border, worn over turquoise silk slacks. Elaine says tights also are very popular in the United States, especially under skirts for home wear.



TRAVELLING ensemble combines sleeveless linen sheath dress and knitted mohair coat. Linen shoes are dyed to match, and she has matching bag, gloves.

Models sum up

(GEOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING)

By MARY COLES



NEW YORKER
Sue Wyman

SUE makes a speciality of showing cute teenage clothes.

EUROPEANS are very skilled at giving all their attention to the girl they are with, acting as if no other women exist. But, while seemingly engrossed with one girl, they're busy making mental notes to call-up another at the far end of a room.

In Europe, accepting an invitation to a man's flat indicates a girl doesn't intend even to put up a struggle. A Frenchman confided to me that the first time he dated an English girl she threw him down the stairs and out of his own apartment!

Greeks

"pitch" for all their worth when dating American girls, but are cautious about Greek girls, because they'll have to answer to Greek brothers!

Latins

have incredible vanity which should never be underestimated. In Italy, the favorite pastime of Italian men is inviting a girl for a drive on a motor scooter. If she rejects his advances the Italian sails off on his scooter — leaving her to walk home.

Englishmen

once seemed "stiff-upper-lippers." But now I think they are romantic and soulful deep down, with a lot of perception and understanding.

Frenchmen

make marvellous boy-friends, terrible husbands.

● WOLVES of every nationality can only be dealt with by kicking, screaming, shoving — best of all, a hard smack in the face. But this doesn't deter a French wolf. He sulks—then calls up again.



ENGLISH Gabrielle Hartley (pictured above) says:

Frenchmen

deserve to win, because they are such gracious losers, and never sulk or offend when rebuffed. A Frenchman has such confidence in himself he never really gives up hope that the girl he is pursuing will find him irresistible. They also have a fantastic awareness of a woman's point of view.

He always laughs WITH you, never AT you, and he's most careful over what he laughs about. His humor is never tinged with sadism. He doesn't make sick jokes or sneer at mothers-in-law.

Italians

are phonies — just strutting peacocks in love with themselves. They're far too cynical to be seriously regarded as romantics and their compliments aren't worth a grain of salt. Although bad husbands, they are, however, devoted fathers.

Welshmen

smile a lot — and sing, too, if they're genuinely romantic. They're very sensitive and easily wounded. Their tempers flare when their feelings are hurt. A Welshman would never send his secretary out to buy a box of chocolates for a girl who attracted him. Instead he would put a lot of thought and care into selecting some small gift himself. Even if he is rich, his gifts to her are always individualistic, but never very costly.

Danes

are kind, lighthearted, optimistic, and such good company.

Spaniards

I just can't take seriously as Romeos. Usually short and slight, they just give me the feeling I want to mother them.

Irishmen

are lovable rogues with a great eye for pretty girls. But they have a built-in resistance to domestic responsibilities, and would much rather get tipsy than get married. Dated by an Irishman, your life is just a hectic round of walking, talking, drinking, following sport, and living it up at a pace few girls can maintain and remain good-tempered. You never want to mother an Irishman, but you often feel like putting him across your knee for a good slapping—I pray I will never marry an Irishman.

Belgians

are gentle, with old-world charm. They still kiss a woman's hand with enchanting unselfconsciousness, and give her a wonderful feeling that she is a frail female — even when she's holding down a man-sized job in a hard, tough world.

Hungarians

are sweet and gentle, but they cry so easily. Real tears run down the face of a Hungarian at the opera.

Germans

are incredibly dull as boy-friends. A German makes no effort to woo a girl. His conversation is largely a recital of the greatness of the Fatherland — from boasting about the construction of bigger and better buildings to basking in the reflected glory of Beethoven. He expects you to fall for him because of the "superman" structure of his race.

Scots

are very honest. They rarely enter into light flirtations. When a Scot sees a girl he likes, his interest in her has a definite "View Mat." objective.



YUGOSLAV
Neira Gereg

NEIRA and her husband will stay in Australia.

One-man girl

IN Yugoslavia men speak the language of love with small symbolic gifts. When I was 18, a boy I had seen playing in the orchestra at a school dance in my final term sent me three very beautiful red roses when I passed my exams.

My grandmother explained the three red roses symbolised that he felt love, hope, and faithfulness toward me. Three years after that we married. He was my first and only love—and I was his. And so I have not been dated by men in other countries I have visited.

MEN

IRISH

Bridie Corsie (right)

Russians

are extroverts who delight in dominating the scene with a king-sized exuberance. To catch a girl's eye, a Russian first draws the attention of an entire room with his swashbuckling talk and ever-challenging mannerisms. He taunts your escort into drinking vodka and then proceeds to drink him under the table. Then he "suddenly" notices you and "challenges" you to have lunch with him the next day.

Englishmen

don't interest me — they never take a gamble romantically. The thoroughbreds have beautiful manners — but they are such long-nosed, chinless wonders I have no time for them.

Frenchmen

make a woman feel precious. They adore femininity, but they can be irritatingly curious and critical about "what are you wearing to-night?" A Frenchman's outing can be ruined if his girl-friend hasn't bothered to put on the right shade of nail-polish for her outfit.

Italians

also have a "bug" about dressing, and can also get upset about what their girl-friends wear. They talk too much about love to be convincing, but they can almost make you believe you are the most beautiful woman in the world. When an Italian says he loves you, it immediately prompts the thought: Now who did he say this to last night?

Americans

overdo everything. They over-spend, over-spend, and are over-possessive.

Irishmen

have the gift of the gab and are great fun as friends, but I would never marry one. They like to make life one long ball. Although fundamentally perceptive and earthy, they paint reality with a rosy hue and set out to just live for the day.

Swedes

are pessimistic and so devoid of humor it's impossible to communicate.

Americans

regard a girl's company as a status symbol. They have a tendency to put women on pedestals and strew gifts at their feet. This makes them such easy prey for gold-diggers. When they find that the current girl of their dreams is not a goddess but has human frailties, they turn sour.

Norwegians

have a delicious sense of fun. Only intelligent people know the art of being zany.

Arabs

(and I have met quite a lot — from young Arab students at art school in England to sheiks who used to come to my father's antique and jewellery shop in London in search of rare gems) have a great sense of honor and a delightful, almost child-like humor.

The Arab regards women as props on which he can hang wonderful jewels, silks, and exotic perfumes. He is *ye olde worlde*, quite uncomfortable and squeamish when confronted by girls in bikinis or shorts.

BRIDIE is on a twelve months' visit to Australia, doing TV commercials and fashion photography. A 5ft. 6in. blonde, she has modelled in London, Paris, New York.

If you were sitting in a railway carriage with an Arab and an Italian, the Italian would be mentally disrobing you, but the Arab would be busy decking you out with veils to shroud you in mystery.

Englishmen

with upper-class backgrounds are extremely sophisticated and like to select "civilised" girls with no problems, i.e., no parents, no distance to travel, no scruples — and no recriminations when a romance fades. Although far from cold they have a very corny line. Many still refer to girls as little fillies.

When a girl is taken out by an upper-class Englishman she can be sure that, whatever he talks about during the evening, his mind is not on the conversation.

His first question over dinner is finding out whether you live at home with parents. If you do, his face falls.

If you live alone, he enthuses, "Let's have coffee at your flat." If you share digs with a friend, he nonchalantly invites you to his flat. He is even old hat enough to use etchings as bait.

If ever an Englishman had the originality to invite me to his flat to see the pet rhino he kept in his bathroom — I almost think I'd accept!

CALIFORNIAN

Susan Dougherty

Persians

Many rich young Persians who round off their studies in the U.S. would date 10 different girls in the one day if they could get away with it. They're full of hot-air charm and flattery, and their eyes never stop roving. Spending three hours on the beach or at a party, they madly collect enough phone numbers to keep them in dates for the next three weeks.

Americans

The American male abroad is a different animal back in his lair. At home he has great tact, and rarely makes approaches to a girl unless he thinks she reciprocates his interest. He is basically open and direct, and likes the friendship of women, quite apart from romantic entanglements. His courtship can be dynamic, and very gallant. When he sees a girl who strongly attracts him he is ingenious and persevering in finding a way to meet her.

SUSAN has just completed a brief visit making TV ads.

When I was modelling at I. Magnin, in San Francisco, a very presentable young man came up to me and said: "Hello. Don't I look familiar to you?" When I shook my head, he said: "Haven't you seen my face peeking at you between the stacks of cans at the supermarket where you get your groceries?"

He then told me he had first seen me shopping there three months before, and had gone back twice a week ever since, just to try to contrive a meeting because he'd fallen in love on sight. When I explained I already had a steady date he went on his way with a smile.

South Americans

are conceited, self-confident, and think all they have to do to make a conquest is look at a woman with smouldering eyes.

... what they think of AUSTRALIANS

SUE and SUSAN agree on the point and say:

• Australian men give the impression of being completely unconscious of women. It shows up everywhere — particularly on the beaches, where instead of showing a flicker of admiration for all the beautiful girls they maintain a studied indifference.

Yet, for all this blindness, they often note when a woman is standing in a bus, and give up their seats.

A woman can sit alone in a restaurant at any hour without being ogled.

Australian men say it is wonderful to take out girls from abroad.

Yet they make it quite clear they really wouldn't want to trade an Aussie girl for one from elsewhere when it comes to marriage. They don't want the unknown.

As boy-friends they couldn't be more offhand. Everything is tentative in dating, so that they can pull out.

When a couple of Australians decide to go out as a mixed foursome, instead of issuing a direct invitation, they put it as "we think we'll have dinner together tonight. We'll give you a ring."

You then either hear no more about it or else the phone will ring about 7.30 p.m. (after you've eaten at home, deciding the date is off), and they'll say, "We'll pick you up in ten minutes."

When you explode about not being given time to dress they just say, "We said we'd ring. We have. This is it!"

BRIDIE'S view:

• Australians are so unemotional they can make saying "I love you" sound like asking for a cheese sandwich. Australian men treat a girl as one of the boys and if she doesn't like it she's "out."

They're too scared of being teased by their mates to be attentive or show any signs of cherishing their girl-friends.

They rarely make dates in advance. Always it is a spur-of-the-moment phone call and then the invitation is casually phrased implying they have nothing better to do.

GABRIELLE sums up:

• I like Australian men very much. They have boundless energy, are resourceful, and determined to get the most from every day. They're warm, friendly, good-tempered, and so athletic they make women feel frail.

Australians like girls who are afraid of insects — bees, bull ants, spiders — and snakes. It gives them a chance to be heroic "slaying dragons."

The Australian is very honest. If he thinks a girl is pretty he tells her so in a straightforward way.

He's not afraid of marriage, and he's not an instinctive philanderer.

He lets you laugh at yourself and also at him. But he doesn't laugh at you. If he thinks you are talking rubbish he doesn't hesitate to say so.

But they can still be primitive in some ways — particularly on the roads. I think they are the worst drivers in the world.

Stop him dead

...before it's too late

with Mortein!



Even one fly can menace your family's health, because every fly is a carrier of dirt and disease. One fly can carry the germs of such dangerous diseases as hepatitis, poliomyelitis, and typhoid. To protect your family's health from filthy, disease-carrying flies, you should spray Mortein when you see even one fly in your home. Mortein kills flies so fast, they don't have a chance to spread disease. Mortein is completely safe to use. Mortein is different from all other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home, even near babies and food.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it! 

Mortein Pressure*Pak Prices:
Small 5/9, Regular 7/11, Large 11/6
Jumbo 13/11.

SPRAY SAFE, SPRAY ONLY

Mortein

A slip of a girl (she weighs six stone) has made a 5000-mile tour of outback Queensland

ORPHAN ON HORSEBACK

By CAROL HENTY

● Home is in the saddle for Miss Hazel Astbury, a young English-woman who has spent the past few years travelling the world on horseback.



HAZEL ASTBURY and Dawson, the horse she plans to ride from Maitland to Adelaide.



THE miles that have clip-clopped beneath Hazel Astbury in Italy, Switzerland, England, Australia, and New Zealand add up to many thousands.

A 5000-mile ride through Queensland and the crossing of the rugged Southern Alps in New Zealand are two of her most recent exploits.

"I love travelling and I like horses," Hazel explained. "It's as simple as that."

"Also I have no family ties and no home, so I have unlimited time to travel around."

An orphan for many years, Hazel is officially a resident of Jersey, in the Channel Islands, but returns there only as often as is necessary to keep her citizenship.

A "rest"

I saw her at the cattle property of the McDonald family near Maitland, N.S.W.

"Hazel's really meant to be here having a rest after working hard in New Zealand," confided Miss Jan McDonald, who first met her during an overland bus trip from England to India. "But knowing Hazel, she won't begin to relax till she's in

the saddle and off again on a trip."

Hazel smiled and said: "I must admit I do get rather worked up and excited when I'm about to take off. But I really thrive once the trip begins. I put on quite a lot of weight during the Queensland trip."

Now a fragile six stone, she was preparing to set out on a tour of Tasmania. She plans to buy a horse there and sell it at the end of the trip.

Then she will return to Maitland to ride her horse Dawson to Adelaide. She bought it in Maitland recently for just under £40, and is leaving it on the McDonalds' property.

In Adelaide she's likely to sell Dawson and settle down to work, finishing up with enough money to buy another horse and make another trip. This has been the pattern in the past.

"I'm jack of all trades, master of none," said Hazel, "and take any sort of job that comes along. I've been anything from a farmhand to a housekeeper for the Country Women's Association."

"However, I never work during a trip. Once on the road, I never want to interrupt the journey."

Hazel travels light. On the Tasmanian tour she will take two light saddle-bags and a

rolled-up swag in front of the saddle.

The saddle-bags carry horse medicine, a spare pair of horseshoes, a frock or skirt, a change of underclothes, pyjamas, spare riding clothes, and some condensed milk and a packet of dates.

As Hazel has bad gastric ulcers from an attack of typhoid fever, her diet is restricted.

Horse's lunch

"I live on milk, dates, and a little cheese," she said. "I occasionally find it terribly difficult to refuse the large cut-lunches people give me for a day's ride, so I'm afraid the horse ends up having most of them."

She is overwhelmed by the hospitality of Australian outback people.

"During my tour from Melbourne to Cairns in 1962," she said, "I only had to sleep out in the open once in eleven months — and that was when I was lost."

"I was badly bushed and pretty thirsty, and I thought the best thing to do was to let Pegasus — the horse — have his head. He found our way back to the homestead where we'd spent the previous night."

In the outback Hazel finds that "bush telegraph" has

warned farming families she is on the way. "The people I stay with one night usually get in touch with their neighbors a day's ride away and ask them to watch out for me," she explained.

Before leaving a friendly homestead she always asks the way to the nearest water-holes and habitation and, likely as not, will draw a rough map of the area.

For getting lost without water for herself and her horse is her big fear. And her only fear.

"And I'm rather glad I'm on top of the horse when we step over snakes," she said.

Even being held up by two drovers and accused of being a cattle-duffer failed to scare her.

"I thought it was very funny," she laughed. "These men asked me if I were 'paddy-dogging,' so I simply told them I had never heard of the phrase and I think they eventually believed me."

Conditions during her Queensland trip were, Hazel found, better than people had led her to believe. "Nearly everywhere there was a bit of a track to follow, and I usually followed the overland telegraph lines."

On tour she likes to do from 20 to 30 miles a day. This is at a leisurely walking pace and allows time for a stop for lunch and a

couple of hours' sleep in the heat of the day.

"I usually stop under a tree and read a magazine," she said. "This gives the horse a rest and time to forage for food, too."

For variety Hazel walks half the daily mileage, leading the horse.

"You'll find you get very stiff if you sit in the saddle for 25 miles a day. Anyway I enjoy walking," she said, "though it is a bit rough on my boots, which have had to be resoled four times in the past two years."

Loneliness is also foreign to Hazel. "You see, I'm seeing new people all the time, and a horse is a pretty good companion," she explained.

Her acquaintance with horses goes back to her childhood in Cheshire, England. "We were allowed horses at school," she remembers.

In Europe

Later, living with her mother and stepfather in Cyprus, she won steeplechases and helped to train and work racehorses. One, Russian Hero, later won the Grand National.

Eight years ago she wanted to get from Cyprus through Europe to England and decided that travel by horse would probably be the cheapest way.

Arriving in Venice with a friend, she tried to find two

ponies, but gondolas were the only form of transport easily available.

"We eventually bought two reasonable ponies, Flirty-Girty and Piccolo at Verona, and travelled through Italy to Switzerland."

At the border they had to sell the ponies and buy Swiss ones, because of quarantine regulations.

"After Switzerland we gave the ride up, as Customs and quarantine regulations every time we crossed a border were so jolly complicated," she said.

Hazel reckons her most frightening experience was during that first trip through Italy.

"We had been staying with a farmer and his family in the country for the night," she said, "and when we got ready to go in the morning we found the courtyard gate shut and the farmer refused to let us leave."

"I think he was a bit mentally unbalanced."

"Fortunately one of the horses was a good kicker and terrified the farmer so much that he was forced to let us go."

"I decided then and there that I would stick to touring in countries in which I could speak the language."

Plans for the future? "I have always had an ambition to ride across the Canadian Rockies," said Hazel. "You never know, I might do it yet."

more happy ideas from

Addis

Over 100 of the very best things for you and your home are made by Addis. Addis gives you special care in design, more glamour, longest-lasting quality. Be happy — buy Addis.



SQUEEZE EASY

A real work-saver. Sponge squeeze-mop is best you've ever tried... sops up twice the water, gives extra-strong squeeze with least effort. 38/6. Use it with the "better bucket". Refill sponges available.

CAR CARE

Car wash brush fits standard hose, swishes car clean in minutes. Can't scratch, perfect for window-cleaning too. For upholstery, use this special hand broom with softest, nylon tufts. Excellent gifts for men. Car-wash brush, 23/9. Hand broom, 9/6.



ALL IN PLASTIC

Boil-tested utility bowls in range of colours and sizes. Handy scraper, spoon and pastry brush.



FOR HOT OR COLD

Unbreakable drinking beakers. Set, 6/6.



A BETTER BUCKET

Square shape with lid that always seals tight, can't buckle. Good for picnic food and drink (takes 6 bottles of beer) — is boilproof for nursery use. Bucket 13/3 — with lid, 18/11.

Pioneer history in miniature

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Mr. Derek Pitman, Melbourne geologist and metallurgist, is still rather surprised at the suddenness with which he has become involved in the history of early Australian transport.

HIS attractive tea-tree models of bullock wagons, coaches, timber jinkers, and other pre-combustion-engine vehicles have aroused much interest in Melbourne.

"It came about by accident," Mr. Pitman said, his cheerful tanned face creasing in a ready smile.

"I built a tea-tree fence all round the place — you may have noticed it when you came in," he said at his home at Blackburn. "Many bits and pieces of tea-tree were left over."

"I happened to remember a bullock wagon I had seen in Queensland when I was working up there, so I thought I would have a crack at making a model of it."

Research

The Institute of Applied Science in Melbourne has a few models of horse-drawn transport, but none of the heavy haulage type. To check his measurements, where possible, he descended on the research section of

the National Library for drawings and descriptions of the pioneers' vehicles.

The new interest absorbed all his spare time.

After work — he is a metallurgist with a Melbourne firm — he'd retire to his modelling in the garage beside the house where he lives with his 80-year-old mother.

"I did a model to represent the early transport of each State of the Commonwealth," Mr. Pitman said. "That's how I started."

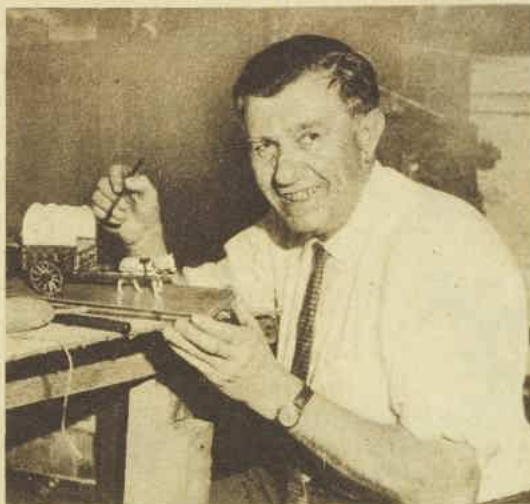
"We had models all over the house. It got so bad Mother said, 'When are you going to stop?'"

The modelling was still just a hobby, but one day a little boy threw his ball into the garage and came after it. He was fascinated by the models.

"Can I come and see them again?" he asked. He came again, and then asked, "Can I bring my daddy?"

It was "daddy" who arranged for Mr. Pitman's first exhibition, at the Southern Cross Hotel branch of the A.N.Z. Bank.

Mr. Pitman had to work



IN HIS WORKSHOP Mr. Derek Pitman touches up the paintwork on his model of a Melbourne ice-cream cart of 1874.

hard, long hours to meet the deadline for the exhibition. Later it was suggested that he build a model of the Cobb and Co. coach then making a trip from Queensland to Melbourne.

This model, now in the possession of a Melbourne solicitor, is Mr. Pitman's pride and joy. It is a charming miniature, even to the battered coach lamps.

A caterer borrowed the model to make a replica in cake when the Cobb and Co. coach arrived.

Mr. Pitman, a young-looking 50, was born in London. His father, Frederick, a music professor, came to Australia in 1926, first going on the land, later moving to Melbourne.

Derek did his first modelling while working as a metallurgist in Fiji. He made relief models of the Fijian Islands for geological purposes.

One of these is in the South Kensington Museum in London.

After the war geological

work took him all over northern Australia.

In his home workshop there is a sort of filing system for the pieces of tea-tree, which are all stacked according to size.

In separate tins are the carved yokes, little black chains, and leather harness for the bullock teams—but the bullocks were bought in a toy-shop.

The wheel in pioneer transport, Mr. Pitman has found, is a study in itself.

"There were wheels, for instance, with 14, 12, or 17 spokes," he said. "And the States varied considerably—some went ahead faster than others with the evolution of the wheel."

Bullocky's aid

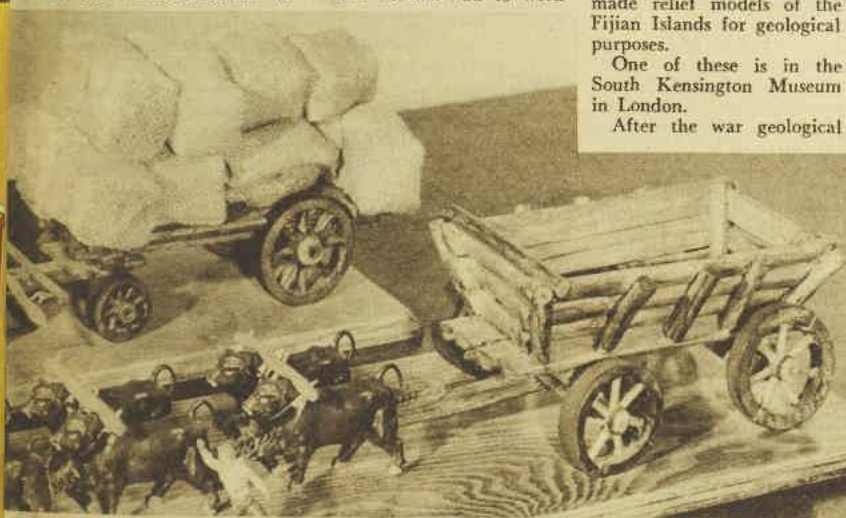
The harnessing of the teams was one of his problems. His early days on a farm helped with horse-and-cart harnessing, but what about camel trains and bullock wagons?

"In the case of the bullocks I was able to track down a bullocky in Melbourne who helped me," Mr. Pitman said. "And I have quite a history of the wagons now."

Other problems he simply had worked out from the drawings available.

Mr. Pitman feels that people should know about the transport their pioneering forefathers used to develop the country.

"Time is running out," he said, "and we ought to have enough pride in our own history not to leave gaps like this in it."



THREE MODELS. Above, a produce wagon (back) of 1873, used in Victoria and N.S.W. Front, a Queensland bullock wagon of 1878. Below, Cobb and Co. coach. It is built to scale. Mr. Pitman scaled other models to the size of the toy animals he could buy.



£1000 FOR YOUR DIET

● Tell us how you lost weight.

We will pay £1000 for the best diet success story sent in by a reader.

The diet need not be new or original, BUT IT MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO ANY OTHER PUBLICATION.

Send in photographs of yourself before and after you lost weight if you have them, but photographs are not essential.

In addition to the prize of £1000 for the best diet we receive, we will pay £20 or more for any other diets we publish.

Send entries to Diet Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries must reach us by March 1, 1964.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

NEXT WEEK:

CAKE MIXES

These modern days, many cooks find it easy to create mouth-watering specialities with cake mixes as a start.

Do you? No? Well, then . . .

A four-page feature shows just how it's done—and gives delicious recipes like Devil's Food Slice, Spun Gold Gateau, and Glamour Torte.

★ A Royal baby jacket to knit

The British Women's Home Industries designed this special baby jacket — and the four Royal expectant mothers are themselves knitting the jackets.

Your baby can have one of these Tudor-style "doublets," made from the same knitting instructions.





PIETRO ANNIGONI, the Royal painter, continuing his reminiscences, tells what happened when —

'PRINCESS MARGARET'S CORGI BIT ME'

● I first saw Princess Margaret at the Opera House in Florence in 1947 (when she was 17). From the first moment she fascinated me.

THE quality of a woman's skin has always appealed to me, and the radiance of the Princess' complexion was striking. And her eyes — truly magnificent!

In those days I painted the life I saw around me in Florence — a Punch and Judy show, stone breakers, and an old poet in a garret, dying of want.

Beggars and thieves, and the aged poor — these themes absorbed all my attention. But when I saw Princess Margaret I knew immediately that I must one day paint her, too.

Five years after that evening at the Opera House, I was in Paris, during an exhibition of my work there, when I had one of my intensely vivid dreams, this time about painting the Princess.

The next evening while I was dining with one of my pupils I began to draw on the tablecloth without thinking what I was doing.

Suddenly the student exclaimed: "Maestro! You have drawn Princess Margaret."

I looked. There was an unmistakable likeness.

I saw the Princess a second time, in 1954, when I was painting her sister, the Queen. She came into the room smoking a cigarette in a long holder.

She seemed very different, much more grown up, but just as radiant as she had been in Florence.

From that moment I became obsessed with the idea of painting her. I spoke about it to my friends, and eventually the Queen Mother came to hear of it.

With her customary kindness she took the matter in hand and soon sittings were arranged at Clarence House.

When I am more than usually attracted to a subject, I sometimes begin painting without making a preliminary drawing to act as a guide. I did so now. The result was disaster.

After six sittings I had to face the fact that this painting simply would not do — and the Princess had already given me nine hours!

I was in an agony of indecision. But eventually I knew that I must destroy the work I had done. The next day I told the Princess and tried to explain the state of my mind to her.

"Oh, all this is enough to make anyone weep!" she exclaimed.

But she was patient with me, and when I told her that I had asked my friends to pray for me she answered, half-seriously: "I shall pray for you, too."

I began again, and a few days later the Princess remarked: "I see that the Almighty has listened to our prayers."

But the trials of this portrait were not over.

That November was exceptionally fine. Light flooded into the room at Clarence House allotted to me, which, of course, had not been built as a studio. I had to draw the curtains, and this presented me with new problems of shadow.

I kicked . . . and a Palace clock ticked again

Like Her Majesty, the Princess was a generous sitter. She made me feel as much at home as possible in the circumstances, speaking fluent French with an excellent accent.

And she kept the same hairstyle.

"My hairdresser is complaining I ought to have something new," she laughed.

The Princess had a favorite small dog, a corgi, which had a horrible habit of creeping up behind strangers and giving them a sharp nip.

One morning at Clarence House, while I was waiting for the valet to escort me to my "studio," this corgi nipped my ankle.

Instinctively I kicked out and the dog went flying into a large and stately clock.



When I had noticed this clock on a previous occasion it had been silent, and looked as if it had been silent a very long time.

Now, with a fearful inner commotion of whirring and clucking, it began to tick. At that moment the valet arrived. But, to my great relief, he noticed nothing out of the ordinary. I wonder if that clock is still going!

I told the Princess I had been bitten, and she was furious with her pet.

"Punish him! Punish him!" she cried.

"No, no," I protested weakly. "I couldn't bring myself to do such a thing."

Nor could I bring myself to tell her that, involuntarily but satisfyingly I had kicked him several yards.

When I left Italy to paint the Princess in England, I was in trouble with the authorities there, and was rather nervous in case I should be hustled into gaol on my return.

There had been a plan to lend many of Florence's greatest works of art to America and I had been loud in my condemnation.

These ancient paintings cannot stand much handling or change of climate. I had abused the City Council so roundly that a charge had been laid against me and I was awaiting trial.

I told the Princess all about this.

"I hope you finish my portrait before you go to gaol," she said, "but why not just stay here?"

Suddenly the fine weather changed to London's hideous winter fog. The painting seemed hardly recognisable.

I had to work with a bulb close to the canvas and another close to my subject. Impossible conditions for me. Again I was in despair.

At dinner one night in the Pheasantry Club, where I usually dine in London, I could scarcely eat, I was so tired and worried.

So, perhaps the wine affected me more than usual. Anyway, I got a little drunk.

I picked a quarrel with a stranger at another table, but friends and waiters prevented a disaster.

I left the club, and while I was waiting for a taxi the man appeared beside me.

I got ready to lash out at him, but to my surprise he cried and apologised for what had been my fault. I think he was a little drunk, too.

I was feeling far from well next morning. At Clarence House the light was appalling. The face on the canvas seemed quite deformed.

I found it almost impossible to work and the Princess was restless. To

entertain her I recounted the story of the night before.

"You must be careful not to end up in gaol here, too," she said.

At the end of the sitting she came over to see what I had done.

"But what's happening to my eyes — haven't you done something terrible to them?" she exclaimed in alarm.

I stood silent, unable to reply. Then she said: "Is it all right for my mother to come, Signor Annigoni?"

It was anything but all right, and I think the Princess knew this very well. There could not have been a worse moment.

Tears came to the eyes of the Queen Mother

"Whenever your Royal Highness wishes," I replied.

Alone, I began to paint again, hardly knowing what I was doing.

A tiny touch to the nostril, the mouth, the corner of the eye — but really in despair that my benefactress was about to witness my failure.

Suddenly the door opened and the Princess reappeared, accompanied by her mother, who came toward me smiling. Then she turned to the picture.

TOP LEFT picture shows part of the crowd looking at the Annigoni portrait of Princess Margaret in a London art gallery in 1958. Not everyone liked it. Color picture of the Princess (left) was taken recently by Ray Bellisario.

"But it's just like her, just like her! Really, I am quite moved — look at me!"

There were tears in the Queen Mother's eyes as she turned to me. I looked at the picture myself, and to my amazement I saw that it was, as she said, just like the Princess.

There was still a great deal to be done. My hopes for a masterpiece had vanished, but I was not displeased with my work.

The Princess came to my rescue with a promise of extra sittings in my own studio in London.

In all she gave me no fewer than 33 sittings, for which she earned my most sincere gratitude.

A great stir was produced when it was discovered that the model I hired to wear the Princess' stole was Georgina Moore, a Windmill Theatre girl.

It was the Press of the United States which made the most of the opportunity. Some of the headlines were quite startling:

"MEG OIL FUMES 'EM."

"ALF OF MEG IS COCKNEY."

The portrait was finished at last. I had shown the Princess as she seemed to me, a prisoner of privilege. I hedged her about with roses.

The picture was harshly criticised, but I believe the Princess is pleased with it.

Her mother wrote me a charming letter about it, just when the critics were at their most virulent.

And the Princess sent me a photograph of herself standing by the painting, which is a great joy to me, since it proves so well the resemblance, and more than makes up for the pains and worries which the picture cost me.

● World copyright "News of the World," 1963.

NEXT WEEK:
Society portraits



New study of Queen Mother

● For the latest portrait of the Queen Mother, who will visit Australia for 26 days from the end of February, Annigoni painted this quick study. Of it a London commentator remarked: "Something has moved Annigoni to look behind the well-known smile. Here is a woman who has suffered much, who has kept her chin up through the vicissitudes of modern monarchy, a Queen who lost her husband in middle age. Under her deeply human and generous personality lurks a touch of sadness—the eyes have surrendered to ageing serenity." The Queen Mother sat at Clarence House, and during the sittings they talked mostly about music and food, says Annigoni.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: LIKELY BONUSES

By MARY BROKER

● As I pointed out last week the Australian economy is at present in an extremely healthy state. You will remember I said that the confidence of businessmen, which was broken by the Federal Government's measures of 1960, was at last returning.

IN this state of buoyancy it seems that capital issues by companies (i.e., "new" and "bonus" issues) should become more frequent.

A "new" issue occurs when a company needs more capital for expansion—and companies only expand when they are confident of the future.

To give you an example: Tom Smith Ltd. is in need of money to buy some new machinery. After a long discussion, directors decide to give shareholders some of the benefit, and to have a new issue of 5/- shares in the ratio of one new share for every two (or three or four) held. Since they need even a little more money than this, they decide to make the issue at 3/- premium, i.e., the total cost of the shares to shareholders is 8/-.

Since this obviously means that shareholders have to put up more money, bonus issues are much more popular with investors than new issues.

When a bonus issue is made, one share is given to shareholders, again in some ratio to shares already held.

A gift

Again, obviously, directors must be extremely confident of the company's future prospects before they decide to increase the ordinary capital.

There are two main requisites for a company to make such a gift, these being:

(1) An extremely healthy state of reserves in relation to ordinary capital.

As I explained before, reserves are made up of what the company saves out of its

profits every year, and anything else it can save along the way. For example, if Tom Smith Ltd. has an ordinary capital of £100,000, and has £300,000 of reserves, it is fairly likely a bonus issue will be made. Even if it were in a ratio of one for one, there would still be £200,000 left in savings.

(2) A high and increasing earning rate on ordinary capital. You all know that earning rate is net profit (i.e., profit after tax and other expenses), expressed as a percentage of ordinary capital. For example, if Tom Smith Ltd. has ordinary capital of £100,000, and earns £36,000 in net profit, earning rate for the year is 36%.

Five companies

Since this is the beginning of a new year, and a new year which gives signs of being an extremely good one, I thought I would make a few suggestions as to companies which seem likely to make bonus issues in the near future.

1. Amalgamated Wireless (Australasia) Ltd.

A.W.A. manufactures a large range of electrical and electronic products, owns a number of broadcasting stations in the eastern States, and has interests in several other radio and television stations.

The company has an excellent record, and in 1962/63 the earning rate was 26.1%. Ordinary capital of £3 million is backed by reserves of £6.6 million.

Another point worth noting is that this year will be the company's fiftieth year of operations under its present name.

The 5/- shares are currently priced at 26/3, so that 100 would cost approximately £135 for a dividend return of £4 at the 16% rate.

2. G. E. Crane Holdings Ltd.

This copper and aluminium founder is undoubtedly among the heavy-weight stocks, the 20/- shares being priced at 81/3. However, if you reduced the shares to a 5/- basis I doubt very much if their price would be below 35/-.

A marketable parcel of 50 shares would cost about £205, including all charges, and in my opinion would be well worth it.

Shareholders have bene-

fited from a very generous series of bonus issues, including a one-for-one bonus when the present holding company was formed in 1959.

Ordinary capital of £1,156,000 is supported by reserves of £3.7 million, and earning rate last year was 22.8%.

3. Henry Jones Co-operative Ltd.

I have discussed this big jam and fruit preserver once before. Suffice it at the moment to say that ordinary capital of £2.5 million compares with reserves of £8.9 million, and earning rate for the year to October 31, 1962, was 31.1%.

Fifty 20/- shares at the present price of 74/- would cost approximately £188.

4. Cascade Brewery Company Ltd.

This company's origins go back very close to the founding of Australia, since the original brewing business was established in 1833.

Cascade has a virtual monopoly of the brewing trade in Tasmania, and as well operates a chain of approximately 50 hotels.

Financial policy is extremely conservative, and as a result ordinary capital of £728,000 is backed by reserves of £2 million. Earning rate in 1962/63 was 34.3%.

The price of the 20/- shares at present is 61/6, so that a marketable parcel of 50 would cost about £156.

Of course, if you reduce this price to a 5/- basis (as I did above with G. E. Crane) the price would be only 15/4, and you can see that it would naturally be close to 30/-.

5. James Stedman Ltd.

You all know this company by its products — "Minties," "Jaffas," "Fantales," "Throaties," and so on.

Reserves are £2.3 million, compared with capital of £1 million, and earning rate last year was 27.2% — it has been increasing every year.

The financial position is extremely sound and very conservatively stated. There was a one-one bonus when the holding company was formed in 1959, and there has been nothing since.

The 5/- shares are presently priced at 26/3, so 100 would cost £134.

I hope for those of you who follow my suggestions that my predictions are right. Logic suggests they should be.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

REGULAR holiday-makers at Terrigal, from both the city and the country, have been busy over the last fortnight moving into their beach houses.

Exhausted after the hectic Christmas round of parties and the heat, they've quickly settled in and are busy soaking up the sun and the casual beach atmosphere.

Families from Sydney include the John Bottomleys, Ken Prings, and Geoff Remingtons, and Dr. and Mrs. Dick Opie, who have been staying with Dr. and Mrs. Walter Pye, of Scone, have just left.

The Ken Mackays from "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, stopped over on their trip down to see their horse, Sisal, run at the Wyong races.

Their son, Jaimie, daughter, Margaret, and their two house guests, Stephen Larkin, from Newcastle, and Miss Bonnie Donaldson, who is on a six-month visit from the United States, were all so disappointed when Sisal was unplaced.

Others there are Mr. and Mrs. Mick Fairfax, of Merriwa, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, of Newcastle, and expected any day are the Doug Munros, of Merriwa, and the Frank Braggs, of "Rossdale," Aberdeen.

MRS. PETER NORTH, the former Rosemary Old, of Killara, has arrived back in Australia with her two children, Karen and Douglas, after three years in Toronto, Canada, and is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Trenham Old. After Mr. North's arrival in February, the whole family will go down to Victoria to settle.

CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in for country people Robyn Bowman, of "Wimbome," Manilla, and Geoffrey Sanderson, of "Redbank," Walcha, who have just announced their engagement. After their wedding in May at the Holy Trinity Church, Manilla, Robyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Bowman, will entertain at a reception at "Wimbome." Geoffrey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Sanderson, of "Wallah," Narrabri.

MOST glamorous hostess of the week, I thought, was slim, raven-haired Mrs. Ted Sly, who entertained with her husband at "drinks at sunset" at their house at Newport clad in slim lilac pants and colorful striped silk top tied at the waist with a narrow strip of gold kid. They are holidaying from their property at Gunnedah with their two daughters, Jenny and Vicki.

THOSE exclamations of delight Sandra Murray is hearing when she shows her unusual engagement ring have a special significance for her. She and her fiancé, David Beattie, designed the ring, which is a square-set diamond cluster set in a Tiffany claw in white gold. Sandra, who has just finished Arts at Sydney University, is off soon to Victoria to teach at Merton Hall. They'll be married on December 19, and leave two days later in Canberra on a world tour.



FORMER Sydney journalist Mrs. Carolyn Higgins, who is on a three-month visit to her mother, Mrs. Reginald Cleary, of Lindfield, has moved down to Whale Beach for three weeks to enjoy the sun and look up old friends. It is three years since her last visit to Australia.

CHANGE of address for Mr. Donald Trounson, First Secretary, British Information Services, Sydney, and Mrs. Trounson, who move into "Buckhurst," Point Piper, on January 20. They're particularly delighted with their marvellous harbor view and the stately jacaranda tree "growing just outside our bedroom window."

MR. AND MRS. KEN LAKE had no worries when it came to a name for their new daughter — their three children, Kerry, Jane, and Susan, decided upon Penelope Ann as soon as they heard they had a sister. However, Penelope Ann won't be christened until April, when Mr. Lake's two aunts, Miss Kathleen Lake and Miss Marjorie Lake, arrive from England for a four-month visit.

JACKIE McKELLAR WHITE, who managed to get back just in time for Christmas with her family after a year abroad, had a store of interesting tidbits for her friends. The most exciting part of her trip, she says, was a visit to East and West Berlin, which were so amazingly different she felt she was visiting two different countries. "West Berlin is modern, very exciting, and has the most wonderful modern buildings, and then in complete contrast the Eastern Sector is so drab and dismal it's hard to believe," says Jackie. In London she shared a flat in Harrington Gardens with Caroline Bettington, of "Coolie," Merriwa, and Jean Osborne, of Roma, Queensland.

EXPECTED in Sydney this month are the Colin Milsons, of "Spring Vale," Bouli, Queensland, who will spend a few days here before they leave by ship with their two sons, who are boarders at Cranbrook, for a three-week spell in Fiji.

— MOLLIE LYONS

● Ita Buttrose is on holidays.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lock after their marriage at St. Andrew's Church, Griffith, A.C.T. The bride, who was formerly Miss Merran McGee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McGee, of Bicton, Western Australia, wore a white silk gown.

AT LEFT: Mr. Graeme Moseley and his bride, the former Miss Helen Wilson, of West Kempsey, who were married at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Kempsey. The bride was attended by Mrs. Adrian Wilson and Miss Diana Bennett.

BED SORES
A CHEAP NEW COMFORT AND RELIEF FOR
CHRONIC INVALIDS
AND
BEDRIDDEN PATIENTS
BED SORES
AND
PRESSURE SORES
Can now be prevented or cured by using the specially developed
Orthane Mattress Overlay and
Pressure Relief Pads produced by
FOAMLITE PTY. LTD.
If you have problems in this field
contact by mail.
THE TECHNICAL ADVISER
FOAMLITE PTY. LTD.
41-43 DAY STREET,
LIDCOMBE
Who will promptly give free in-
formation by return mail.



BACHELORS' WOOLSHED BALL

GAY FOURSOME (from left), Mr. Peter Green, of "Gunnegolderie," Wellington, Mrs. Tony Maurice, of "Gillinghall," Wellington, Mrs. Green, and Mr. Maurice, chatted in the cool evening air. Most girls wore patterned shifts or cotton dresses to the dance.

● More than 350 guests welcomed in the New Year at a gay, informal dance given by the Wellington Bachelors at "Nyrang" woolshed, owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith. A chicken buffet supper was served on tables under the trees, and guests, who came from the city as well as surrounding districts, danced until dawn.



DRAPED in streamers and balloons, Miss Karen Knight, of "Ammerdown," Orange, danced with Mr. Rick Minett, of "Riverside," Wellington. Between dances guests chatted under specially erected marquees outside the woolshed. Inside amusing cartoons of the 44 bachelor hosts were hung on the walls.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



LEFT: Mr. Robert Shaw, of "Murrungunday," Wellington, and Miss Margaret Glasgow, of Kensington. Found a quiet spot to sit out a dance. Miss Glasgow, who wore a Tahitian-style dress, was a house guest of Miss Tina Whitney, of "Bindah," Gulgong.



LEFT: Miss Virginia Stirton, of "Callacera," Mungindi (left), Mr. Bill Buchanan, of "Delamere," Pokotaroo, and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Buchanan, enjoyed the buffet supper served under a huge willow tree.

ABOVE: Mr. "Tiff" Cox, of "Burrundulla," Mudgee, and Miss "Dede" Hulligan, of "Murrumbong," Wellington, were among the many energetic couples who danced the twist at the New Year's Eve Revelry. The stone woolshed was decorated with balloons and streamers.

Why Do You Read So Slowly?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to double your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, anyone, regardless of his present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve his reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this magazine with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method, in a new book, "Adventures in Reading Improvement" mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply send your request to: Reading, Dept. 216, Box No. 4518, G.P.O. Melbourne. A post-card will do.

KIDNEY TROUBLES like this.



Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

STIX SELF ADHESIVE DECORATING PLASTIC



DO-IT-YOURSELF Waterproof, Washable Decorating Miracle

SOLE AGENTS: W.A. Tomasetti & Son 21 3312 VIC. N.S.W. OLD. S.A. MF 8151 BM 6014 2 3451 23 4149

SKIN ITCH & TINEA

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, blemishes, eczema, red blotches, stings and itches, use NIKODERM. Get NIKODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.



LETTER BOX

We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Changing jobs

DON'T change your job, S.L. (W.A.), even though a younger newcomer has been placed over you. Your long experience with the firm is an asset. Even though it is humiliating, why not stay where you are instead of losing the superannuation to which you will be entitled? Five years is not so long, and starting another job in new surroundings, with a strange routine and different methods, is not easy for a senior. I am sure it is to your advantage to "stay put."

£1/1/- to "Reconsider" (name supplied), Caulfield, Vic.

THIS younger person being put over you only hurt your pride. She has yet to prove herself, so keep your chin up and continue with your usual standard of work. I'm sure you will be appreciated in the end. It would be foolish to leave now and pass up a good pension.

£1/1/- to A. Reid, Annerley, Qld.

I UNDERSTAND your frustration at the changes in your firm. But don't despair, and be big enough to meet this new challenge. After all, age must give way to youth in the interests of everyone. It is inevitable. If you will be honest with yourself, after having given so many years of sterling service you will want to stay till the end and give youth the benefit of your assistance. In due course retire gracefully, receive your well-deserved pension, and retain your lifetime of pleasant memories.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Adderley, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

IF you resign you will find it hard to obtain a satisfactory position as you are within five years of retirement. But if you stay, do not do it just to ensure your pension, but treat it as one of life's upheavals—which are thrust upon us all. Do not feel resentful, try to regain your pleasure in working, and you can teach both yourself and your new colleague a valuable lesson.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. H. Johnson, Blair Athol, S.A.

I SERIOUSLY say leave your job. Five more years is a long time to stay and be unhappy in. I was in a similar position and left, and I didn't regret it. You say "all the pleasure in working here has gone," and it certainly won't improve. Money is all very well, but peace of mind and self-respect are worth far more.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Allen, St. Kilda, Vic.

Nomadic family

MY husband's position makes it necessary for us to move every 12 or 18 months. Now that the children are reaching high school age, I would like to return to our home State, buy a house, let the children make some permanent friends, and get to know their relatives. But my husband loves his work, and says the only real necessity for children is a happy home life. What do other readers think?

£1/1/- to "Wanderer" (name supplied), Bathurst, N.S.W.

The facts of life

IT is my opinion that little children must be told honestly about sex when they start to ask questions. Though it is wrong to make them feel it is disgusting to talk about, when the times comes for these discussions the mother should urge discretion and explain that it is not a subject to be discussed with other children, particularly not with those younger than themselves. My daughter has told me some weird things that have been told to her—all quite contrary to what I have told her. Do other mothers find this a problem, too?

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Bohling, Bayswater, W.A.

Darn it!

CAN readers tell me whether it is the usual thing for a bride to "inherit" her husband's clothing repairs? Or have I just been unlucky? I think that a sound foundation toward a happy mother-in-law-daughter relationship could be laid if the new bride were spared this irksome task.

£1/1/- to "Patsy" (name supplied), Peakhurst, N.S.W.

Can you beat it?

THIS must rank as one of the best complaints made by a male driver. My husband was backing the car into our driveway when there was a scraping noise and the car door was locked with the gatepost. He yelled with rage and called, "You could see me, why didn't you do something?" I was at the far end of the garden. Can you beat it—bless him!

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Gilham, Holden Hill, S.A.

Tasty titbit turned sour

A FRIEND was recovering from a bad illness, so I sent along a special delicacy to tempt her appetite. I still can't get over the hurt I felt when it was returned with the words, "You mustn't do this, these things cost money." Don't you think this was rude? My gift was sent with all the goodwill in the world.

£1/1/- to "Goodwill" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

SHE was aged about eight, dressed in frilly white, and carrying an overnight bag and a cardboard box of gardenias.

With her mother she stood at the door of the train as it drew into the station.

"There's Auntie Ethel on the platform!" her mother said. "Be good, won't you!"

Daughter stepped out to be welcomed by Auntie Ethel. Mother, waving, remained in the train on its way to town.

Auntie Ethel, a beaming lady, seemed to have a full share of the spirit of hospitality traditional among aunts.

I don't know how many boys and girls all over the country are being entertained by aunts during these holidays. Uncles do their part, too, especially in the country, where they take the visitors out and show them things being done to sheep. But Auntie is generally the leading spirit, the hostess with the most cakes, spare beds, and plans for diversion.

There is a difference between aunts and aunts in this regard.

THE AUNTIE-HILTON

Aunts are more dignified and less easy to know. They have pens—which is why students of French are taught to translate "the pen of my aunt." There are rich aunts, maiden aunts, and fat aunts (hence the saying "Go tickle my fat aunt"). Many aunts are admirable women. But for warm hospitality the best bet is an auntie.

If all the accommodation given to nieces and nephews by aunts were put together, it would probably be as big as the hotel industry. That is what aunts amount to in the holiday season—a do-it-yourself Chevron Hilton.

Mrs. Wilkins, known to her nieces and nephews as Auntie Bett, shows the kind of service that a first-class modern auntie can provide.

The beds on her verandah are comfortable, except for a slight sag in the middle. Her excellent cuisine features such specialties as lamb casserole, fried fish, and spotted dog

pudding. A comfortable recreation room is equipped with TV and packs of cards, including Happy Families. Excursions to the zoo, beach, and pictures are arranged.

Above all—and this is where an auntie has it over a hotel—Auntie Bett listens with understanding and sympathy to her guests. To her, Susie confides her ambition to be an air hostess, and Peter his discontent at not being allowed to have a bike.

Some aunts are youthful, and this can be an advantage. I know a girl of 15, Wendy by name, whose young and pretty Auntie Jean is an accomplished dressmaker. Wendy's visits to Auntie Jean are spent in blissful discussions of semi-formal frocks, tight slacks, and shifts.

So let us salute, at this season, all hospitable aunts. City aunts who are putting up country nieces, and country aunts who are keeping open house for city nephews.

When the nephews and nieces are older they will stay at hotels and motels where the service is less friendly than at auntie's. And it will cost more.

THIS WEEK IN VERSE

News with a polite (slight) smile



Galas have been eating part of the insulators on television aerials in some country districts, according to a news item on A.B.C. television.

Said the mother galah to the baby galah:
There's a fact you're entitled to know—
To be a galah means you're funny (Ha Ha),
It's a bit of bad luck, but it's so.

A recent example was poor Papa—
What he thought was the branch of a tree
Was a rooftop antenna and, as a galah,
He was copped by the A.B.C.

At the end of the news they are fond of a joke
Something gentle, not going too far,
And so, with a smile, the announcer bloke
Told the tale of a silly galah.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

The unhealthy bore

IS it rudeness or common sense to refuse to lend a listening ear to unsolicited accounts of illnesses? Or does charity demand that we allow these bores the therapeutic value of unburdening themselves? I think that to be a bore is to be rude anyway.

£1/1/- to "Brun" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Cream for the crow

IN our street we have to be early risers. Every morning about 5.30 we hear a crow which swoops down on our milk bottles, pecks a hole in the top, and drinks the cream. If he misses at one house he flies up and down the street until he finds another bottle.

£1/1/- to Gary Ingles, North Geelong Vic.

Dressing-up for the doctor

IN a doctor's waiting-room I was given strange glances by other women because I was wearing slacks. Yet how the busy doctor appreciated the time I saved getting ready for examination without the fuss and bother of slip, girdle, stockings, and endless suspenders. Isn't this more important than "dressing up" for the doctor?

£1/1/- to "Time Saver" (name supplied), South Melbourne.

Rod Taylor may star in Perth writer's story

● A film based on a short story by a Perth author, to be made in Australia about next April, may star Rod Taylor or Peter Finch.

THE story, "The Skedule" (the pronunciation always used by its central character), was written by Helen Wilson, author of many short stories and five published novels.

In private life she is Mrs. E. L. Wilson, of Dalkeith, W.A., mother of three and grandmother of five.

English playwright-producer Ted Willis began negotiations with Peter Finch, but Mrs. Wilson learned recently from Ted Willis that Rod Taylor was very keen on the role and that Guy Green ("The Angry Silence") wants to direct the film.

Willis took a fancy to "The Skedule" when he read it in an anthology of Australian short stories as he was winging his way back to England after the 1956 Melbourne Olympics.

He was still thinking about it six years later, and toward the end of 1962 took an option on it.

Mrs. Wilson knew nothing of his interest in her story until her son, Dr. Peter Wilson, sent her a newspaper

cutting from Sydney in which Willis, back here for the Australian stage premiere of his award-winning play, "Woman in a Dressing Gown," was quoted as saying he was keen to buy the rights.

Author and producer met for the first time last October when Willis broke his homeward journey in Perth to talk terms.

Mrs. Wilson undertook to expand her characters, and during the next three months sent him an average of 2000 words on each of them.

Said Mrs. Wilson: "He wrote back, 'I am delighted with the material. It's really first class! I am definitely taking up the option!' And he sent another £100 to clinch it.

"Film bods"

"He has written the script and tells me it has been warmly received — by the distributors and film bods — I don't know who exactly!

"I will get no royalties from the film but when everything is finally signed my profit will run into four figures.

"And in one of his letters he assured me, 'Your name



WRITER Helen Wilson, of Dalkeith, W.A.

will receive proper credit in the titles of any motion picture based on your story."

"He is a most sincere man and from the beginning has done all he has promised."

Mrs. Wilson is a little disappointed that Ted Willis — who has formed a film-production partnership with Australian writers Jon

Cleary and Morris West — intends to use the Birdsville Track in South Australia as the location for "The Skedule" instead of the Alice Springs-Darwin bus route of her story.

"They'll probably call it 'The Last Bus to Birdsville' or something," she said wistfully.

NATURE COPIES ART IN DRIFTWOOD

● Collecting driftwood from the isolated beaches of the south-west coast has proved a rewarding hobby for Mrs. J. A. Hunt, of Yallingup, W.A.

MRS. HUNT has a collection of hundreds of beautiful pieces, and has sold many to people all over Australia.

One piece was valued at £25.

In her home are bowls, triangles for floral arrangements, a wall vase hollowed to take flowers.

There are animal shapes, and two pieces which resemble petrified whips with long lashes tapering to fine points.

All these are unshaped by human hands—just rubbed by the wind, sea, and sands.

At present Mrs. Hunt is fashioning a standard lamp from three pieces of driftwood, which will be exhibited with other pieces at an art show in Busselton for the Red Cross Appeal in March.

"There are fantastic shapes

of all sizes on our beaches," she said. "I started collecting them seriously about four years ago."

Mrs. Hunt added, smiling: "Have you heard the poem about the driftwood collector's husband? It goes:

*Fed up with a houseful of driftwood
Collected by artistic wife,
He fashioned a raft of the driftwood
And drifted right out of her life.*

"Well, it's not like that in our household!

"My husband helps me collect the pieces — and so do my sons, David and John."



FASCINATING SILHOUETTES of driftwood collected by the Hunt family, of Yallingup, W.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1964



Send your youngster to school looking top of the class. King Gee school shorts are neatly tailored from Sanforized mercerised cotton drill (19/11), as well as Permanent Pleat wash 'n' wear Polyester fabric (38/-). Matching school shirts, too (18/6). King Gee school shorts and shirts look smarter, last more school days. Real value for mothers! (*Prices vary slightly in South Australia)

KING GEE SCHOOL CLOTHES

FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF THE NATION

Someone isn't using



AMPLEX



BREATH AND BODY DEODORANTS



FULL CAST of "The World of Operetta" sings "Then Up with the Wine" from "Die Fledermaus" by Strauss. Principals at back, from left: Ormonde Douglas, Tiki Taylor, Robert Healey, Kevan Johnston, Maureen Boyce, Robert Gard, Suzanne Steele, and Jon Weaving. Channel 2 ballet is in foreground.

TO THE MUSIC OF STRAUSS AND LEHAR

● ABC-TV's two-part production "The World of Operetta" is designed for lovers of the tunes that sparkled in theatres and in drawing-rooms when grandmother was a girl.

THE two half-hour programmes, produced at Ripponlea Studios in Melbourne, will be shown at 8.30 p.m. on January 9 and 16 on ABV2 Melbourne and at 8.30 p.m. January 16 and 23 on ABN2 Sydney. Later they will go to other States.

The delightful music of Strauss, Lehar, and like composers is beautifully sung by well-known English and Australian singers Jon Weaving, Suzanne Steele, Robert Gard, Tiki Taylor, Robert Healey, Maureen Boyce, and Ormonde Douglas.

Lovely settings by designer Paul Cleveland evoke the pastel-and-tinsel make-believe world of operetta.

Viewers over 30 will be a certain audience for the charming old tunes, and youngsters, too, could well find they can listen to them with enjoyment.

The two programmes, produced by Fred Maxian, are curtain-raisers to a much more ambitious series of 13 programmes on the same lines — with the same producer — starting in Mid-March.

Suzanne Steele and Jon Weaving will again take part in the longer series.

Choreographer of the pretty sequences featuring the Channel 2 ballet in "The World of Operetta" is dancer Kevan Johnston, who is also responsible for the "setting" of many scenes. He also appears on camera.

—Margaret Berkeley



IN TYPICAL operetta setting English singer Robert Gard and Maureen Boyce sing "Dare I Believe My Heart" from "The Gipsy Baron" by Strauss.



TIKI TAYLOR wears a scarlet kimono as she sings with Robert Healey the catchy "Mama" from "Viktoria And Her Hussar" by Paul Abraham.

SCIENCE - FOR THE EARLY BIRD

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● There isn't much—not even a bright summer morning—that will drag me out of bed a moment before I have to get up. One exception was last year's telecasts of the Sydney University Summer Science School.

THE 1964 session starts on television on January 8 (TCN9, 7 a.m.) and will continue every day, from Monday to Friday, 7 a.m. to 8.30 a.m., until January 31.

I wonder if a personality like Professor Summer Miller, who caused a minor sensation on television last year, will emerge from this year's science lectures?

There is no doubting the popularity of the series, despite the early hour at which the lectures are televised.

This year's four lecturers are:

● Professor James D. Watson, 1962 Nobel Laureate Professor of Biology at Harvard University. His lectures are under the general title "The basic structure of the molecules of life and the way they reproduce."

● Professor Martynus Ycas, Associate Professor of Microbiology at the State University of New York. His

lectures are entitled "The way in which life could have developed on earth and elsewhere in the universe."

● Professor Harry Messel, head of Sydney University School of Physics.

● Professor Stuart Butler, Professor of Theoretical Physics at Sydney University.

Both men will lecture on "The fundamental properties of light and the essential role it plays in life processes."

This is the fifth year in succession that TCN9 has televised the Summer Science School, and the second time the lectures have been on the air at 7 a.m. — which the station discovered was the most popular time with viewers.

Lectures before last year were either televised live at mid-morning or videotaped and put on the air during the afternoon.

But viewers didn't like these timings, because so many of them missed out on seeing the lectures.

Many men and women were working, housewives were too busy in the middle of the day to down tools for 90 minutes, and university students on vacation were either out or doing vacation jobs during viewing time.

The hundreds of letters the channel received after last year's sessions proved that 7 a.m. is the most popular time. Men getting ready for work said they could at least listen to the lectures, even if they couldn't spare the

and videotaped so that every capital city in Australia will see them in due course.

If they're half as interesting as last year's sessions, I won't mind 18 early mornings!

BING CROSBY PRODUCTIONS have signed Darren McGavin to star in their new TV series "The Spy."

Darren, who made his name on TV as Mickey Spillane's detective, Mike Hammer, will don cloak and dagger and is already in Mexico, where production began at the beginning of December.



time to sit down and watch. The sessions are repeated in the evenings, and if the pattern follows last year each week's series will be repeated in full on Sunday evenings.

An innovation preceding this year's sessions are the ten-minute programmes (commencing 6.50 a.m.) of physical culture and yoga with Roma Blair.

These are designed to wake viewers up ready for the lectures and to encourage them to join in.

Both Roma Blair's sessions and the 18 lectures will be relayed simultaneously to Melbourne by coaxial cable,



PROFESSOR JAMES WATSON



PROFESSOR HARRY MESSEL

Five minutes after, on the top-pop disc programme "Thank Your Lucky Stars," came Rolf Harris and guest disc jockey Alan Freeman.

Later that night viewers saw Clemence Bettany, the dancer-model-actress from Adelaide, who is one of the four permanent characters in ATV's adventure series "The Sentimental Agent."

To finish the evening Diane Cilento guest-starred in the "Espionage" series.

Next day Maggie Fitzgibbon starred in the top "Sunday Night Variety Show," singing numbers from her current stage hit, "The Boys From Syracuse," followed ten minutes later by Betty MacDowall playing a barmaid in "The Swindler."

On the following day Australians appeared simultaneously on rival channels.

John Meillon played a leading role in the ATV play "The Teachers," and at the same time Michael Charlton featured — as he does every week — in the B.B.C.'s top news feature programme "Panorama."

Meanwhile, the backroom boys have been busy, too, with Australian writer Peter Yeldham finishing the new

Hattie Jacques comedy series, Bill Strutton writing episodes for "No Hiding Place" and "The Saint," and Ron Grainer writing music for almost every top B.B.C. series that comes up.

DEBORAH KERR made her TV debut on English Associated-Rediffusion last month in a trilogy set in Rome.

She played — in three different stories — a talkative English spinster, a middle-aged American widow, and a beautiful Edwardian girl in stories by Martha Gellhorn, Edith Wharton, and Aldous Huxley.

The stories were adapted by American Pulitzer Prize winner Tad Mosel under the collective title, "Three Roads to Rome." The production was a joint enterprise by English A-R and American ABC-TV.

Deborah, who has been too tied up with film work to have time for television until now, said, "I wanted to find something a little different for my TV debut, but this was the hardest work I've ever done in my life."

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

★★ SAMMY GOING SOUTH

A good color weepy weepy with the adventures of 10-year-old Fergus McClelland used to show off the scenery of the African continent.

Orphaned by a tragedy, Sammy sets out to walk from Port Said to his aunt in Durban, armed only with a pocket compass. Sammy wins out in spite of a Syrian villain, an illicit diamond miner (Edward G. Robinson), and a motherly American woman. — Embassy, Sydney.

In a word... **EMOTIONAL**

★★ FLIPPER

Grand fun for all the family is this charming story of a tame dolphin, Flipper, who befriends a small boy (Luke Halpin) and his fisherman father (Chuck Connors). Flipper is the most lovable creature, and some of the highlights of the film are his fight with a shark, and a raging typhoon, Hurricane Hazel. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word... **CHARMING.**

★ CHARADE

This whodunit doesn't back up until the exciting chase through the Paris Metro in the last 10 minutes. Otherwise it's a slow comedy-drama about an innocent widow (Audrey Hepburn) whose husband has been killed because he has

swindled his three fellow conspirators out of their share of money stolen from the American Government. One by one the men are killed off — but by whom? Cary Grant is his usual whimsical self as the man who could be working with the crooks... or against them. This film is unworthy of its two stars. — State, Sydney.

In a word... **FLIMSY**

★ GAY PURR-EE

This cartoon film about the adventures of a country cat, Mewsette, in the wicked Paris of the turn of the century is much too sophisticated for children, not sophisticated enough for adults. Falling between the two categories, it fails to capture either an old or a young audience. Voice of Mewsette is provided by Judy Garland, that of her alley-cat boy-friend, Jeanne Tom, by Broadway singing star Robert Goulet. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word... **MISSES.**

★ NURSE ON WHEELS

Bright English comedy provides a lot of fun with Juliet Mills as the pretty blond nurse who brings new glamor, troubles, and romance to the gossipy country region where she is district nurse. K.Y. — Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word... **LAUGHS.**

Suburbia swallows the TV Wild West

NOT long ago a number of famous TV cowboys said a sad farewell to "Corriganville," the ranch that was one of the last strongholds of the "Old West."

The 1622 acres of "Corriganville" had been sold to make way for a housing project.

Such shows as "Wagon Train," "Bonanza," "Gunsmoke," "The Virginian," and a host of others had often filmed parts of their shows at the old ranch owned by Ray ("Crash") Corrigan, former cowboy star and pilot.

Very few ranches are left in the areas near the television studios.

"I guess that's why our set-designers and decorators are having to be increasingly resourceful," says Lorne Greene (Ben Cartwright, of "Bonanza"). "There simply is not much left of the wide open spaces."

"Take Paramount Studios, where we film 'Bonanza.' We have our two stages set

up with a large panorama simulating the area around the Ponderosa. It looks so real you'd swear you were outside."

"Then, of course, film clips of real ranch lands are often spliced in with the film taken inside. It's very hard to tell the difference."

"They say you can't beat nature, but the way these ranches are being taken up for housing projects proves we certainly have to try."

It must be interesting to watch when television's Western shows open up for another day of filming.

Since none of the studios has room to stable horses, most of the horses are brought to the studios each morning.

The horses enter the studio gates along with the actors.

Although such studios as Warner Bros., where "Cheyenne" is made, are well supplied with guns for

their cowboys, other studios have to rent their firearms.

So the messengers from the gun shops around town arrive in with the actors and the horses.

Costumers are another busy group when a Western show is being filmed.

"Every morning," says Ben, the head guard at Paramount Studios, "all these fellows, lugging all kinds of vests, trousers, and hats rush in the gates, trying to get the cowboys fitted so they'll be ready on time."

"It's a real madhouse early in the morning, but I wouldn't miss a second of it."

There are actors who don't mind admitting that they miss the way things used to be done.

"A few years ago, when land wasn't so scarce, almost every TV cowboy spent most of his time out on the range," says "Gunsmoke's" James Arness.

"He took his own gun home, kept his own clothes, and many of them even owned their own horses."

"I'm afraid those days are over. It's much easier to have it all waiting for you when you get to work, and if sometimes you feel a little foolish pretending you're out in the wide open spaces, when you're really inside a studio, well, that's all part of the game..."

"Wagon Train's" Robert Fuller is one of the few TV cowboys who really does spend quite a bit of time filming on the outside.

"The studio I work for, Universal, has its own ranch," he says.

"But I keep noticing the acreage is getting less and less. They keep finding more buildings to construct and other ways to use the land."

"I enjoy being outside more than ever these days — because I figure this may be my last chance."

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Mamma once said: "I don't know if you have ever had this trouble or not. But if you haven't you are one in a million. I mean getting the tops off jars and bottles. Doesn't it drive you up the wall? You bang it against the sink, hit it with a knife handle, then put it under the hot-water tap, and still it won't unscrew. Even your husband's strong hands can't budge it. Well, if you have this trouble you can now relax. I have found the perfect solution on how to get the tops off. And it's so simple . . ."

Mamma's Moral: If you've given up trying to get something open, tell a four-year-old NOT TO TOUCH IT . . .

enjoy the
push-button
magic
of
Bask



ONLY
10¢



BASK RELIEVES SUNBURN... PREVENTS INSECT BITES

DID YOU KNOW?

JUST after the B.B.C.'s "That Was The Week That Was" programme of satirical comment on the news dies, it will be reborn in the U.S. as an American version this month. When a pilot of the show was presented in the U.S. recently, the viewer response was the largest in TV history.

The network received 9000 letters about the show, 450 of them critical.

Cast for the regular show has not yet been settled. The pilot version was compered by Henry Fonda, who will be unavailable for the regular series. Others in the cast of the pilot were more or less well-known performers, unlike the young unknowns who first put together the British TW3.

Also, unlike the British version, the American pilot belied its title by failing to preserve topicality.

Curiously, the reason given for the cancellation

TW3 in England was that the country is starting an election year and the show might be accused of favoring one political party over another. But the U.S. is also beginning an election year.

★ ★ ★
TONY MARTIN and his wife, Catherine Charisse, are reportedly being considered as the possible stars for a new TV series, "Tights and Lights." Mrs. Charisse would star as a dancer and Martin would appear as her manager.

★ ★ ★
BRONWYN FITZSIMMONS, daughter of Maureen O'Hara, made her TV singing debut on the recent "Jimmy Dean Show."

Television

LEE MARVIN, star of the American "M Squad" series, will head the cast of TV's first two-hour drama scheduled for early this year. Originally the producing company had planned to use the show as a pilot for a weekly two-hour series that would be shown outside the U.S. in cinemas as full-length feature films after the TV showing in the U.S.

Now only the one film, "Johnny North," based on Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers," is to be made. Others in the cast will be Angie Dickinson and John Cassavetes.

★ ★ ★
THE Paris fashion industry will be the subject of an hour-long television special in February. The programme, "Paris: A Story of High Fashion," will be filmed in the Pierre Cardin salon by National Broadcasting Corporation and will show the latest fashion trends.

★ ★ ★
FORMER cowboy film star Gene Autry has bought a television station—his third—for twelve million dollars (\$A6,000,000). The station is KTLA in Los Angeles, and will join stations in Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, also owned by the singing cowboy and his Golden West Broadcasting Company.

★ ★ ★
KATHY CROSBY, wife of Bing Crosby and mother of three children, has completed courses for a licence as a registered nurse, and is now waiting to sit for the licence examination set by the State of California. Meanwhile, she has been filming a "Bob Hope Theatre" drama, in which she plays Bob Hope's wife.

★ ★ ★
THE producers of the cartoon show "Yogi Bear," claiming they are bowing to a "great public demand," have announced they will produce a full-length feature movie starring the TV cartoon character. They say the film should be ready next Easter.

★ ★ ★
THE father-son team of Russian violinists David and Igor Oistrakh have been signed on for an appearance on the American show "Telephone Hour."

Worth Reporting

"I HAVE a universal sort of face — I don't look too Australian or English. Which is lucky, because it means I can work in Paris, Germany, Italy, as well as London," said Ted Dawson.

The blond, blue-eyed six-footer, from Randwick, N.S.W., is one of the few young Australian men who have succeeded overseas as models.

After about 18 months' modelling experience in Sydney, Ted went to London five years ago. Now his face is becoming increasingly familiar in England and on the Continent—particularly to readers of fashion magazines.

Back home recently to spend Christmas with his mother, he gave us some interesting viewpoints on men's fashions abroad.

"I think the younger generation throughout the world has become better-dressed in the past few years," he said.

"For instance, the so-called London Teddy Boy no longer exists. He is still called a Teddy Boy, but now he is the best-dressed young man in London.

"He buys 'Town' magazine to keep up with fashion trends, wears well-tailored suits, plain ties, the right shoes. Pointed shoes are out — he wears mostly light brogues.

"And a Teddy Boy wouldn't be seen dead in a striped shirt—plain blue is in.

"No Beattie haircut, either. It's the French haircut — neat, and slicked down a bit over the forehead on one side.

"He may be a builder or a bus driver, but you can't pick him from a young banker when he puts on one of his good suits on Friday or Saturday nights."

Ted does a great deal of photographic modelling in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, and other cities in West Germany, and considers the Germans among the most clothes-conscious men in the world.

"They have a large number of glossy fashion magazines for men, and spend a

fortune on advertising," he said.

"They have a style of their own — rather a boxy look.

"The smart young Italian, on the other hand, tries to be as English as possible now. He wears tweeds with side vents in his jacket, solid brogue shoes — all a bit exaggerated."

We asked Ted about girls' clothes overseas.

"The French girls are the epitome of smart dressing," he said. "They concentrate on really good accessories, say one expensive handbag instead of four or five cheaper ones.

"They add one little feminine touch — a ribbon in their hair, a little bow somewhere.

"And they never carry parcels if they can avoid it. The Italian girls don't, either."

London's Teddy Girls are becoming more French in their dress, Ted says.

"They're going for the Mary Quant look — flat hair (no backcombing), subdued colors, pale lipstick, and lots of black eye make-up still. But their clothes are much smarter."

When he is away from the cameras, Ted likes to watch films — particularly old films. He belongs to the National Film Theatre. ("We've just had a marvellous season of Jean Harlow.")

He has had several offers of screen tests, but doesn't see himself as a movie actor.

"I was too nervous to take the tests," he said with a grin.

"In a few years' time I would like to come back and settle in Sydney, preferably working in the fashion field on the business side, not as a model."

THEATREGOERS in Melbourne are chuckling throughout the new musical comedy "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." (It opens in Sydney soon.) And readers in England and Australia are chuckling over the book by author-composer Vivian Ellis, "How to Enjoy Your Operation — or How to Succeed in Illness Without Nearly Dying."

Another success for composer

"BAHAMA RHUMBA," the very popular composition by John Carmichael, 32-year-old Australian pianist-composer living in London, has recently made its appearance on a new recording by duo pianists Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick.

John sent the recording to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Carmichael, of Richmond, Vic., who have added it to their fast-growing collection of newspaper cuttings, pictures, sheet music, and other items about John's work.

John visited Australia in 1963 for the first time in 11 years, touring with the Eduardo Romero Spanish dancers. He returned to his Kensington flat last October. John wrote that Cyril

Smith and Phyllis Sellick were also to play "Bahama Rhumba" at a London Philharmonic Society concert.

And the Galaxy Music Corporation of New York told him that "Bahama Rhumba" had great commercial possibilities and they were promoting it.

On top of all this, the orchestral version of John's piano duet, "Puppet Show," has been broadcast by the B.B.C. Light Orchestra.

Mr. Carmichael said that John had also added a new activity to his already busy schedule — a job at night as a French speaker for the London Post Office in the Continental telephone service.



MODEL Ted Dawson, 27, of Randwick, N.S.W., visiting home after five years abroad.

On parallel bars at 70

CAN you imagine your grandparents taking up weightlifting and exercising on parallel bars?

At a Senior Citizens' Centre in San Francisco, Miss Shirley Ramsay, of the Old People's Welfare Council of Victoria, saw many

elderly people engaged in this sort of gym workout.

"Nothing TOO vigorous, mind you," she said smiling. "But they found regular gymnasium exercise a good way of keeping fit.

"I'd like to see more of these vigorous activities introduced to centres here."

Miss Ramsay spends most of her time sorting out problems for elderly people. She recently returned from four months overseas studying facilities for old people.

"I was impressed, too, with American centres which cater for elderly people with highly developed tastes for art, music, and literature," she said.

"At the centres they are taught to paint or make ceramics — most of them for the first time in their lives. Often they are successful enough to sell their paintings for their own benefit or the centre's.

"As well, they have discussion groups and music-appreciation classes.

"In the future we hope to introduce some of these interests at established centres here."

Miss Ramsay finds that most over-65s have a wonderful philosophy.

"No matter how serious their problems, they generally have the ability to laugh at themselves," she said.

FURNITURE'S BRIGHTEST FRIEND —

MARVEER

MAGIC FLUID

REMOVES SCRATCHES AND STAINS

A Product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.

Keep TRIM and SLIM with DELICIOUS NEW

Jellathin

DIETARY DESSERT

ONLY 3 CALORIES PER SERVE

- VITAMIN C ENRICHED
- SIX BIG SERVES PER PACKET
- FIVE DELICIOUS FLAVOURS



Trade Enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic. (For N.S.W., only: Phone WL6307 • For Sth. Aust., only: Phone UA 9156)

Nailoid will give you lovelier, healthier nails

— because only Nailoid nourishes as it beautifies

Nightly nail care with Nailoid brings astonishing results. Most Australian women have dry nails because of our severe climate and their nails respond wonderfully to the nourishing oils in Nailoid. Nailoid actually feeds the nails with lanolin, glycerine and natural vegetable oils. Chipped, brittle nails become strong again. Stained nails are restored to a lustrous pearly colour with clear white tips and half moons. Cuticles are softened and made more shapely.

Well-groomed women know that nails need the special care of Nailoid. Hand lotions are made for hands, not nails. Nail varnish is made for looks, not for nail nourishment. Nail hardeners are made for emergencies but won't stop nails breaking again.

Only Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.



LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

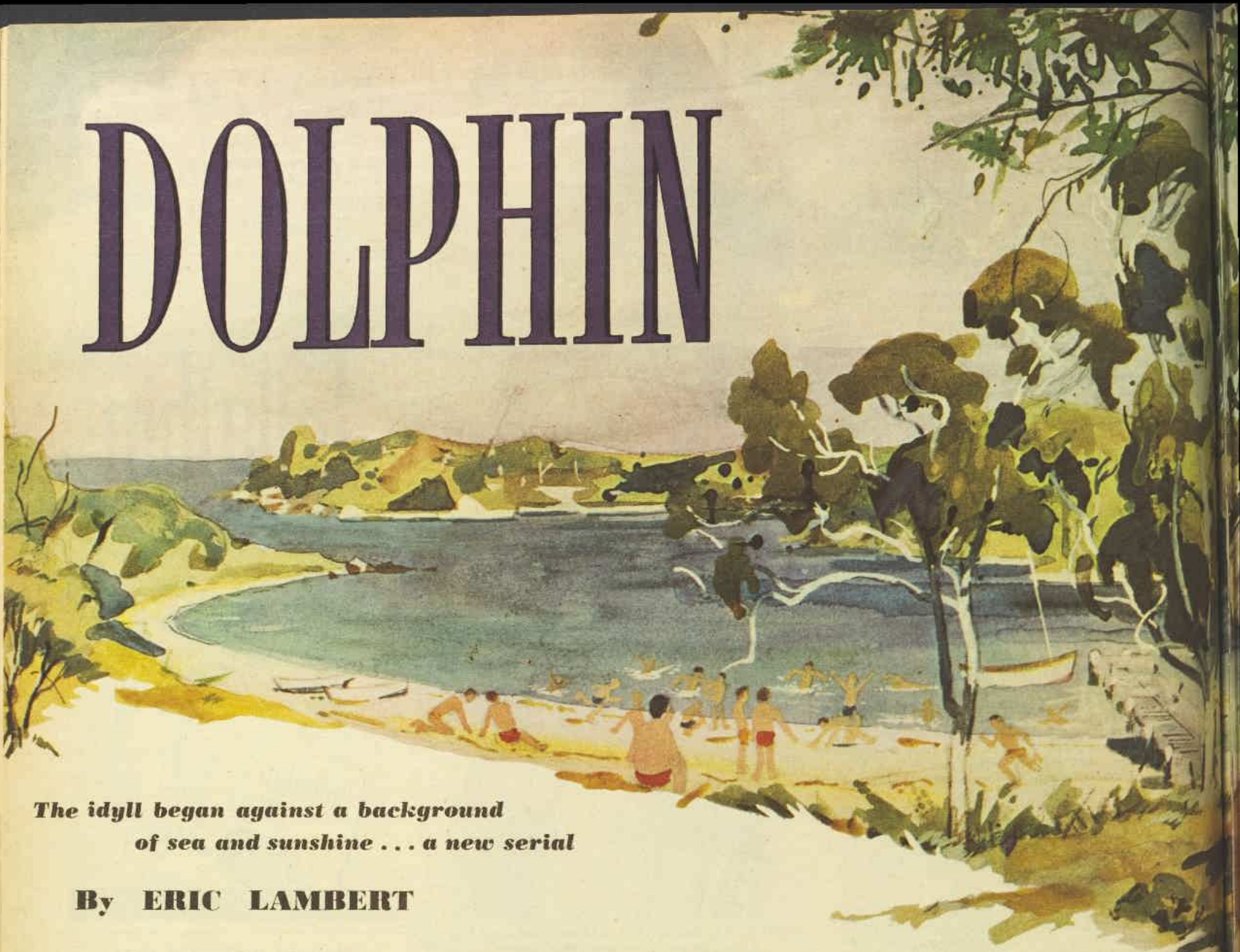
CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls; healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



DOLPHIN



*The idyll began against a background
of sea and sunshine . . . a new serial*

By ERIC LAMBERT

MISS KING arrived in Jindi on a hot summer's day. The driver of the bus from Panambura let her down at a desolate spot on the dirt road, pointed cheerfully down a winding track, and cried cheerfully: "Jindi! Down there, Miss!"

She thanked him without bothering to mention that someone was supposed to be meeting her to take her into Jindi. But after the bus went off in a cloud of dust she was alone. She put her suitcase down and surveyed the scene. She felt completely deserted.

She thought of the tight green landscape of an English county she had left only six months ago and sighed. She looked out across an expanse of tall grass to a timber forest in the distance. Behind her was a stretch of swamp covered in the intense blue of water hyacinths. She stepped back quickly with a small stab of fear when she saw a snake curled up in the grey dust of the road. Stunned by the sun and lulled by the warm sand, the snake slept on. The heat felt like hot feathers on her skin.

She looked down the track leading to Jindi. It was impossible to see far because of the heat waves which shimmered upwards from the sand. A flock of white cockatoos startled her with their screeching as they passed overhead in the direction of the tall trees.

She wished devoutly she had never left England. She was sure she would never get used to this country of cheerfully blunt people with its endless plains and violent changes of mood: fire one day, flood the next, flat calm today, cyclone tomorrow . . . Where, oh where was the wretched person who was supposed to meet her?

The hot morning gave no answer. There was a terrible indifference, she thought, about the Australian landscape. Or was it just her present mood? Why on earth had the Department picked on her to send to Jindi, an almost fresh arrival in the country, unused to its ways? Sydney, or a large town, she could have borne.

The sulky was only fifty yards away before she heard the soft cllop of the hoofs in the sand and the squeak of its dangerously wobbly wheels. The man who sat hunched with the reins hanging loose in his fingers lurched to each movement of the aged vehicle, as though asleep. The shaggy little horse stopped of its own accord at the junction of road and track. The driver came to life. He raised his head and looked directly at Dora King, smiling. A flat, Australian voice said: "I reckon you're Miss King, our new schoolteacher."

"Thank heaven you've arrived!" Miss King told him.

They studied each other for a few seconds. The man saw a tall, slim woman with dark hair, primly and unseasonably dressed in a

costume, with a small, straight nose and that complexion for which newly arrived English women were so envied. Wrong side of thirty, he thought; married to her job, he reckoned.

Dora King saw a man of about her own age. He was as brown as the coat of the horse between the shafts, made obvious by the fact that he wore nothing but a pair of faded blue shorts. He had several days' growth of beard in a level, sun-lined face. His hair was bleached almost white. Beneath the white eyebrows the eyes were like vivid blue marbles. His teeth as he smiled were very white. One of the local layabouts, she concluded. A beachcomber, or something very like that.

The man came down from the sulky in one leisurely leap and held out his hand.

"My name's Teddy Pugh," he told her.

She took his hand gently and let it go almost immediately.

"I'm the local fisherman," he went on. "They'll also tell you I'm the local drunk before you're much older."

"Oh . . ." she said distantly.

"Yair . . . Here! Give us your case and climb aboard."

He tossed her case aboard with another lithe movement and, standing by the step of the sulky, held out a hand to assist her up. As she came close to him and mounted the step she caught the keen, sharp tang of the sea.

"Thank you," she said demurely, getting into the sulky.

Teddy Pugh turned the sulky and took the track to Jindi. Miss Dora King reflected meanwhile that this was the first time in her life she had sat side by side with a near naked man.

The sulky swayed alarmingly down the track; the fat little horse plodded on at his leisure.

"I hope you're going to like it here," her escort remarked.

"That remains to be seen, doesn't it?" she retorted stiffly.

Teddy studied the infinite for half a minute.

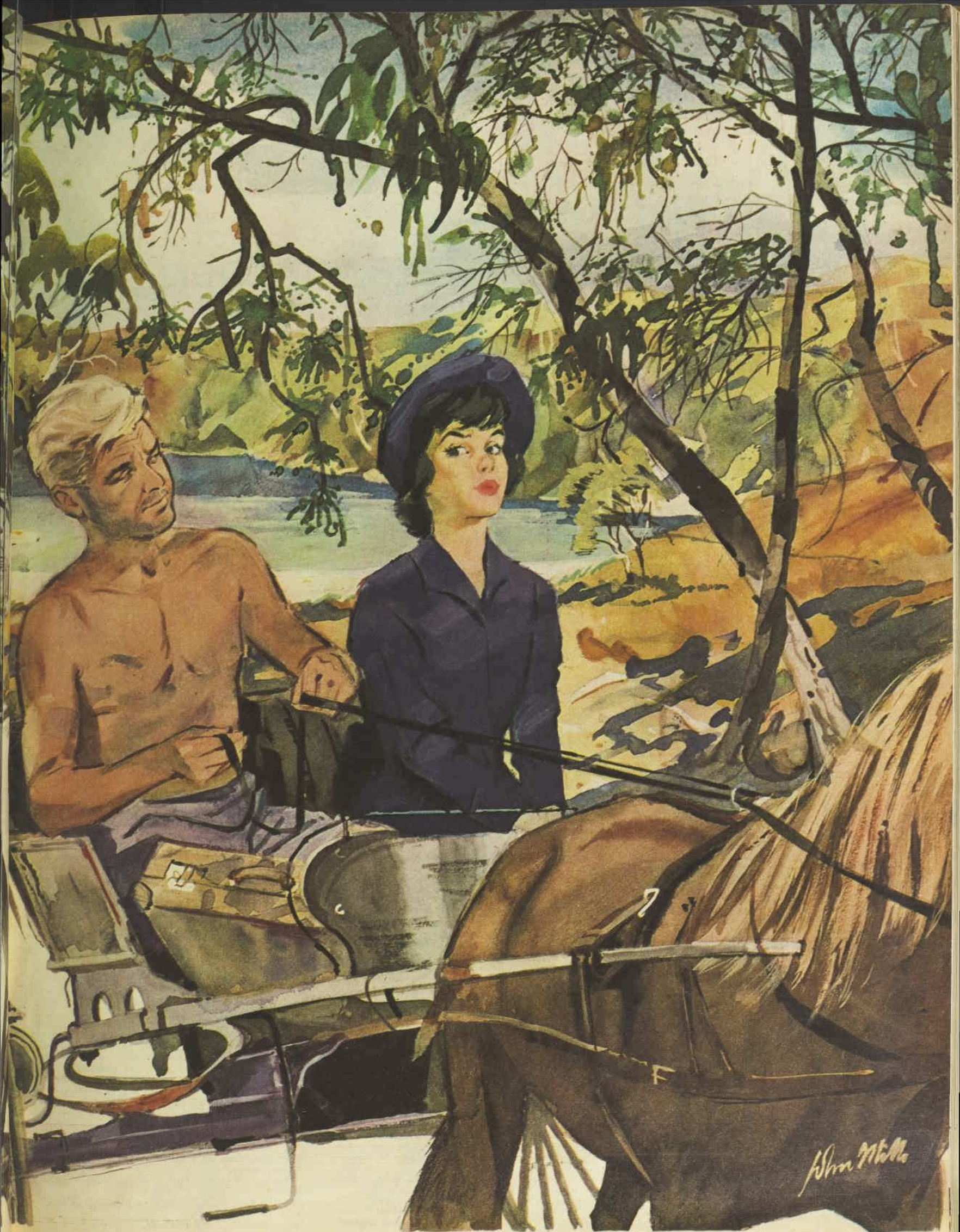
"Yair . . ." he agreed at last.

She attempted to move a little farther away from him on the seat.

To page 43

"I hope you're going to like it here," Teddy Pugh said to Dora as they drove toward Jindi.





Stella in her loneliness
wondered constantly if
she would ever be accepted

A LAMB IN THE FOLD

By DEIRDRE HILL

THERE was no one in the farmhouse kitchen when Jim Baxter led the girl inside and put her battered suitcase down near the door. "Mrs. Layton must be still milking," he said. "Wait here. I'll go and see."

She heard his footsteps sound over the stone path outside, heard the click of the gate, and then there was silence. In her plain brown dress she looked small. Her fair hair hanging loosely to her shoulders shone in the flickering light from the open fuel stove. Her large brown eyes gazed about the strange room and she sighed deeply and walked across to the warmth of the fire.

Stella was alone, and the anguish that had begun to engulf her when she left the city train and stood waiting for Mr. Baxter on the railway station at Yoorong now tightened her throat. Now she had to look after herself. This farm was her home. There was nowhere else. Mr. Baxter was the only person she knew from here to the five hundred-mile-distant Home. Her friends were there—the matron, the staff, and the children—but she could never go back. This was her home now and her future lay in her own two hands.

Jim Baxter could hear the milking machine going as he strode up the lane to the sheds, could hear the restless sounds of the cows and knew that Nora would not welcome him at this hour of the morning. But it was a matter of getting back again into town by nine o'clock, and as the girl had arrived on the train at seven he had not seen any point in waiting.

Looking through the open window of the shed he saw Nora, noticed her gum boots, the large apron, her hair tied in a scarf, the intent frown on her face. No, he would not be very welcome.

"Morning, Nora," he called.

The woman turned abruptly and stood up, flashed a glance at her dress, raised a hand to her scarf-covered head, then shrugged, and walked toward the open window. "Nothing I can do about it now," she said, "but if you'd come half an hour later at least I'd have been clean."

She was a woman nearing forty. Her skin was olive, smooth, her eyes a bright, glistening blue. She showed strength in the features of her face and the carriage of her body and there was no smile on her tightly held mouth.

"You brought the girl," she said.

"Yes. She's a bit older than I thought, Nora. Turned seventeen. Evidently they kept her on at the institute for a while looking after the children."

"Where is she now?"

"In the kitchen."

"I can't leave here for about twenty minutes. Tell her to wait there. You staying, Jim?"

"No. I have to get back. I've an appointment." He paused. "Nora, I've done my best getting the girl for you. One reason was, you needed someone here to help you. Another because these girls need homes. Stella Martin has known no other life than in an institution. She . . ."

The woman turned from the window and walked back to the milking-machine, interrupting him: "Don't get maudlin, Jim. Indulge in your charity if you want to—all I wanted was a girl to help me around the farm, and that's what I've got. If she's a good decent girl, well—"



Nora needed a girl to help on the farm, and that was how she regarded Stella.

she shrugged, "no one has the slightest thing to worry about."

"I hope not," the man replied. He was a tall, well-built man wearing a grey suit carelessly and his thick steel-grey hair, plastered into place earlier with water, had dried and added another two inches to his height. "I'll drop in during the week," he called as he walked back toward the kitchen.

The girl, Stella, was sitting on a wooden chair drawn up near the fire. She stood quickly as Jim came in.

"Mrs. Layton's still milking," he said, "she'll be another twenty minutes. I'll have to get back to town now."

Stella's hands gripped the top of the chair and he noticed her breathe in deeply before she spoke. "I'll be all right. Thank you, Mr. Baxter, for everything you've done for me."

"I'm still here to help, you know, if you want me. There's a phone here and you've got my card. Ring me when Mrs. Layton tells you what day you have off. You might like to come to town."

She smiled at him and stretched out her hand to say goodbye.

He could sense her loneliness. He knew that all her life she had been surrounded by people—busy people with not much time for sentiment. But here there would be no one but Nora, the hired man Steve, and the two boys. The boys! he thought as he stood looking down at her. Neil was about eleven and Ian—Ian must be nineteen or twenty.

"Well," he said, "I hope you'll be happy. And don't forget, it's hard work on a farm."

"I know," she answered, "but I'm used to that."

She watched him walk out through the kitchen garden, carefully shut the gate in the picket fence, and drive off.

She could hear the cows, the noise of the fowls, the crackling of the fire, and her own heart thumping.

Nora Layton arrived, pulled off her boots outside the door, and hung her apron on a peg as she walked into the kitchen. She looked at Stella. "Hello," she said, "I'm Nora Layton. Jim Baxter gone?"

"Yes, he had an appointment at his office, Mrs. Layton. I would have started doing something for you," she added quickly. "But I couldn't quite see what I could do."

Nora looked around the large kitchen. She would have to be starting breakfast soon, but the girl was not to know that. "I'll take you to your room. Then we can get breakfast started. The men come in about eight o'clock."

The two women worked together in the kitchen and the men came in and sat down at the prepared table. Steve, short and nuggety, and Ian, young, dark skinned, with piercing blue eyes. Nora introduced them and the girl went back to the stove and began making the toast, watching them sideways as she leaned over the fire.

The younger son, Neil, had been helping in the kitchen and he called out to Stella as he buttered his toast. "Stella, do you think you'll be able to help a bit with my homework? Mum said you might."

"I think so, Neil. I used to help the children at the home," she said.

"Gee, how many were there?"

"About twenty."

"Twenty kids. Gosh. That must have been a lot of homework."

"Well, I don't suppose Stella helped them all at once,"

To page 42

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 15, 1964

MRS. H. PAUL LINDSAY III awoke feeling stiff and a touch groggy. It had been an extremely windy night and she hadn't slept too well. She had run out of sleeping-pills, just as she had run out of everything else, including money. She lay for a moment in a semi-dozing state, trying to keep her harassed brain from springing into complete consciousness. Complete consciousness these days meant only facing facts, and Mrs. Lindsay had never been any good at that.

Everyone had always called her a doll, a sweet dear doll, and men had always wanted to protect her. And they had, too, a whole string of infatuated men, including three very nice husbands. She really had had quite good luck with her husbands. The only trouble was they had one fault in common. They died. What was even more distressing, they died poor. Dunlap, Nordlinger, and Lindsay—sweet fellows all of them, but just not practical.

When H. Paul Lindsay had gone, Lolo had naturally thought that inevitably there would be a fourth husband. But she hadn't taken into account the fact that she was pushing fifty and that baby-doll faces, even with expensive surgical tucks here and there, didn't age well. So Number Four simply hadn't appeared and here she was, a lonely, sweet little doll whose paint was worn and who was about to be evicted from her apartment.

"Where will you go?" Thelma Nordlinger had asked her. Thelma was the sister of Lolo's second husband, and in her brusque, condescending way she was good to Lolo. She took her out to dinner once every two weeks, criticising her the entire time and trying to instil in her some sense of reality and responsibility.

Lolo always listened patiently, but secretly she knew it was much too late for correction of her faults—if they were faults. Thelma was an executive secretary and she did all the right things, such as going to church regularly and subscribing to two book clubs and visiting her dentist twice a year. But dear good Thelma would be a spinster all her life, whereas she, Lolo, had had three husbands and wasn't through yet.

Lying in her king-size bed—without a king, she often said wryly to herself—a germ of a doubt brought Lolo willy-nilly into complete consciousness. After dear Henny Paul had died she had taken a job as saleslady in the boutique department of a large store. She was blissfully happy among the mink-handled nail files and jewelled shoe-horns, but she simply could not ring up her sales

To page 54

Mrs. Lindsay's next husband

Three times widowed — would she marry again? A short story

By
Whitfield
Cook

"I hope it isn't going to be too cold for us, dining alfresco," Mr. Hansen said as Lolo joined him.



Staisweet for Success



at play . . .



all day . . .



and at night . . .



stay as sweet as you are . . .

with Staisweet, the deodorant anti-perspirant you can trust for all-day-long protection. Staisweet guards against active perspiration and emotional perspiration. Two fragrant perfumes now in convenient new roll-on pack. The original Staisweet also in tubes, jar, stick or powder.

Staisweet

WA246

Little white lie

**It was told only to
comfort and to help—
A short short story**

**By GRACE
ROXBURGH**

THIS week Martha was working from 3 p.m. till 11 at the hospital. She liked the change. It gave her the luxurious leisure of the unhurried mornings. Walking home through the scented spring night she arrived at the door of the intimately small Los Angeles apartment house at 11.30 p.m. precisely. She opened the outer door with her key.

As she entered, a young man came tearing down the stairs from the upper apartment, dashed past her, and slammed the door, shaking the house like a leaf in the wind. "What manners!" Martha grumbled to her welcoming committee of two cats. "I hope the landlord doesn't think I did that."

She went through to her pleasant kitchen, fixed herself a midnight snack, turned on the table radio low, and listened to an intimate platter programme while she was eating. The cats rubbed round her ankles. She slipped back into her normal mood of robust contentment.

Martha had assisted at a long and difficult emergency operation in the afternoon, but twelve years' experience had inured her to take other people's troubles in her stride and settle for being glad she could earn her tranquil life by being useful. She was ready to fall asleep as usual the moment she got into bed.

She was just drifting off, pleasantly conscious of the fragrance of lemon blossom from the small exotic garden, when she heard the queer sound from upstairs. She sat up and listened.

It was very faint, but Martha was familiar with that pitiful sound of the night. It was a woman crying.

Suddenly she was wide awake. Directly above her were the new tenants who only moved in last week. A bride and groom they seemed. They had a new car and wore new clothes. The wife had an appealing lovable face rather than a pretty one. She might be in her early twenties.

Now that young man who rushed out slamming the door! Was that the husband? It had been dark in the outer doorway and Martha hadn't seen him, but it added up. She sat hunched up in bed with her arms around her knees, listening intently, wondering whether she should go up.

While she listened, the sobbing ceased. Martha sank gratefully into the comfort of her bed. She was next conscious of the birds calling and twittering in the lemon tree and opened her eyes on the blue and yellow morning.

Now she could get up slowly and enjoy every moment of her hours of well-being. She slid out of bed, slid her feet into her blue mules, reached for her blue and white housecoat, combed her rumpled fair hair, and went into the kitchen to start her coffee. She put the pan of milk out on the porch for the cats and stood at the door taking in the golden fragrance of the day.

Somewhere across the garden she heard voices, quarrelling and high-pitched. Too far away to bother her. She turned into her airy, neat apartment, walked through, and picked up her paper from outside the front door. She



"It was kind of you to come, Greta," Martha said. "You see, it is my wedding anniversary, and I was lonely."

left it unopened on the yellow table in the breakfast nook. While she made her toast and poured out her coffee she took in with half of her mind the newscast from the radio. The other half was fretting about the girl upstairs.

When she had put out the cat's milk she had noted the car was missing from its customary parking space.

This was all wrong. He was in the habit of leaving at 8.45 so exactly that she could set her watch by him. And it was just 8 o'clock right this minute.

Martha buttered her toast absently while she went over her plans for her long, peaceful morning. First, she was going to put the vacuum over the bedroom and the living-room. Then she was going to get out the sewing-machine and run up the pink shantung dress she had cut out. After that, lunch on the back porch and two solid hours out there in the deck chair, reading the book she had brought from the library.

She carried out her intention to give the place a thorough going over with the vacuum. Then she showered and dressed and went out. The Swedish Home Bakery was just around the corner from her home on the cross-street, but they had never seen her before. It was the first time she had been in. She bought a freshly baked coffee ring. On returning home she put her parcels in the kitchen before she took off her hat and went upstairs.

The girl bride answered her knock at the door, and Martha saw at once she had been right. She was the one who had been crying. "I'm Mrs. Mallard from downstairs. Martha's my name. I wondered if you would do me a favor?"

"Why, certainly — if it's something I can do. But what can I possibly do for you?"

"Come down and have a cup of coffee with me. There's a reason. I'll explain it to you. But I feel I just can't be left alone this morning."

"Why, certainly I will. And thank you. I'll get a dress on and be down in five minutes."

Martha went down to make fresh coffee and put the coffee ring on the cut-glass cake-dish. It was downright pathetic, she thought, how the girl's smile had widened till the dimples showed when she asked her to come down and share her coffee.

She left her door ajar and in a few minutes the girl came in dressed in a crisp new flowered cotton. The pallor of her young face was covered with make-up, but the faintly red rims of her big eyes still told that she had been crying.

"My name's Greta. Mrs. Edward Thorgold."

"Thanks for coming, Greta. Sit down there in the breakfast nook."

Greta sat down and added cream and sugar to her coffee. She said — "How pleasant it is at this window, looking right out into the garden."

"Yes, I love it. I——" and then Martha remembered the day it was. "It was kind of you to come. You see, it's my wedding anniversary. Suddenly I couldn't stand it. I felt so bitterly lonely."

Greta looked at her and looked quickly away. Martha could almost read the girl's mind. Figuring Martha was about 40. Must be a war widow, but she said simply — "That's too bad. I'm sorry."

Martha went on matter-of-factly while she cut the coffee cake. "I've only myself to blame. I was high and mighty. We quarrelled because we were both independent and high-spirited and it was difficult to get adjusted to considering each other. I told him to go away and never come back. He took me at my word and he never did come back. I was too proud to apologise until it was months too late."

"He found himself another girl." She put the cake-server under the slice of coffee cake and put it on the girl's plate. "Imagine such idiocy. I did that on my honeymoon."

Greta looked at her coffee cake without appetite.

"You gave me too much, Martha. Don't think I can eat all that. How long ago did this happen?"

"Twelve years ago. I forget, you know. I'm busy with my work. But when this day comes along I remember what might have been."

"Men are so independent these days," said Greta with a suspicious shimmer in her eyes. "That's right. But they can afford to be. The moment a girl lets go, there's another waiting to hold on. And they know their value to us."

Martha reached out to turn the knob on the table radio, but instead cocked her head on one side in a listening attitude. "Is that your telephone ringing?"

"We don't have one — yet. I have to go to the corner shop to make a call." Greta slipped from under the yellow table and stood up. "But it reminds me I do have an urgent one to make. Will you excuse me? I'll be right back."

Martha mentally set aside the sewing and the reading till another day. If life ran its usual course she would have plenty of free mornings to luxuriate in her peaceful aloneness. Her husband had died after seven years of such perfect happiness she had never felt the need of any other.

Through her front window she saw her guest returning. The girl was smiling to herself as she turned up the garden walk. Martha's guilty feeling vanished.

"After all," she told herself, "I've got to have my sleep. I can't afford to listen to sobbing in the night." She opened the front door, suddenly pleased to have her morning disrupted by the presence of a friend. "I've heated up the coffee, Greta. Come on in."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1964



BISCUIT BOOK



● From sixty varied recipes in this cookery feature, you can choose a biscuit to bake for any occasion — especially when you want to serve something that's simple to make, delicious to eat.

Recipes from our Leila Howard
Test Kitchen

DROP-TYPE BISCUITS

DRop biscuits are so easy to make. Spoon mixture on to greased oven-slides; space biscuits well apart, to allow room for spreading.

OATY BUTTERSCOTCH WAFERS

Three-quarters cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift into basin the flour, sugars, and bicarbonate of soda, salt, and spices, rolled oats, and nuts. Stir in butter, water, and vanilla; mix well. Chill dough thoroughly. Place teaspoonfuls of mixture on greased and floured oven-tray. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Allow to cool 3 or 4 minutes before removing from tray. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

ORANGE HONEYS

One and a half cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 small egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped candied orange peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped candied lemon peel.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Cream butter and sugar, add egg and vanilla, beating well. Blend in honey, add orange and lemon peels and sifted dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased slide. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until golden. Makes approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

APPLE CLUSTERS

Two and a quarter cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup unsweetened apple pulp (drained).

Sift together flour, baking-powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, and spices; add nuts and raisins. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy; add apple pulp. Fold in flour, raisins, and nuts; mix well. Place spoonfuls of mixture on greased oven-slides. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCHIES

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups crushed corn cereal, few drops almond essence, 4oz. semi-sweet chocolate (or use chocolate pieces).

Place egg-whites in bowl, allow to stand until they reach room temperature. Add salt, beat until stiff, gradually add sugar and continue beating until meringue consistency. Fold in corn cereal, almond essence, and chocolate which has been cut into small pieces. Place by spoonfuls on greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on oven-trays. Makes approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

PETTIS BOULDERS

Four ounces butter, 10oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg-whites, 5oz. sifted flour, 6oz. seeded raisins.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla. Add egg-whites one at a time, beat one minute after each addition. Sift flour again, add it to raisins alternately with the cream mixture. Drop teaspoonfuls on greased tray, well separated. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Makes approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.



PEANUT BUTTER BLOSSOMS are crunchy little biscuits with a marshmallow and chocolate topping. Pretty enough for special occasions, they are filled with food value. Recipe page 27.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Two and three-quarters cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 2oz. dark chocolate (melted), 2 eggs, 1 cup thick sour cream, chocolate icing, extra rum.

Sift flour, then sift again with baking-powder, bicarbonate of soda, and salt. Cream butter and sugar, add rum, melted chocolate, and eggs. Stir in sour cream, gradually add dry ingredients; chill about 1 hour. Drop rounded teaspoons of mixture on greased baking-tray. Bake in hot oven about 10 minutes. Cool, ice with chocolate icing flavored with little rum. Makes approximately 4 dozen.

BRAZIL NUT JUMBLES

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 cups unblanched ground brazil nuts.

Beat eggs to thick consistency. Add sugar, salt, vanilla, and continue beating until creamy. Add brazil nuts. Drop teaspoonfuls of mixture on greased oven-trays, bake in slow oven 10 to 15 minutes. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

SCANDINAVIAN JELLY BALLS

Half cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 egg (separated), 1 cup sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped nuts, red currant jelly.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg-yolk. Mix in sifted dry ingredients and blend to stiff dough. Roll mixture into small balls (about 1 in. in diameter). Dip in slightly beaten egg-white, roll in chopped nuts. Place on greased oven-trays, make depression in centre of each, and bake in slow oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cookies are almost cool, fill depressions with red currant jelly. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

DELECTABLE MACAROONS

Half pound almond meal, 6oz. sifted icing-sugar, 3 small egg-whites or 2 large, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla, grated rind 1 lemon.

Mix meal with $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar. Beat remaining sugar and egg-whites over boiling water 15 to 20 minutes. Add lemon rind and vanilla; mix well. Drop small amounts of mixture on slide covered with greased paper. Flatten each with fork dipped in icing-sugar. Bake in slow oven 40 to 50 minutes. Makes approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

ALMOND COOKIES

One cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, 4 cups sifted flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup sliced, blanched almonds.

Cream butter or substitute, add sugar, beat until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat well, then mix in honey and almond essence. Stir in flour, sifted once more with the soda. Form mixture into small balls, put on greased oven-slide. Flatten slightly with fork or fingertips. Sprinkle with nuts, press them lightly into dough. Bake in moderate oven 7 to 8 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

GOLDEN PEANUT BISCUITS

Half pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 table-spoons golden syrup, 2 cups sifted self-raising flour, 1 cup shelled peanuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add syrup, mix in flour; fold in nuts last. Place teaspoons of mixture about 2 in. apart on greased tray. Bake about 15 minutes in moderate oven. Makes approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

Continued on page 27

CONTINENTAL ALMOND BISCUITS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond essence, almond halves.

Topping: One egg-white, 7oz. icing-sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk, essence. Work in sifted flour. Knead well together, then roll out thinly on floured board. Cut into fancy shapes, top with a little almond topping, then almond half. Bake in slow oven about 15 minutes. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

Topping: Beat egg-white lightly, stir in icing-sugar and essence.

CHOCOLATE-COATED MACAROON BARS

(Picture on page 28)

Biscuit Mixture: One and a half cups flour, 2-3rds cup powdered drinking chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Filling: Two egg-whites, 1 teaspoon almond essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 cups desiccated coconut, 1 tablespoon water.

Icing: Half cup powdered drinking chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, 1 tablespoon boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted icing-sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, coconut chips.

Biscuit Mixture: Sift dry ingredients. Cream butter and sugar together with vanilla, add unbeaten egg-yolks and milk. Blend in dry ingredients, mix well, then wrap in aluminium foil; chill in refrigerator. Roll out dough, 1-3rd at a time, into rectangle approximately 10in. by 5in. Cut this in halves lengthwise. Place 1-3rd of filling on the strip, cover with second strip, cut into slices about 1in. wide. Place on ungreased biscuit-trays. Repeat process with remaining dough. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool, coat top with chocolate icing, decorate with coconut chips.

Filling: Beat egg-whites stiffly, add almond essence, gradually add sugar. Continue beating until mixture forms stiff peaks. Fold in coconut and water.

Icing: Combine powdered drinking chocolate, butter, and boiling water; mix well. Add icing-sugar and vanilla, beat until mixture reaches spreading consistency. Thin with little milk if necessary. Makes about 2 dozen.

COCONUT POMPONS

(Picture on page 29)

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornflour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 tablespoon coconut, pinch salt, raspberry jam, topping (see below), glace cherries, extra coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add egg (reserving little of white for glazing) and vanilla. Sift flours with baking-powder and salt, stir into creamed mixture; blend in coconut. Knead lightly, refrigerate 1 hour. Roll out, cut into small rounds. Place on lightly greased baking-tray, brush with reserved egg-white. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Remove from tray while still warm; cool. Spread lightly with raspberry jam. Spoon on topping, sprinkle with additional coconut, top with glace cherry half.

Topping: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch cream of tartar, few drops red or pink food coloring.

Heat together sugar, cream of tartar, water, and gelatine (which has been softened in little cold water), cook until sugar has dissolved; cool. When starting to set, beat until mixture is thick and white. Beat in vanilla and enough food coloring to tint mixture pale pink. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

ALMOND GINGER SNAPS

One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup treacle, 1 dessertspoon ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, 1 cup chopped, blanched almonds.

Cream butter and sugar, add treacle and spices, bicarbonate of soda, flour, and almonds. Turn on to floured board, knead until smooth. Shape into 2 rolls, wrap in greaseproof paper, chill thoroughly. Cut into thin slices, bake on greased trays in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

HONEY STRAWS

One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. soft butter, 8oz. sifted flour, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Beat egg and sugar thoroughly, beat in soft butter. Add the flour, honey, and baking-powder; mix well. On lightly floured surface roll out mixture thinly as possible. Cut into rectangles 4in. long and 2in. wide. Roll up each rectangle like honey roll, glaze side, and place this side down on greased and floured slide. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

● All biscuits on this page are made by shaping the dough, or rolling out, then cutting into shapes. Biscuit-cutters in different shapes and sizes will be a help. Do not waste any scraps; they can be re-rolled to make tiny biscuits.

CHOCOLATE SHAMROCKS

(Picture on page 29)

Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ cups flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, chocolate icing, little white icing, angelica pieces.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add sifted flour and cocoa and vanilla. Mix well together to form dough. Turn out on floured board, roll mixture between hands into long roll about 4in. in diameter. Cut into 3 even sections. Place 2 sections together, glazing slightly so they will stick together. Place remaining roll on top to form 3-leaf shamrock shape. Wrap in waxed paper, chill in refrigerator. Slice crosswise, place on greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. When cooled, ice with chocolate icing and decorate with a thin outline of white icing and angelica pieces. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

ALMOND RINGS

(Picture on page 29)

Biscuit: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 1 large egg-yolk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Topping: One large egg-white, 4oz. ground almonds, 2oz. castor sugar, jam or lemon butter.

Biscuit: Cream butter or substitute until soft, add sugar, beat well. Beat in egg-yolk, stir in flour sifted with salt. Blend well, adding little water if necessary, to make stiff dough. Roll out 4in. thick on floured board. Cut into rounds with fluted cutter, place biscuits on greased baking-slide.

Topping: Whisk egg-whites until stiff, lightly stir in almonds, sugar. Put mixture into piping-bag with rose nozzle and pipe ring round each biscuit. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool on wire tray. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon jam or lemon butter in centre of each biscuit. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

PEANUT BUTTER BLOSSOMS

(Picture on page 25)

Half cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup peanut butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, extra white sugar, marshmallows, 1oz. dark chocolate (melted).

Cream together thoroughly the butter, peanut butter, white and brown sugars. Add egg and vanilla, beat well. Sift flour with soda and salt, blend into creamed mixture. Shape scant teaspoonfuls into balls, roll in extra white sugar; set on greased baking-sheet. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. When cooked, place marshmallow on top of hot biscuits. Cool, then pour over a little melted chocolate. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

HONEY ORANGE CRISPS

Three-quarters cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 egg (beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, 1½ teaspoons ground ginger, 2 tablespoons orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon orange essence, 3 cups flour.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar together. Add egg, honey, and ginger, mixing until smooth. Mix in orange juice and essence. Sift flour and add gradually, beating well after each addition; chill thoroughly. Roll out thinly on lightly floured board, cut into various shapes. Bake on ungreased slides in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

RAISIN WAFER CRISPS

One cup seedless raisins (chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 2 cups flour, 1 tablespoon extra sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or substitute, few drops lemon essence, approximately 1-3rd cup cold water, little cream or evaporated milk, extra sugar.

Mix together raisins, sugar, and lemon rind; set aside. Sift flour, extra sugar, salt, and soda into basin. With 2 knives cut in butter or substitute until fine particles are formed. Lightly mix in lemon essence and enough water to make mixture just cling together. Place half the dough on large flat baking-slide, roll out thinly to rectangle 14in. x 10in. (Cover pastry with waxed paper while rolling out if mixture is inclined to stick to rolling-pin.) Sprinkle over raisin mixture. Roll out remaining dough between sheets of waxed paper, then remove top sheet, invert on to top of raisin mixture. Press down lightly with rolling-pin, peel off other sheet of waxed paper. Seal edges, mark into 2in. squares with pastry-wheel or by pricking with fork. Brush with cream or evaporated milk, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cut into squares as marked while still warm. Makes 3 dozen.

ORANGE-NUT BISCUITS

Quarter-pound butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 orange, 3 tablespoons orange juice, $\frac{2}{3}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, beaten egg-white, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg and orange rind, beat well. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt, add to creamed mixture alternately with orange juice. Chill several hours. Roll out to 4in. thickness, cut with fancy biscuit-cutters. Brush with beaten egg-white, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts. Bake on greased slide in moderate oven until pale gold. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

HARVEST DREAMS

One cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup rolled oats, 6oz. chocolate (chopped fine).

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, beating well. Add flour sifted with salt and baking-powder; mix well. Stir in oats and chocolate. Turn dough on to lightly floured board, divide in halves. Shape each half into roll 10in. long and 1in. in diameter. If dough is too soft to shape, chill 30 minutes. Wrap rolls in waxed paper or foil; chill several hours or overnight. With sharp knife, cut each roll into slices 4in. thick. Place 2in. apart on ungreased oven-trays. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven; cool. Makes 6 dozen.

CREAM CHEESE TURNOVERS

One cup butter, 1lb. cream cheese, 2 cups sifted flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped walnuts, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, pinch cinnamon, icing-sugar.

Cream butter and cream cheese, add flour and salt; chill overnight. Roll out on floured board, cut into 2in. squares. Combine nuts, sugar, lemon rind, and cinnamon. Place small amount of filling on each square. Damp edges of squares, fold over and seal. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Sprinkle with icing-sugar before serving. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature. Plain flour is used, unless otherwise stated.

RAISIN AND NUTMEG FANCIES

Three and a half cups flour, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup sugar, 8oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups raisins.

Sift dry ingredients, add sugar. With 2 knives or pastry-blender, cut butter or substitute into flour until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Beat egg and milk slightly, add raisins. Add to flour mixture all at once; mix well. Wrap dough in waxed paper, chill 1 hour (dough will be heavy). Place chilled dough on lightly floured board, cover with waxed paper; roll out about 4in. thickness. Cut with large, floured cutter, about 2in. in diameter, giving cutter a slight twist; lift with spatula. Place on lightly greased griddle or frying-pan; cook $\frac{1}{4}$ minutes or until nicely browned on underside. Turn, cook $\frac{1}{4}$ minutes or until brown on other side. Cool on wire rack. Makes 5 dozen.

QUEEN BISCUITS

Four cups sifted flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup butter or substitute, 2 eggs (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1lb. sesame seeds.

Sift together into bowl the flour, sugar, baking-powder, salt. Add butter or substitute, which has been cut into small pieces the size of a pea. Stir to dough with the eggs and milk (1 tablespoon at a time). Mix together thoroughly. Break dough into small pieces, roll each piece between palms to form rolls about 1in. long. Flatten rolls slightly, then roll in sesame seeds. Place on greased baking-slide about 4in. apart. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

MAPLE LEAF TREATS

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup icing-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 to 2½ cups sifted flour, milk for glazing.

Filling: Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1oz. icing-sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon maple syrup, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter with icing-sugar, add egg-yolk, milk, and vanilla; beat well. Work in sifted flour to make firm dough; chill 30 minutes. Roll out on lightly floured board, cut about 28 circles with 2in. fluted cutter. Place 1 teaspoon of filling on half of the circles. Cut small cross in middle of the other circles, place one on each circle of filling, glazing edges to aid sealing. Flute edges with fork. Place on lightly greased baking-slide, bake in moderate oven about 15 to 20 minutes. Cool, store in airtight container. Makes 14.

Filling: Cream butter, gradually add sugar and icing-sugar. Stir in walnuts, maple syrup and milk to moisten.

HONEYED COFFEE COOKIES

One and a half cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, grated rind of 1 lemon, 7oz. butter or substitute, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks (rubbed through sieve), 2 raw egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons strong black coffee, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon honey, icing-sugar.

Sift flour, sugar, instant coffee, and salt into bowl; add lemon rind. Chill 4oz. of the butter and cut it into small pieces; add these to the flour mixture and rub in with fingertips until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add sieved egg-yolks, raw egg-yolks, and coffee; mix into a dough. Knead lightly on floured board, wrap in greaseproof paper, chill 1 hour. Roll out to 4in. thickness, cut into 2in. rounds. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes; cool. Meanwhile, beat remaining butter to cream, add lemon juice and honey. Sandwich biscuits with this mixture, dust with little icing-sugar. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

Continued overleaf

HINTS ON BAKING AND STORING

● Below are some hints on the type of baking-slide to use when cooking biscuits, and the correct way to store them.

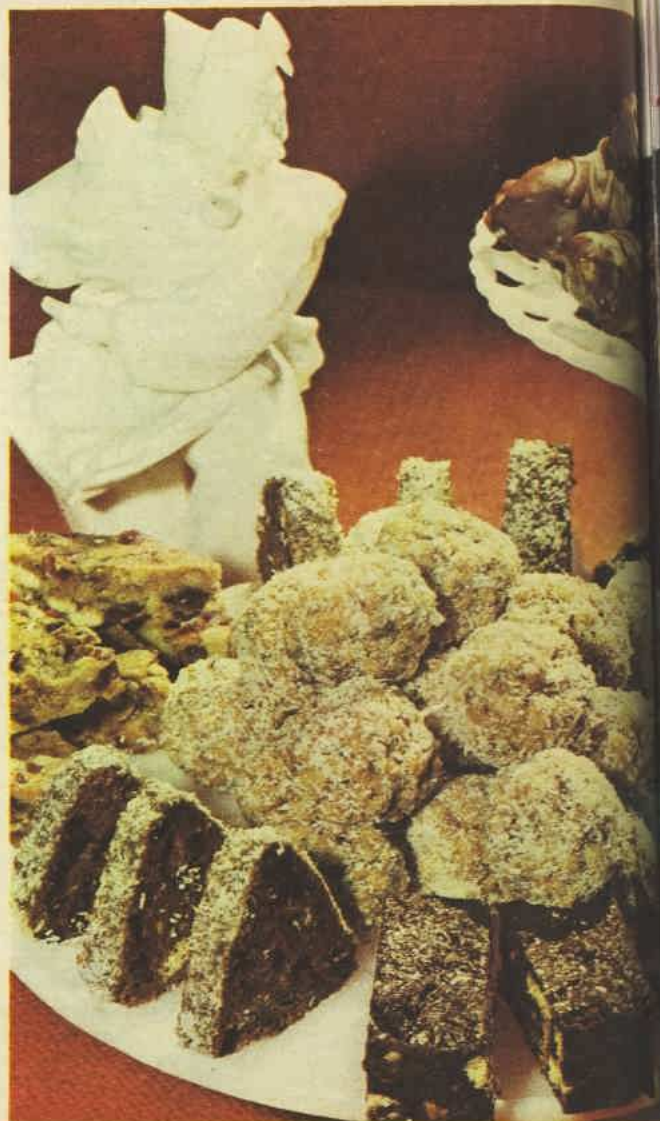
Baking: Baking-slides for biscuits should have narrow sides, or no sides, like a scone-tray. High sides cut off the heat, sending it upward so the bottoms of biscuits brown before the tops.

If baking two slides of biscuits at the same time, space them well apart in the oven to allow heat to circulate. It may be necessary to reverse the position of the trays near the end of baking-time so the lower layer can brown correctly.

Leave biscuits standing a few moments on slide before removing them; this makes them easier to handle. Cool on wire rack before storing.

Storing: Biscuits should be stored in an airtight tin or glass jar with tight-fitting lid. If biscuits are iced, be sure icing is quite dry before storing.

Always keep biscuit tins or jars in a dry place.



MIXED VARIETY in the collection shown above includes all types of biscuits for which recipes are given in this cookery feature. Make several types and have an attractive and appetising display on your afternoon tea or supper table.

RICH FLAVOR of chocolate is baked into these biscuits at right. They are Passionfruit Mallow Slices (see recipe page 30), Chocolate-Coated Macaroon Bars (see page 27), and Fudge Mallow Logs (this recipe is given on page 31).



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents...

PERFECT



ITALY: Il Campidoglio, one of the many splendid buildings in Rome.



VICTORIA: Cowes Beach, popular seaside resort on Phillip Island.
SYDNEY (below): Italian liner Galileo, near site of the Opera House.



IRELAND: The ruins of Muckross Abbey, in world-famous Killarney.

HOLIDAYS

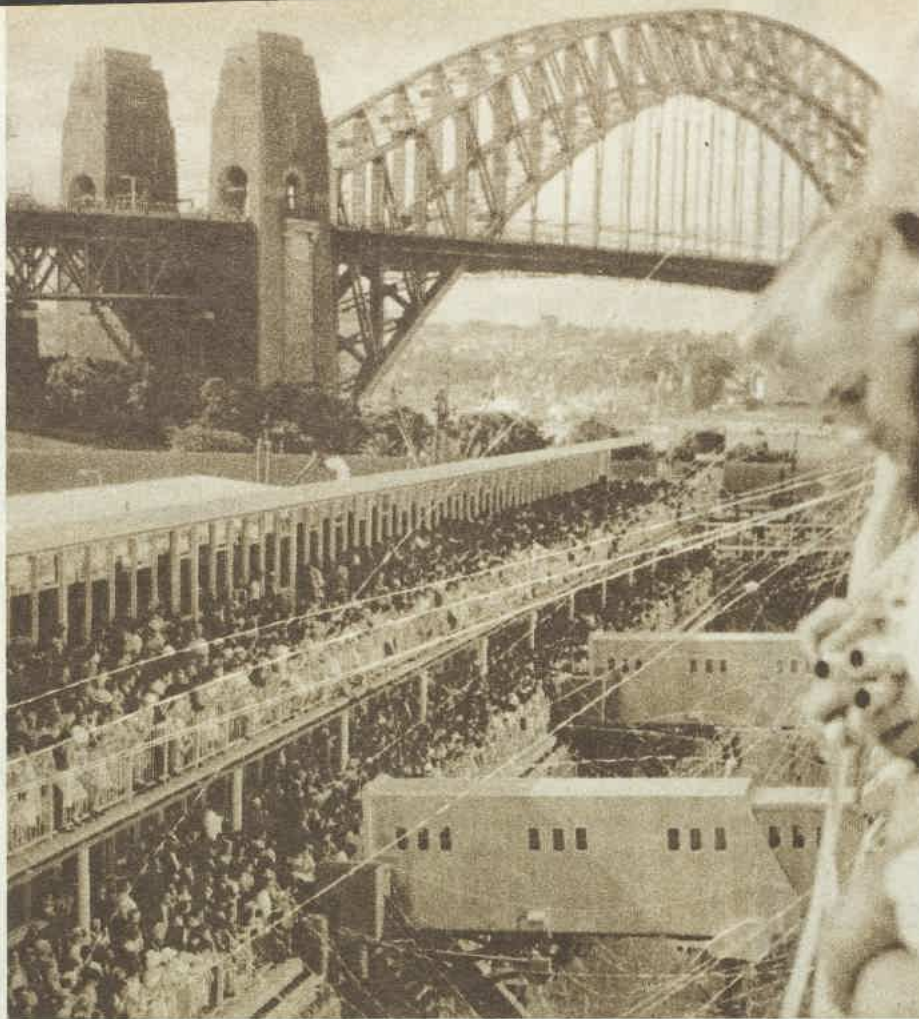
Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly, January 15, 1964



NEW ZEALAND: Milford Sound, centre of the South Island fiords.
SOUTH AFRICA (below): Brilliantly costumed rickshaw boy in Durban.



being baked and decorated to



Travelling in Australia

- Within Australia, tourists can travel de luxe—or hump a bluey—without any passport or inoculation worries.

THE only travel restriction is that you cannot take fruit, plants, soil, some produce, and livestock over State borders without a quarantine permit.

Anyone who has seen the devastation caused by fruit fly, for instance, will readily obey these regulations and not try to sneak even one red apple across a border without inspection.

And, always before lighting a fire in the open, check fire regulations in the area.

Driving licences are valid wherever you go, but they have to be obtained in the State where you reside.

Accommodation charges range from 35/- a night for bed and breakfast at motels to £4 and £5 a day for a single room without meals at the best hotels.

Travelling interstate by train, have your heavy gear booked through to your destination. This saves a lot of time and tipping when changes of train are involved.

If you want to see a maximum amount for a minimum

outlay, you can make a 30-day bus tour of Australia, taking in all States except Tasmania, visiting capital cities and also Alice Springs.

The cost of £150 includes accommodation and meal charges and making the hop between Perth and Darwin by cargo ship.

Country holidays

In New South Wales city dwellers and overseas visitors can have a holiday on some privately owned station properties.

Guests (limited to a few at a time) may live at a homestead at a cost of 12 guineas a week inclusive, or rent a small cottage on the property, providing their own meals but still taking part in station activities.

The snowfields in New South Wales and Victoria abound with first-class hotels and ski lodges, as well as good motels on the outskirts.

Accommodation charges vary between 36 guineas a week for de luxe inclusive tariff, and 20 guineas a week for bunkroom quarters with meals.

You'll need to take your own ski and apres-ski clothes, but

you can arrange to hire boots, skis, and stocks when you reserve your accommodation.

When planning a holiday far afield in Australia, check the climate you are likely to encounter.

In Queensland and the Northern Territory, the heavy rains fall in summer, and the winters are dry, with warm sunny days and, at times, cold nights.

Sydney has more rain than Melbourne, but it also has more sunshine and fewer extremes of temperature.

Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth have cold weather and rain in winter, with dry and sometimes very hot summers.

OUR COVER pictures illustrate features appearing on the following pages. The pictures of *Coves Beach* (Victoria), the rickshaw boy (South Africa), and *Millford Sound* (New Zealand) were supplied by the respective Government Tourist Bureaus. The *Lloyd Triestino Company* lent the photograph of the liner *Galileo*, *Joan Cobb*, of *Deo Why*, N.S.W., took the picture of *Muckross Abbey*, Ireland, and *Mrs. B. Mander-Jones*, of *Greenwich*, N.S.W., supplied the picture of *Il Campidoglio*, Rome.

How to be ready for that trip abroad

- If you want to make the most of your holiday trip, make sure that you are feeling fresh and "ready to go."

THIS particularly applies when the first part of your trip is a long air flight.

Seasoned travellers make a point of having a Turkish bath and a good massage on the eve of a long flight, so that they step on the plane feeling utterly relaxed.

This is essential — whether you want to enjoy the company of your travelling companions or to doze off as soon as you take your seat.

You also get your sea legs much quicker if you go aboard ship without a marathon round of farewell parties which flatten you into a state of exhaustion.

Have all your inoculations well behind you before the take-off countdown.

With the exception of Australians and New Zealanders exchanging visits direct from their homelands, vaccination against smallpox is compulsory for entry into all countries.

Smallpox vaccination lasts for three years, and it is advisable to have it at least two months ahead of your departure.

Although most people are rarely troubled by anything more than a sore arm for a few days, there are others who are so affected that they need time to recuperate.

Inoculation against cholera is compulsory if travelling in certain countries.

It is advisable, however, for all travellers to have both cholera and typhoid inoculations as a matter of safety.

They provide immunity from these diseases for six months, and the inoculations can be delayed until about three weeks before departure.

Passport problems

Smallpox vaccination and the other inoculations may be given by your family doctor or arranged through the Commonwealth Department of Health, which will provide certificates showing these precautions have been taken.

Your passport problems will be handled by your bank, travel agent, shipping or air company.

You will have to provide at least two recent photographs of yourself, taken "full face," showing head and shoulders only, without a hat and against

a plain background. They should measure 2 inches by 2 inches in size.

You will also have to supply a copy of your birth certificate, and if you have been married certificates will be needed showing your marital status (marriage certificate, death certificate of spouse if a widow or widower, or divorce decree).

Youthful travellers under 17 years of age must also have special certificates proving they have parental consent to leave the country.

There is a Commonwealth Government fee of £1 for the issuing of a passport.

Driving permit

If you want to drive a car abroad your travel agent will obtain an international driving permit for you. It costs £1, and to get it you will have to provide him with your current driving licence and a small photograph of yourself.

Photographs, in addition to the two for your passport, will also be needed for visas to enter certain countries, including the United States.

Permits are also now needed by Commonwealth citizens for admission to the United Kingdom.

Although it is a good idea to get your agent to attend to all these matters about two months before you leave, in cases of emergency trips the documentation can be rushed through sometimes in 48 hours.

Clearances from the Taxation Department are no longer necessary.

On your travels, guard your passport and visas with your life.

On a ship important documents and other valuables may be left in the care of the purser.

If you are going to be in a particular country for any length of time, you may prefer to put your passport in the safe hands of your bank.

If travelling alone it is a good idea to clip a slip of paper in your passport, giving details of your next of kin or special friends you would like contacted in the event of accident or illness.

Identity disc bracelets and pendants providing similar information are also worth consideration by "lone handers" abroad.



NEW SOUTH WALES



VICTORIA



SOUTH AUSTRALIA



QUEENSLAND



WESTERN AUSTRALIA



TASMANIA

State floral emblem car window transfers

FREE at all Caltex Stations

Drive into your Caltex Service Station now for your State's floral emblem. They're free, and ready to place on your car window. Travelling interstate? Make sure you add to the collection by collecting each State floral emblems as you pass through.

Wherever you travel—GO WITH BUTANE BOOSTED GASOLINE



CALTEX
TAKES
BETTER
CARE.

CA907

Page 3

DISCOVER SOUTH AFRICA

THE RICHEST TRAVEL EXPERIENCE
THE WORLD HAS TO OFFER !



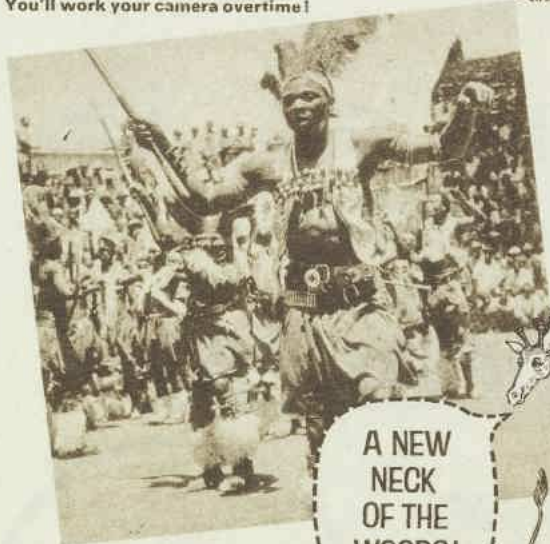
GET OFF
THE BEATEN
TRACK!

Nowhere else in the world can you capture this kind of travel adventure! In South Africa's vast national parks, you can drive, in perfect safety, right up to lions, elephants, and other big game. You'll work your camera overtime!



POINT TO CONSIDER...

There's so much that's unique in South Africa. For example, the largest man-made hole on earth is at Kimberly, the diamond centre of the world. Here, too, you can see wonderful displays of uncut stones.



A NEW
NECK
OF THE
WOODS!

At the fabulously rich gold mines at Johannesburg, these colourful tribal dances never fail to fascinate visitors. You'll see molten gold being poured at the mines, too.



No matter how much you've travelled overseas before, there's a fascinating new world to explore in South Africa! If you miss it, you'll always regret it, because seeing South Africa is the richest travel experience you'll ever know.

PACK A
TRUNKFUL
OF TRAVEL
ADVENTURE

MAKE YOUR OVERSEAS TRIP A
ROARING SUCCESS...

As part of a world trip, it costs very little extra to go or return via South Africa. Whether you prefer low-cost package tours or individual arrangements, your travel agent will gladly take care of all the details. So, for your next trip, get off the beaten track and

**SEE SOUTH AFRICA
INSTEAD**

To South African Tourist Corporation,
90 Pitt Street, G.P.O. Box 4889, Sydney, N.S.W. Australia.
Please send me details of travel in South Africa.

NAME
ADDRESS

If under 21, please state age.

5/22/PP

See big game in comfort by safari coach

● Imagine coming face to face with an elephant on a quiet country road, waking up to the mad laughter of a wild hyena or watching millions of pounds worth of diamonds being picked out of the ground. A dream? No. This is the reality of a South African holiday.

FOR here, in this vast southern part of the world's most exciting continent, you can expect the unexpected.

And, for all the comforts of a modern tourist's life, you will never be very far from the primitive, the exotic, and the mysterious.

You may be stopping over in South Africa for a few days on your way to or from Europe. Or you may feel that such an exciting place deserves special planning and a separate holiday for a couple of months.

Whatever the length of your stay, you'll find tourist facilities, comforts, and any one of hundreds of tours to suit your ideal of a perfect holiday.

The cost of touring is attractive, too. Living costs in South Africa are among the lowest in the world.

You can stay in one of the country's most luxurious hotels—say the Hotel Langham in Johannesburg—for about £4 a night. This includes private bath and meals.

Possibly the best way to tour is by motor coach with leisurely stops in hotels along the route, or in native-style thatched bungalows called rondavels, which are available in the game reserves.

How about choosing a route that will take you from Capetown in the south to Johannes-

burg, and on up to the Victoria Falls in Rhodesia?

Here is a tour, organised by the South African Railways, which takes in just about everything of general interest within the country.

30-day tour

It is a 30-day tour by coach, rail, and air, and costs £323 per person, or £304 each for two persons.

You begin your trek in Capetown, South Africa's oldest city, and spend a couple of leisurely days sightseeing around the city and surrounding peninsula.

If you have a head for heights, don't miss the exciting cable ascent of famous Table Mountain. The view of the city below, on the edge of the blue harbor, is something you'll always remember.

When you stop for meals, try some of the seafood—especially the crawfish—for which the Cape is renowned, and also, if you like experimenting with foreign recipes, try the traditional Dutch cooking.

Leaving Capetown, you pass through ever-changing farmlands where most of South Africa's wine is grown.

And if you are touring in the spring months, you will see the most amazing variety of wildflowers. After rain the veld is covered, almost overnight, with great splashes of color.

Then you'll be travelling

along the coast toward Port Elizabeth. This is known as the "Garden Route," recognised as one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and the favorite resort place for most South Africans.

From East London, the Cape's third largest town on the coast, you'll pass through the Native Territory of the Transkei, inhabited by more than 2,000,000 Bantu tribesfolk.

Here are the Red Blanket People—they wear red blankets round their shoulders—whose women smoke long-stemmed pipes and paint their faces with white and yellow ochre and who have strange



OSTRICH-RIDING at Oudtshoorn, in Cape Province—one of the unique experiences available to the tourist in South Africa.

initiation rites for white-painted grass-skirted youths.

When you reach Durban, the biggest seaport on the east coast of Africa, don't miss seeing the Century Aquarium, one of the largest marine tanks in the Southern Hemisphere.

Take a ride in a rickshaw drawn by a fascinatingly dressed rickshaw boy of the Zulu tribe (see picture on cover).

Here, where life is geared largely to the tourist industry, you can visit sophisticated nightclubs and racecourses, and swim or fish. A visit to the Indian and native markets is a must for the photographer and souvenir hunter.

From Durban you'll leave by safari coach, via Zululand, to your first real game reserve—the Hluhluwe. This is the home of the rare square-lipped (white) rhinoceros. It's easy to photograph, as the rhino's vision is rather poor, and the animal can be stalked on foot under the protection of a game ranger.

Camping comfort

Don't be tempted to go swimming in the reserve, as the rivers are full of crocodiles.

Though in the midst of primitive Africa, your accommodation in the hilltop rest camp features 20th-century comfort, including electricity and hot and cold running water.

A couple of days' leisurely drive from Hluhluwe Game Reserve, you come to the Kruger National Park, the most famous game reserve in Africa.

Your rondavel—round native-style cottage—is well protected from the wild animals, though you may possibly spend a couple of sleepless nights because of the roaring, hooting, and shrieking of the wildlife all around you.

By contrast, all is sedate and civilised at Pretoria, your next city of call, which is the administrative capital of the Republic.

From Jan Smuts Airport, not far from Pretoria, you'll fly to Livingstone, in Rhodesia, your stepping-stone for the magnificent Victoria Falls, "the smoke that thunders."

ELEPHANTS are only one of the many wild animals you can photograph from your car in game reserves.



TOURIST CAMP at Pretoriuskop, in Kruger National Park. Visitors live in the round native-type cottages known as rondavels.

Flying back to Johannesburg, you land in one of the most lively and bustling of South Africa's cities. Theatres, restaurants, and night life abound.

Here you can visit the underground gold mines—the world's richest. A concert of Bantu tribal dancing in a mine compound is also well worth while.

Shaking the gold-dust off your feet, you go by train to Kimberley, the diamond town, where you can see piles of diamonds being sorted by experts at the De Beers Company.

There is a fast train from Kimberley to take you back to Capetown.

Jungle safaris

If you prefer a more adventurous type of holiday, you can go on one of the many jungle safaris conducted by experienced guides.

Take, for example, the 12-day tour of the Okavango Swamp, a largely unexplored area in the remote north-west corner of Bechuanaland.

The tour is run by John Seaman, a former crocodile hunter. You fly from Johannesburg to Seronga Village in four hours, and the rest of your travelling is by boat or on foot.

There's some fine fishing in the lagoons, streams, and lakes, and giraffes, elephants, antelope, and crocodiles can be shot with your own camera. (Be sure to take a lot of film, as there are no shops in the area.)

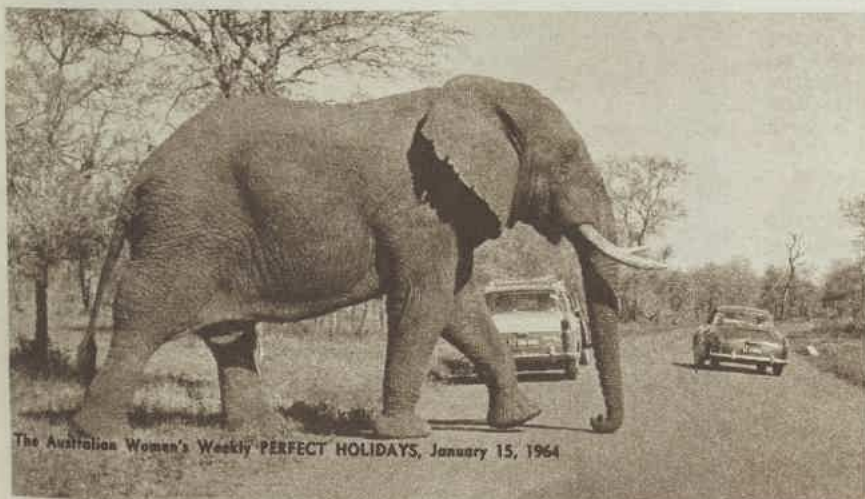
You'll camp under palm trees on islands surrounded by floating papyrus and crystal-clear water up to 18 feet deep, and visit the "Chief's Island" where you'll see some of the world's most interesting and colorful birds.

Meals and the use of tents, bedding, stretchers, and all camping gear are included in the £163/10/6 cost.

The Cape coastal belt has a dry, sunny summer and a rainy, mild winter. The best time to visit the Cape is from September to May.

The rest of the country has high summer temperatures generally, with most of the rain in the summer months. Winter is warm and dry, and is the best time to visit the game reserves, Natal, and the Transvaal.

The South African rand is equal to 12/7 Australian currency, and English is spoken throughout the country.



The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964

being baked and decorated to

TOURING ITALY BY AIR AND COACH



ESME BROWN, ATHERTON, QLD.

TAORMINA, the main tourist resort of Sicily, has lovely beaches. Air and coach tours of the island can be arranged by travel agents.

● The wonderful climate, splendid natural scenery, trove of art and architectural treasure, and the joyous people make it virtually impossible not to enjoy your holiday in Italy—particularly if you follow the adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans."

IN the hot summer you'll find you have more energy for sightseeing if you take an after-lunch siesta.

Eat, as the locals do, at the sidewalk "trattoria" (cafe-restaurants). Try the local speciality dishes and wines in each town or village. Buy your fruit at the local markets.

Italy is so full of interest, it deserves the leisurely pace of the pilgrim in order to see it properly. However, with new and faster, tours now being organised, it is possible to discover Italy—or parts of it—in a short space of time, and quite cheaply.

There is a wide choice of tours by air within Italy. This method of touring—flying from city to city—is the least tiring of all, and ensures you have the time and leisure to really enjoy a place when you arrive there.

For instance, on an Alitalia tour lasting only five days and four nights, you can "do" Rome and Naples for a cost of £34/2/8 in the "off" season (November to March), and £36/10/3 in the tourist season (April to October). This includes accommodation and travelling.

In Rome, on the lazy River Tiber, you'll see the Quirinale, the Capitoline Hill, the gigantic Colosseum, and some of the

smartest shops in the world.

You'll throw a coin in the Trevi Fountain—and hope to come back to Rome. You'll probably marvel that beautiful fountains everywhere are familiar street furniture to the Romans, to be leaned against and perched on.

You'll walk in the famous St. Peter's Square in Vatican City; see the colorful Swiss guards, the superb sculpture of Michelangelo. And in the Sistine Chapel, don't forget to look up—the ceiling was painted by Michelangelo and is one of the wonders of the artistic world.

Don't overlook a visit to the Vatican Museum—one of the best collections of Greek, Roman, and Renaissance art in the world.

Capri launch trip

Italian ice-cream, too, is recognised as one of the world's best—and that's just what you'll need after sightseeing. Buy it from one of the typical Italian ice-cream carts in the streets.

Leaving Rome, you'll fly to Naples set in its famous and spectacular Bay of Naples.

Make a whole day trip by motor launch to the Isle of Capri, where you are bound to glimpse at least one world celebrity. The Blue Grotto is one of the attractions of Capri, and, having seen it,

you'll find there's no other true blue color.

From Naples, it's not a long drive to Pompeii, the ruined Roman city sitting at the foot of brooding, scorched Mount Vesuvius. Here you can see, from the remarkable excavations, how the ancient Romans lived.

A trip to Italy is incomplete without a visit to Florence, the birthplace of the Renaissance movement, and the capital of Tuscany, where the best Chianti wine is grown.

The area and cities round Florence are so full of interest that you must travel reasonably slowly by motor-coach if you are to see anything. Alitalia runs a comprehensive seven-day coach tour of Florence, Siena, Assisi, and Perugia at a cost of £43/6/9.

In Pisa you'll have time to see that the famous Tower of Pisa really does lean at an angle. Then you take a bus to Florence through fascinating crop-clad hilly countryside.

In Florence you cannot escape the artistic past. Michelangelo's statues seem to be in every city square. You'll visit the Medici Chapel, built for the powerful Medici family who ruled Florence and patronised the arts.

You'll enjoy wandering along the Ponte Vecchio, and don't miss the Uffizi Gallery and the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti with their collections of Renaissance paintings.

Using Florence as a base, you'll make a day trip to Siena, through the famous Chianti region. If you are travelling in August, you may be able to see the annual Palio of the Contrade in Siena—a colorful, exciting folklore event, culminating in a horse race in the main city square.

Fashion tours

Perugia, looking from a distance just like a medieval walled city, is a university city, and here you'll find students from all over the world, and you'll have a chance to buy fine, hand-made Italian pottery in some of the tiny boutiques.

Assisi is another mountain town, and here you can see the monastery in which St. Francis lived and feel the deep religious atmosphere which pervades the cobbled streets.

Back in Florence you may, if you are interested in fashion, visit the couture houses from which some of Italy's finest fashions come.

Rome, also, is a centre for fashion, and for those who are interested there is a special three-hour fashion tour which includes visits to the salons of the famous Fontana Sisters, Galatzine and Schubert.

This is one of the many Mini-tours arranged for airline passengers in Rome or Milan. These are short tours—half day or full day—for the person who has time to fill between planes.

The tours are designed to show you a complete facet of the city, including the fantastic modern buildings of Rome and the new Olympic buildings, or an electronics plant.

Perhaps a more relaxing morning could be spent touring the Roman markets. You'd go to the famous early-morning flower market, to an open-air food market in one of the main city squares, and to Rome's Flea Market, where everything you can imagine can be bought.

Are you keen on films? You can take the half-day tour of Rome's film establishment.

All half-day Minitours in Rome cost £1/0/3 in private motor-coach, and £3/5/10 as a passenger with two others in a hire car.

From Milan, there are day tours to take you leisurely through picturesque country villages to Lake Como, Lake Maggiore, or the Lombardy Lakes.

A coach tour of the beautiful Lariana Villas at Lake Como costs £2/15/3.

Gourmets will want to take the full-day Gastronomic Tour, which includes visits to well-known town and village restaurants, and to a large sweets and candy concern. This costs £2/0/5 plus cost of meals.

Wherever you go in Italy you will be constantly involved with the life of the Italians around you. You'll feel more alive there than ever before. Just being in Italy is a real holiday.

MRS. B. MANDER-JONES, GREENWICH, N.S.W.



ST. PETER'S SQUARE (left) is one of the architectural wonders of the world, a highlight of a visit to Vatican City in Rome.

PONTE VECCHIO (right), famous old bridge over the River Arno, in Florence, is a fascinating shopping arcade which is a must for visiting tourists.



MRS. B. MANDER-JONES, GREENWICH, N.S.W.

MOST people who go to
the Continent go FIRST to

ITALY!

Going to England? Heading for the U.S.A.? Going anywhere in the world—for business or for a fun-filled tourist holiday? On your way—do what most people do. Go FIRST to Italy. And go Alitalia! Alitalia—one of the world's largest international airlines can take you anywhere you're going. And, if you've the wish, to fabulous Italy on your way. It's easier with Alitalia. And it's faster. Alitalia's Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce powered Jetliners speed you fastest to Singapore (it's non-stop!) Fastest all the way to Rome and Europe. But best of all—fastest to ITALY.

On your way to anywhere—go Alitalia. (Over 2 million people did last year!) And SAVE with Alitalia's Economy Class GROUP TRAVEL PLAN.

31

different ways to enjoy
YOUR ITALIAN HOLIDAY
with
ALITALIA'S
"LET'S DISCOVER ITALY"
TOURS



There's more to a trip than just seeing the sights. No matter how magnificent they are. There's getting to know the "feeling" of the country. Of experiencing the colour and fun. Of being—if only for a short while—part of a country and a people who are wonderfully, excitingly different from your own. No tourist-visitor should ever be an "outsider." That's why the whole idea of "Let's Discover Italy" tours was born. Alitalia (and who could know Italy better!) designed dozens of holiday tours to help YOU feel at home. No matter how slim your budget. Or how short your stay. Find out about the "Let's Discover Italy" tours. Read about some of them on this page. And then—send for the booklet that tells the full story of ALL the Tours—all 31 of them.



2, 3, 5 & 7-DAY TOURS

Each a glorious unforgettable holiday. To wherever you've always dreamed of visiting: Rome, Venice, the Italian Riviera. Capri! The Industrial North. And how you save! Not only money. But effort. Everything is arranged for you. Transport. Accommodation. Everything. Care to walk in silent awe through Vatican treasure houses? Or laugh and linger long over a pasta and red wine lunch in a Milan cafe? Or tread where emperors trod? Or maybe catch a glimpse of Sophia at a Cinecittà studio? This is the Italy that awaits you. With any special tour you choose. 31 holidays await you.

HOW TO SEE

CAPRI

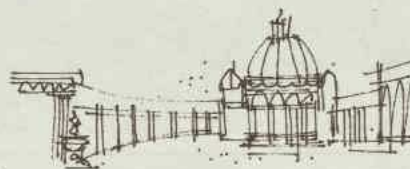


—FOR A SONG! Imagine, now, that Mediterranean view from your hotel patio! And your trip to the breathtaking Blue Grotto. Unbelievable! Visit to a villa. Drives. Swimming. Romance. Romance and music. Capri! Three whole sun-filled days and two nights. Everything is included. Cost? Can be from less than £19!

HOW TO SEE

ROME

There's a special 2-DAY tour. Or a 3-DAY tour. Or a 5-DAY tour that takes in Naples and the Bay as well. Let's take the 2-DAY tour. Alitalia takes you to your hotel. Lunch. Then a drive to see sights that have held the centuries spell-bound. Then dinner in a Trastevere restaurant. Optional—a Rome-by-night excursion. Next day you're introduced to other sights. The Trevi Fountain. St. Peter's. The Borghese Gallery. Lunch. Then shopping and wandering to your heart's content. This tour? From as little as £11. All the details and prices are in the "Let's Discover Italy" booklet.



APPOINTMENT IN

VENICE

Three magical days. Or 7. There's a "Let's Discover Italy" tour specially designed to create for you a lifetime of memories. You see the Doge's Palace. The Bridge of the Spire. The famous Piazza San Marco. Care to enjoy a thrilling visit to the Casino? Alitalia will get you a FREE pass to enter. Or choose your partner... hold hands... your gondola is waiting to transport you through one of the most enchantingly different cities in all the world. In time for the sunset—when all the world is golden. Then—it's time to dress in your best. For dinner...

GLAMOUR! COLOUR!
SUN AND GOLDEN
SAND ON THE

ITALIAN RIVIERA

The indescribable blue of the Mediterranean. The sun-splashed coves and beaches. The casinos. The glittering hotels. The pastel villas set in garden luxury. Tour the Ligurian coast. Stay in San Remo. Stay in Genoa. All this (including your Alitalia Rome/Genoa flights) can cost as little as £21!



SEE NAPLES AND LIVE—HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

You have 2 days? Or 5? Or 7? There's a "Let's Discover Italy" tour designed for you. Take, say, a 5-DAY tour. See Pompei. Sorrento. An excursion to Capri! Wander through the much-written-of Galleria Umberto. Everything's planned so you not only see Italy—but live Italy. At the smallest cost. Alitalia friendliness and service are with you every moment. Now—have you time to visit tradition-rich Florence? Modern, thriving old-new Milan? Pisa? Why not!

31

ITALIAN HOLIDAYS

Which city do you dream most of seeing? Rome? Venice? Milan? What is your special interest? Places rich in history? Art Galleries, Churches old as Christendom? The thriving modern world of industry? Soft pastoral hills? Sunny beaches? Cosmopolitan, sophisticated night-life cities? All this is the Italy YOU can get to know—to live. Wherever you're going—go FIRST to Italy and discover Italy... with Alitalia. Read all about the 31 holiday tours designed by the people who know Italy best of all. (See the coupon below.)



ALITALIA 
AIRLINES

"THE WINGED ARROW SERVICE TO 49 COUNTRIES"

FREE! "Let's Discover Italy" booklet.

A detailed listing and plan of itineraries, sights, duration and prices—everything!
Send this coupon to your TRAVEL AGENT or direct to Alitalia Airlines.

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

SYDNEY: A.G.C. HOUSE, CNR. HUNTER & PHILLIP STS., PHONE 28 0672 • MELBOURNE: PEARL ASSURANCE BLDG., 143 QUEEN ST., PHONE 67 6865-6-7
• BRISBANE: 183 EDWARD ST., PHONE 31 2196 • SUVA: C/- BURNS PHILP (SOUTH SEA) CO. LTD., CNR. PRINCE'S ST. & RODWELL RD., PHONE 2661.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964

Page 7

Save on this excitingly different Melbourne holiday! **take a**
SOUTHERN CROSS
Value Vacation

from as little as
£9.19.6

Now you can get acquainted with Australia's loveliest hotel and save money while you have fun! Choose from four Value Vacation plans — from one weekend to ten glamorous days — at low, inclusive Value Vacation rates. Live in the hotel that has all Australia talking. Service, facilities and world-class hotel atmosphere unequalled by any other hotel or motel. Enjoy famous food, ten wonderful restaurants and bars, 60 smart shops around the beautiful open Plaza. Take breakfast in bed in your comfortable, air-conditioned room without extra charge. *Park your car right in the hotel at no charge.* Choose your Value Vacation now and book soon while this offer is open.



COOLIBAH RESTAURANT — light-hearted, licensed until 10 p.m., serving delicious meals from 7 in the morning till 11.30 at night. Sample the Coolibah on your Value Vacation.



GARDEN PLAZA — unique in metropolitan hotels. An outdoor area of sun and air surrounded by shops, restaurants — even a bowling centre and a bank.



SOUTHERN CROSS BEDROOMS all have private baths and air-conditioning. Every Value Vacation includes at least one breakfast served in the room at no extra charge.

A Value Vacation for every purse and purpose

3-Day

Turn a business trip into a holiday! Or just treat yourself to three wonderful days. The Value Vacation rate offers you two meals in the Coolibah Restaurant, one in the Club Grill and one served in your room. Plus your accommodation, free parking and three days in Australia's finest hotel. Double occupancy, **£9.19.6** per person. Single occupancy, add £2. No accommodation charge for children under 12 occupying the same room.

5-Day

Five days that will make you fall in love with the Southern Cross. You'll enjoy every one of the famous restaurants, you'll have Room Service deliver a delicious breakfast to your room, you'll revel in all the comforts of a great hotel — all for the Value Vacation price. Double occupancy, **£21.12.6** per person. Single occupancy, add £4. No accommodation charge for children under 12 occupying the same room.

10-Day

Time to take in all the shows, visit the shops, tour the beaches and the hills while you live in Australia's finest hotel at a money-saving tariff. Eighteen delightful meals including the famous Southern Cross Smorgasbord. Breakfasts in bed at no extra charge. Free parking for your car. 24-hour Room Service, air-conditioning, comfort and atmosphere unequalled in any other hotel or motel in Australia. Double occupancy, **£43** per person. Single occupancy, add £9. No accommodation charge for children under 12 occupying the same room.

DE LUXE WEEKEND

Check in on a Friday, stay until after lunch on Sunday. Six meals — including the famous Sunday Smorgasbord — let you enjoy the Mayfair Room, the Coolibah Restaurant and the old-world Tavern. Breakfast served in your room on Sunday morning. Free theatre tickets for two at your choice of shows. Double occupancy, **£12.15.0** per person. Single occupancy, add £2. No accommodation charge for children under 12 occupying the same room.

Book now with your Travel Agent, any airline or post this coupon for full details.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL,
 131 Exhibition Street, Melbourne
 Telephone: 63 0221. Cables: 'Inihotelcor'
 Sydney Bookings: Phone Sydney 28 2626

THE SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL, 131 Exhibition St., Melbourne, Vic.
 Please send me, without obligation, free colored folder describing all of the new Value Vacation plans.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____



AN INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL
 John C. Carrodus, General Manager

This hotel has everything

● In the last 17 months many travellers to Melbourne from interstate and overseas have found an exciting new place to stay—the huge Southern Cross Hotel.

OPENED in August, 1962, the £5½ million hotel, built on the old Eastern Market site bounded by Bourke and Exhibition Streets, very soon developed a character all its own.

It offered something fresh to Melbourne's visitors, a new conception of hotel life which paid particular attention to the needs of tourists.

Uphill from the city's main shopping centre, the Southern Cross Hotel rises high above most of the surrounding buildings.

From the top floor of the glossy blue-and-white building you can look over Melbourne and its suburbs from Port Phillip Bay to the Dandenongs and enjoy the fresh air from nearby parks.

With his hotel not quite in the heart of the city, the traveller doesn't have to suffer the frustrations of traffic jams.

If he has motored to Melbourne from another State he simply drives from Bourke Street into the hotel's carpark and straight to the basement lobby and reception desk, where hotel staff will help him unload his luggage and check him in.

He doesn't feel conspicuous in old travelling clothes. He can take the lift to his room from the basement without having to enter the main foyer or public rooms.

The carpark holds 350 cars, and guests use it free of charge.

The overseas traveller, arriving by taxi from airport or ship, arrives at the glossy front entrance with its high, wide, and handsome foyer.

A room with private bath is available for as little as £4 a

day, and at selected times Package Plans offer attractive savings for guests staying for a weekend, or for three, five, or ten days.

All the 435 bedrooms are double rooms available at single or double tariffs. They are decorated in seven different color schemes, all of them modern and striking.

All rooms are air-conditioned, and each guest can regulate the temperature to his liking. He can even switch it off and open the windows.

Radio, TV, and "piped" music are available in every room.

The management claims that if a guest felt inclined he could stay there for a month without having to go outside the two and a quarter acres on which the hotel stands.

He could find everything he needed for a perfect holiday right on the premises.

Ten restaurants

The shop-lined Garden Plaza and the wide balconies overlooking it are perfect for promenading. In the Plaza itself there are often special attractions for the tourist with time on his hands—a band recital or an art exhibition.

The hotel has a fascinating variety of eating-places—ten restaurants and bars.

In the hearty atmosphere of the Club Grill a guest can arrange a business conference over a man-size midday meal.

From 3 p.m. on women can share the Club Grill, too. Habitues claim they get the best steaks in Australia there.

The Mayfair Room, with its romantic decor, is made for dining and dancing. Luxury foods from all over the world tempt the traveller's appetite—from the tangy Australian soup



GLITTERING night-time spot within the walls of the Southern Cross Hotel is the Mayfair Room, where there's romantic decor, dancing, and the finest of foods.

Kangaroo Tail Matilda to the sophistication of Coq au Vin.

Thursday each week is ladies' day, with a luncheon and fashion parade in the Mayfair Room.

In summer guests can eat in a licensed open-air cafe on the Upper Plaza, outside the Mayfair Room, until 6 p.m. each day. It's covered to protect guests from the weather, and sunlight filters in through the shrubs that surround it.

For a snack lunch and a drink there's the old-world atmosphere of the Tavern; for an ice-cold thirst-quencher or a fascinating sundae there's the Ice-Cream Parlor; and for the relaxing after-theatre supper there's the Coolibah Room.

Any service obtainable in world-class hotels is available at the Southern Cross Hotel.

The huge ballroom, seating 500, is available for conventions. For smaller groups of clients or for a party, guests can hire one of the five small dining-rooms.

The hotel will book theatre tickets, arrange for a typist or a stenographer.

A teleprinter in the foyer provides a 24-hour-a-day news service for guests, and each day every guest receives a copy of a daily news bulletin, delivered to his room by 7 a.m.

Within the hotel there are 60 shops, the offices of airline companies, a tourist bureau, and banking facilities.

There's a salon where you can have your hair set or wig

styled, and an office where you can hire a Mercedes or a Mark X Jaguar to tour Melbourne's surrounding countryside.

You can place a bet at a T.A.B., attend a chiropodist, or have a shave, haircut, and shoeshine.

A big bowling centre provides for relaxation.

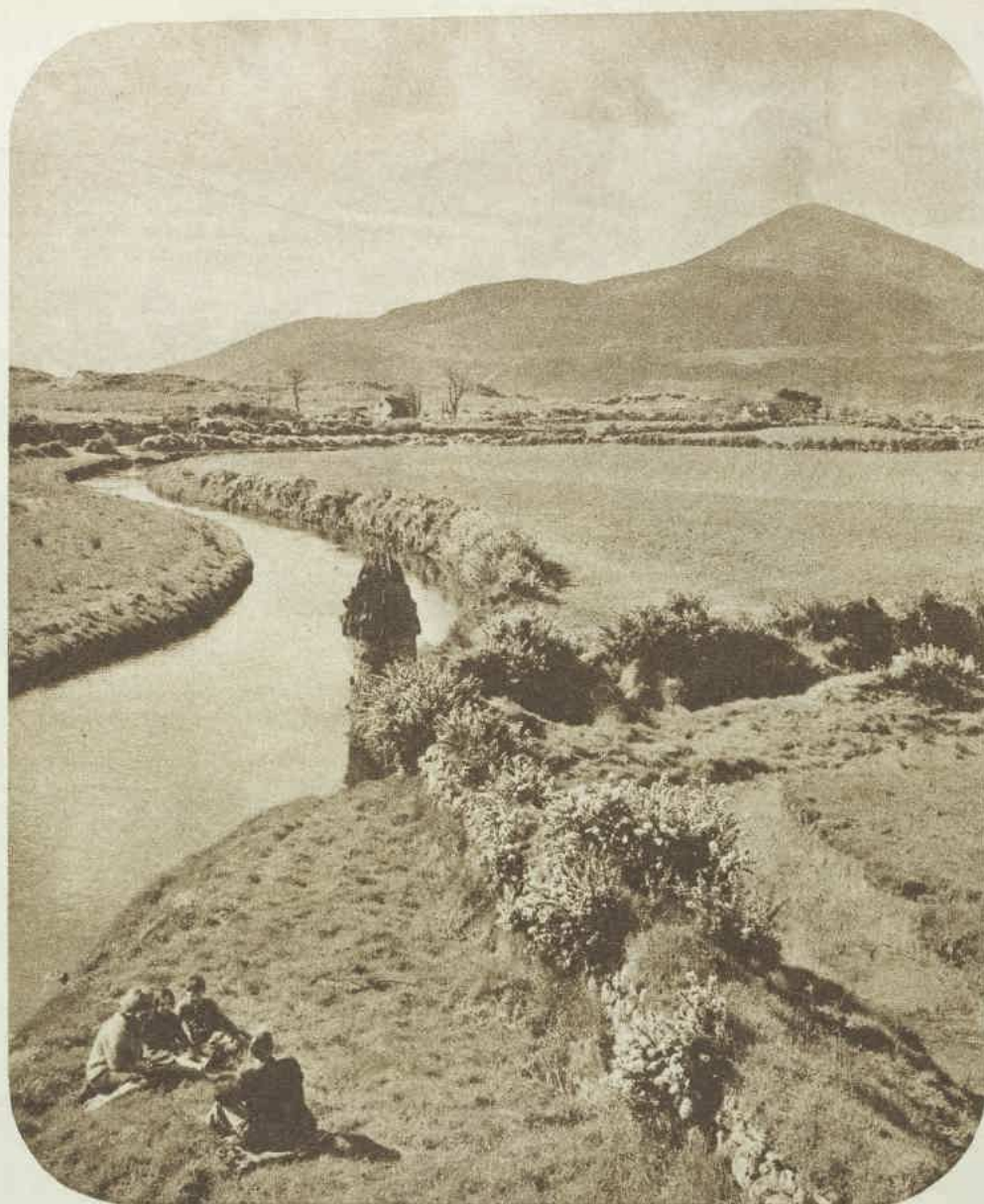
If this isn't enough, theatres, department stores, and city parks are within walking distance of the hotel.



RECEPTION DESK (left) in the main foyer of the hotel, as staff look after recent arrivals and the requirements of guests.

THE CLUB GRILL (above), popular meeting-place for diners-out. This restaurant, famous for its steaks, is for men only till 3 p.m. daily.





from the mountains of Mourne to Dublin's fair city

Lovely land of glorious differences, of warmth and friendliness and a hundred thousand welcomes. From the awesome cliffs of Moher to romantic Glendalough, from leisurely, cultured Dublin to bustling Limerick and Cork, Ireland will be all you ever hoped, much

you never dreamed. Lake-laced Donegal uplands . . . Connemara, lonely and lovely . . . exquisite Killarney. These and countless other legend-laden scenes are yours to enjoy in IRELAND . . . where living is high and only the prices are low.

POST THIS COUPON for **FREE** literature
Irish Tourist Board, Box 1323, G.P.O., Sydney

NAME

ADDRESS

awwa If for school project mark X here ☐

Ireland

bids you welcome

Ireland has big welcome for visitors

● "Cead mile failte!" That's Irish for "A hundred thousand welcomes," and that's exactly what you'll get on your arrival in the Emerald Isle.

THIS is a country of peace and simplicity, wonderful landscapes, placid lakes and mountains, an ever-changing coastline (no place is more than 70 miles from the sea), and incomparable people.

They are happy, relaxed, and good company, and have a gift of eloquence admired the world over—even by those who haven't kissed the Blarney Stone.

Food in Ireland, too, is to be remembered.

There are the sea specialties—Dublin Bay prawns, oysters, scallops, lobsters, salmon, and trout—at prices that make them everyday eating.

The steak is the finest in Europe, the eggs nest-fresh and big. Memorable, too, are the mild cured ham, spring chickens, and home-made bread, brown and crisp, with fresh butter.

This land, famous for Irish whiskey and Irish stout, also has "Irish coffee"—a wonderful mixture of steaming hot coffee, cream, and whiskey. All of this you can get in the large hotels in the towns, on the menu alongside more sophisticated fare. But you can also get it in the most modest

hotel or guesthouse in the country, because it is everyday fare in this pastoral country.

Ireland is such a compact little island you'll be able to see most of it in a short trip. Eight days to a fortnight is sufficient for the main highlights.

Dublin, the capital, is the obvious place to begin your trip to Ireland. It is the largest city, the most historic, and the most central.

You'll be enchanted by the Dublin "taxis"—horse-drawn carriages with the driver on the roof. And if he likes your face he might let you sit up top alongside him.

Exploring Dublin

But it is also fascinating to explore Dublin on foot; to walk the beautiful Georgian squares—Dublin is a stronghold of Georgian architecture—and to stroll into the antique shops and souvenir stores looking for exquisite Waterford glass, hand-woven Donegal tweed, and superb Irish linen.

Quench your thirst at the end of this with a glass of stout and a plate of oysters in a typical pub.

There you'll hear Irish wit and eloquence at its best. You'll have to try hard if you want to avoid being drawn into the lively conversation.



ROSS CASTLE, Killarney, is now a ruin, but is well worth the tourist's interest. Many visitors reach it over the quiet country roads by horse and carriage.

Racecourses surround Dublin, and no visitor to Ireland should miss an Irish race meeting. There are more than 200 fixtures in the racing year, almost two racing days in every three.

If you are there in August, you mustn't miss Dublin's big event—the Dublin Horse Show. The show brings out all the best-dressed people.

From Dublin you can plan your tour of the country. Touring facilities are good. You can take special "Rambler Rail" tickets at bargain prices, and river cruises or a steamer trip to the Aran Islands.

C.I.E., Ireland's transport company, operates all-in tours, using luxury coaches and first-class hotels.

One tour which may appeal to you, run by C.I.E., covers southern Ireland in eight days, and costs £44/18/10.

Leaving Dublin, you'll see

the plains of Kildare, where the cream of Irish bloodstock is bred; Limerick, with its romantic castle, on the River Shannon; Adare, reputed to be the loveliest village in Ireland, and on to world-famous Killarney and its lakes.

You'll take the spectacular Ring of Kerry road tour, passing through Killorglin, where, in August, you can join in a wonderful piece of Irish nonsense called Puck Fair. On a mountain, a goat is crowned king, and reigns on a rocky throne for three days of merry-making and business deals.

Blarney Castle

When you reach Glengarriff, on Bantry Bay, you'll be amazed at the palm trees and subtropical flora. Of its harbor William Thackeray said: "Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder. Perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic, English travellers would flock there by hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland?"

In County Cork you'll visit Blarney Castle, and be able to kiss the famous Blarney Stone, and then wander around the hilly city of Cork, built on an island in the River Lee.

You'll go through Waterford, where some of the finest cut glass is made.

You'll remember for years your visit to the quaint town of Wexford, with its Crusader Abbey; the Meeting of the Waters in the Vale of Avoca;

PEACEFUL Vale of Clang-Co, in County Wicklow, is typical of rural Ireland, with its picturesque cottages, rolling hills, and the soft colors of the landscape.

and Glendalough, with its two lakes and ruined monastic city dating back to the sixth century, situated in a hidden valley among the Wicklow Hills outside Dublin.

Everywhere in Ireland you'll find ancient castles and ruined abbeys and evidence of the country's turbulent history. The past is very much part of the present, and there's no better way of seeing this than joining one of the special one-day "Medieval Tours," which begin from Shannon Airport.

This tour can be taken as a single one-day tour or can be tacked on to a tour to Cork and Killarney, to make an attractive three-day tour costing £20/4/2. As a separate tour, it costs £6/14/9, including overnight accommodation.

For this cost you live like a lord for a day. You have tea before a turf fire in an Irish thatched cottage at Bunratty, see the old world village of Sixmilecross, wander round a 12th-century abbey, and see an Irish dancing display. The highlight of the tour is a medieval banquet served in historic Bunratty Castle.

Here you will relish victuals prepared as in the 15th century and served by traditionally lovely Irish colleens. Bards will entertain you with traditional Irish music and tales of 500 years ago.

If you have a couple of weeks in which to tour Ireland, why not take one of C.I.E.'s circular tours lasting 12 days? These go right round the coastline and cost £66/9/4.

Whatever magic name has caught your fancy—Donegal or Killarney, Connemara or Galway—you'll find it lives up to its expectation on this tour.



The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964

Let the experts help you plan

- Whether your overseas or interstate trip will be a real and memorable holiday, with every £1 spent enjoyed to the last penny, depends on how it is planned.

IT is how you think, I dream, scheme, save, invest, and investigate now that will enable you to cast off your cares later.

Then you will be able to:

- Get away from it all.
- Live it up as you've never lived it up before.
- Discover fresh fields adventuring at home or abroad.
- Put long-service leave to memorable account.
- Encircle the globe on a shoe-string.
- Or spend just a few weeks being refreshed mentally and physically.

Cares are the most important thing NOT TO HAVE with you on a holiday.

Don't take any that can be left with the bank or travel agency handling your holiday arrangements.

The days of doing-it-all-yourself in travel planning are as outmoded as boiling up clothes in a wood copper.

The enlightened traveller no more thinks of plotting his own course in shopping for transport, tickets, and accommodation than he would attempt a trip to the moon unaided.

Travel agencies operate on commissions received from land, sea, and air transport companies, accommodation concerns, and entertainment enterprises, for providing facilities to make it easy for the public to do business with them.

The services of tourist bureaus, banks, and travel agencies are entirely free to travellers.

A ticket to anywhere bought through an agency costs exactly the same amount as it would if the traveller bought it himself at a railway station, shipping firm, or airways office.

Full discussion

The same applies to accommodation and entertainment.

Whether you want to wander at home or overseas, find a reputable travel agent and make him your guide, philosopher, and friend.

Put all your cards on the table.

Tell him how much money you will have to spend, what you want to see, when you want to go, and how long you can be away.

Don't rush it. Allow time for at least three or four sessions of talking things over with him, so that he can work out costs

and make suggestions for revising your itinerary, allowing for "more time here and less time there," according to your personal interests.

Unless you stipulate that you are prepared to tighten your belt and "rough it" if necessary in order to see the maximum on a limited budget, or that you want to spread yourself and wallow in the kind of luxury you've never had before, your travel agent will sum you up and endeavor to ensure you have the same kind of comforts abroad as you do at home.

When finance is a consideration, invariably he will advise a well-spent three months abroad rather than six months away if that would mean scrimping all the time.

Package deals

First-timers abroad are encouraged to settle for "package deals" with all their sightseeing and hotel accommodation arranged and paid for before leaving home.

Even their luggage is completely taken care of, and all they have to concern themselves with is personal spending money.

Round-the-world package tours range from about £500, covering sea travel in a 4-berth cabin, medium grade hotel accommodation, and sightseeing, for a period of 3½ months.

At least another £100 should be added to this for spending money.

Always, however, you will be advised to take as much money as you can, if you are on the one big holiday of a lifetime, even if it means waiting an extra six or 12 months before setting off.

If you can afford to do things well, and want to see a lot in a little time, you can have an individually planned tour, taking you to the four corners of the globe by air at a cost of about £2500 for a three months' trip.

This would include bed-and-breakfast accommodation at first-class and deluxe hotels, having a car to meet you at the airport at all your stopovers, and special guides to help you see the sights.

If this bracket of travel is your wave-length, you are the kind of person who will need another £1000 in your purse for personal expenses, including shopping and buying presents to bring back home.

Shopping abroad, you can make duty-free purchases pro-

vided they are sent by the store to your ship or plane and you don't take possession of the goods until you have cleared the Customs Department of the country you are leaving.

Returning to Australia from abroad, you may bring back gifts worth a total of £30 as presents for friends without having to pay duty on them.

Nor do you have to pay duty on personal apparel for yourself, with the exception of furs and jewellery purchased overseas.

If you take a fur or expensive jewellery away with you, it is most important that you should obtain an export licence for it before you leave. If you don't you will find yourself faced with heavy Customs duty on your return.

And don't think you can take away a rabbit coat, trade it in for a mink wrap abroad — and still bring it back as the fur you had when you left home.

The authorities are up to all the tricks.

Club members have friends in every port

- Walking into a home-away-from-home, with strangers willing to welcome you as a friend, is among the privileges enjoyed by members of clubs with interstate and overseas affiliations.

MEMBERSHIP of a particular club at once indicates your social status, interests or hobbies, and establishes that you are "an acceptable person."

Besides the old-established private clubs, all of which have long waiting lists, there are many (with wide benefits) that are not difficult to join.

Look up the address in the telephone book of the club that appeals to you, then get in touch with the secretary to find out membership fees and how to join.

Some clubs are residential, and all will handle your mail and forward letters.

Help to travellers is given by sporting and cultural clubs, R.S.L. and Commercial Travellers' clubs, or any of the "Y" clubs.

Clubs which provide rec-

reation, entertainment, and specialised hospitality for members of both sexes at home and abroad include the Royal Overseas League, The Royal Commonwealth Society, the Victoria League, and the English Speaking Union.

They cater for people of all age groups and make arrangements for you to be welcomed and entertained by fellow members wherever you travel.

The English Speaking Union has 89 branches in the United States, Canada, India, and New Zealand, as well as in Australia and Britain.

All have beautiful club-rooms where you can dine, have a snack, watch television, and make friends.

But don't wait until the eve of going abroad to join a club. Use it to enlarge your horizon by meeting interesting people who come to Australia from overseas, and to make your interstate trips more enjoyable.

Take the right clothes

- The clothes you take on an overseas trip should be chosen according to your personality and the kind of trip you plan.

IF you are a social butterfly, with friends or friends waiting to entertain you, you'll want to arrive with everything ready to step out to a nightclub or a ritzy luncheon.

But if you mean to discover other lands as a modern Marco Polo you will pack simple, comfortable clothes and leave your gorgeous gowns at home.

Airways companies allow first-class passengers 66lb. of luggage free of charge. This allows you to take two large lightweight suitcases with average packing.

Economy-class tickets provide for 44lb. of luggage, which works out at one large and one smaller suitcase.

Carrying-bags and briefcases taken into the aircraft by a passenger have to be weighed and included in the gross weight of luggage, but handbags, cameras, binoculars, overcoats, and rugs are carried free.

If you want to take excess

baggage by air, have it sent as unaccompanied baggage. It travels at one quarter the price.

Shipping companies allow passengers to take 40 cubic feet of luggage, which is the equivalent of six to eight large suitcases.

However you travel, be sure to insure your luggage.

What to wear

Luggage which is to travel in the hold of a ship, or is too large for porters to carry, should be chosen for its sturdiness and very secure locks.

Never rely on luggage tags. Have your name and address PAINTED on your heavy luggage.

The luggage that never leaves your side should be whittled down to two suitcases which you can carry yourself at a pinch.

One of them should be large enough to take your dresses folded only once — at the waist.

For a long flight, wear a

short-sleeved dress with a jacket, or a suit and a silk blouse. When you touch down you will be in a different climate from the one you left, and this kind of dressing is easy to adjust.

As well as your overcoat, carry a wool cardigan and a pair of very soft slipper-like pumps for wear during the flight.

And make sure your dress or suit has a full, permanently pleated skirt. Strictly avoid straight, tailored skirts when travelling by plane.

On board ship you can start the day breakfasting in slacks, shorts, muu-muu, or neat shift-style dress, and not worry about changing again until dinner.

Except on special occasions a pretty summer cotton frock is suitable for dining at night.

For three or four weeks at sea, take about six pretty but simply styled cotton synthetic material dresses, two cocktail frocks, a wool twinset, a warm suit, or at least a warm skirt, shorts, slacks, and two swimsuits.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 15, 1964

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to
The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

**SUMMER
RAINCOAT
FASHIONS**
—pages 12, 13

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.



Letters

Teen critics miss out on lots of fun

WHY do modern Australian teenagers find it necessary to criticise anything and everything as "square"?

An instance of this occurred when a recent conversation turned to sport. I happened to mention cricket. This remark was greeted with great scorn and ridicule. "Cricket, that stupid game," was the general reaction.

However, after asking a few questions, I discovered that very few boys had more than a vague idea of what cricket entails. They ridicule it on principle, simply because adults like it.

It is the same with classical music. Most of the teenagers who profess to hate classical music have never seriously listened to it.

I know a lot of young people who will never dance anything but that ridiculous nonsense called the stomp. Mention ballroom or square-dancing and you are crushed with scorn. Yet these ignorant youths, too, have never tried to do any dance which required any grace or thought.

Wake up to yourselves and readjust your attitude! Grow up a little, use your commonsense, and think of all the fun you're missing out on.

Just because your parents are square doesn't mean they haven't been around.—Ken Lovell, Northmanhurst, N.S.W.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Fading friendship Girls barred

YOUR schooldays have ended and you and your friends part, swearing eternal friendship and promising to write to each other frequently.

And so they do write to you—for a couple of weeks. But soon the letters shorten in length, and then letter writing on both sides dies away.

When you remember how thick you and your friends were at school it's enough to make you lose your faith in human nature and in really enduring friendship.—"Old Girl," Ashgrove, Qld.

Motorbikes

IT seems to me that a motorbike has only to appear in the street for the driver to be booked. It's not because he is breaking the law, it's just that motorbikes are unpopular.

They were the only transport once, and now they are only a few.

People think motorbike fellows look stupid in the outfits they wear, but they must wear them in case of an accident. If they didn't they could be cut to pieces.

I think it's most unfair the way people treat us, and I think we should be treated like every other citizen.—"The Wild Cherry," Burwood, N.S.W.

WHAT do other readers think of chartered accountancy as a career for girls?

I am 17 and started my training in the country by correspondence while working with a chartered accountant. Now I want to transfer to the city so that I would be able to go to a technical college instead of doing the course by correspondence.

However, whenever I look up the positions vacant columns in the papers it is always the same ad: "Assistant accountant required, young man 17-20," and I find that no firm seems willing to employ a girl chartered accountant trainee.

Why is chartered accountancy not considered a suitable occupation for girls?—"Frustrated Female," Tewin, N.S.W.

Hear yourself . . .

DURING supper at a schoolfriend's home we 12 girls chattered away, unaware that the whole conversation was being recorded.

Later the tape was played back to us, and it was like peering through a magnifying glass at one's own personality. Everyone had an accent—even those who had previously denied this had to own up to the fact.

It has certainly made me try harder to speak correctly and (how I hate to admit it) less often.—"Gay Stuart," Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Help in exams

LITERATURE and history students should be allowed to take dictionaries into the examination room. Dictionaries are standard equipment

whenever writing is done, and checking the spelling of a word could not possibly influence the style or content of examination answers.

Many times the exact word is passed over for a substitute, because the candidate goes in dread of that notice at the head of the paper—"Marks will be deducted for incorrect spelling."—"Dicta," Geelong, Vic.

How much study?

FOR me 1964 will be the perilous Leaving Certificate year. There are many and varied problems at this stage, but the one to which I find myself unable to find an adequate answer is: just how much time should a student spend studying?

I feel that three to four hours for five nights a week is sufficient, but my teachers have left me wondering if one should spend even one night a week on a date.

I am certain that we should spend at least one night a week out, to retain our sanity.

What do other teenagers feel about social life in the L.C. year?—"E. Descent," Soldier's Point, N.S.W.

Leaving school

NOW that the school year is over I would like to give some advice to those who are still undecided about leaving school before winning their Leaving Certificate.

Some years ago I was in the same position; there was nothing I wanted to do more than leave and get a job.

Now, three years later, I find that I want to be a doctor, but, because I was so hasty in leaving school, I can't.

So those who want to leave school should think carefully before they take this step, as it will affect the rest of their lives.—Diane Benjamin, West Bundaberg, Qld.

NEXT WEEK . . .

• A 20-year-old Melbourne girl, Prue Acton, has set up her own dress-designing business and recently completed her third fashion collection. Next week we tell you how she did it and show you some colorful examples of her work. • Pin-up of British singing star Cliff Richard.

THIS WEEK, for technical reasons, we have had to rearrange our color pages, but next week we'll be back to normal, with a colored cover.

Working Mum

MY mother goes to work three or four nights a fortnight. While she's away I look after my four-year-old brother and serve tea to my father. Mum always has things for a salad, so I don't need to use the stove and risk accidents.

I always have time to do my homework as a first-year student at the local high school.

Mum has been working only for a couple of months, but I like having the responsibility of my brother. I think it is a wonderful idea, because I have learnt to be patient and responsible. — "Letters," Griffith, N.S.W.

Coffee recipe

A SIMPLE way to make your own "espresso" coffee is this:

Mix one teaspoon of instant coffee with one teaspoon of sugar, adding just a few drops of water. Stir this until it goes a light brown and the sugar is dissolved. It should be a thick paste at this stage.

Then add boiling water (or milk if preferred). While pouring in water it is essential to stir, as this produces the frothy effect on the top.

This is great for serving friends and looks tempting and tastes nice. — "Try It," Nedlands, W.A.

Teenage crime

MANY teenagers think that they are adult and want to be treated as such. So why not punish them as you would adults, especially when they assault innocent people.

Why are judges so lenient? If they were tougher with teenagers they might be helping the offenders in the long run. — Denise Hagley, Casterton, Vic.

Student's advice

ON completing my fourth year in high school I look back and find that it has proved to be a priceless one.

I have been taught how to analyse, think more clearly, and due to my debating experience and class discussions am now able to express my thoughts and ideas in a reasonably clear and intelligent fashion.

Because of this and the almost unlimited freedom of choice of the L.C. student to choose his subjects, I now see schoolwork in a different light. In my Intermediate days it seemed a burden and a bore.

Subjects such as English literature have helped me develop my own tastes and criticisms, and have equipped me with a wider general knowledge, so that I may now follow and participate in adult conversations without much difficulty.

To any student who has his Intermediate and is unsure of his future, I thoroughly recommend one more year at school.

Although he will not be independent, he will receive the benefit of approaching problems in a more mature and competent way. — "Student," Berala, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"Love is blind — that's just a poor excuse for bad marksmanship."

Organised games out at teenage parties

● "Sue and Linda's Mom" (T.W. 27/11/63) asked for hints on giving a successful party for her teenage daughters, and wondered if games were popular.

TEENAGERS prefer to jive and twist or listen to jazz records. At parties, organised fun and games tend to go rather flat and spoil the night.

If, however, you decide to have games, have one or two only, for a long string of games can ruin a happy gang of teenagers.

Put on a few records and leave the gang to their own devices, and soon you'll have a happy mob. — "Party Goer," Deniliquin, N.S.W.

LET the party take its course. I have found that nothing is worse at parties than mothers rushing about organising Unwrap-the-parcel or Peanut Races.

It really depends on the guests as to which is the best way to entertain them. If no one knows anyone else, it would be a good idea to start up a few ice-cracking games to get the party moving.

If all the guests are friends, it's a good idea to

let them run the party themselves.

Parties with a special theme always seem to be great fun. Usually the most successful are beatnik, surfer, hillbilly, or come-as-you-are parties.

When congo chains, jiving, twisting, stomping, and general beatniking around get under way you'll find that games just won't be necessary! — Beverley Patten, Dundas, N.S.W.

WHEN my daughter was 18 we gave her a "Back To Childhood" party that was a great success.

The girls all wore short frocks (the simple thing to do was to tack up a hem), little white socks and flat-ties, and bows on their hair. The boys wore shorts and shirts—some of them even sported romper suits.

They played childhood games, and ate toffee apples and all the goodies that make a children's party a success. There

wasn't a dull minute all evening. — (Mrs.) R. Hill, Touradgi, N.S.W.

FOR a successful party for your 16- and 17-year-old daughters, all you need do is see that they have a radiogram and records, have plenty of snacks and drinks at hand, and then clear out to the other end of the house with the TV or a book.

Games are out. Normal teenagers have more fun sitting around talking, dancing, and making their own amusement. The party will be much more successful if they are left alone than if they have parents running in and out all night.

Come in and oust the kids in the early hours by all means, and, toward the end, peer in and see if they have run out of eats if you are getting restless to see how things are going.

But that's all — if you want it to be a success. — "Speaking From Experience," Roseville, N.S.W.



PEACH MELBA, a delicious, serve-at-any-time dessert, and Chocolate Double Malted, made to recipes on opposite page.

Robin Hood barbecue

● If it's your turn to throw a party for the crowd, here are some ideas for a Robin Hood Party which will really go with a swing.

ROBIN HOOD reigned in the days of rich feasting and gay celebration. Let's keep to that theme for the party.

Girls can wear short gym tunics over a black jumper, and black or colored stockings or ballet tights.

Flatty shoes, a long medallion on a chain, and maybe a toy bow and arrow set complete the "outlaw" outfit.

If the boys are willing to act the part, they can also wear tunic-type tops over knee-length baggy trousers or even over colored stockings like the real Robin Hood.

Create the green woodland atmosphere by setting the party under trees in your garden, or you could hold it in a quiet picnic spot.

Wherever it is, check the local regulations about lighting a fire in the open — and follow them to the letter.

Get some of the boys in the

crowd to make bows and arrows before the party. Hang them in the trees, and have arrows sticking out of tree trunks for special effect.

Try to hire or borrow a long, low wooden table to set the buffet meal. The guests can sit on benches or straw matting on the ground.

Make it a pig-roasting barbecue. Sucking pigs can be ordered from the local butcher, who will advise you on the method and the length of time for cooking.

Put it on a rotating spit over the fire and roast till crisp and crackling — mmm, it's really scrumptious.

Rich food is the menu to go with the pig. The guests will love to cook their own Shish Kabobs — chicken livers, kidneys, mushrooms, onions, green peppers, and small pieces of steak threaded on a skewer and grilled on the fire.

Also roasted cheese hunks, skewered tomatoes, and potatoes boiled partly and then browned on the fire are just great.

Sweet corn on the cob, bananas wrapped in tinfoil, and whole onions are other foods just made to be barbecued.

Keep to the "outlaws" drinking habits by brewing this "wine."

Place 1 cup sugar, 2 pints water, and 1-3rd cup honey into large saucepan, stir over low heat till sugar dissolves. Continue cooking until syrup boils, simmer three minutes. Add 1 pint strained tea, 3 cloves, and 2 tablespoons chopped ginger; allow to cool.

When cold, strain, add 1 cup each of orange and lemon juice; mix well. Chill.

Serve in pewter and pottery mugs, and garnish with sliced lemon and mint. Serves 12.

After the feast, get the guests to sit around the fire. A portable radiogram should be playing old English folk songs. "Robin Hood" is a must.

One of the crowd may bring along a banjo, guitar, mouth-organ or a ukulele to add to the fun.

DO-IT-YOURSELF DESSERTS

WHEN this happens, don't fuss around with food that takes a long time to prepare. Just serve a dreamy dessert.

You don't even have to prepare the desserts yourself — just supply the makings and see which of your guests can prepare the biggest or the best.

Have trays of ice-cream in different flavors—vanilla, chocolate, strawberry.

You'll also need fruit such as canned peaches or apricots, and bananas; an assortment of syrups — chocolate and raspberry or strawberry are good; chopped nuts, a bowl of whipped cream, and some glace cherries.

And let the gang take it from there. To quench thirsts, try the chocolate double malted.

Here are some recipes to act as thought-starters. You'll be able to create your own specialties.

BANANA SPLIT

Six bananas, lemon juice, 1 small can pineapple pieces (drained), 1 tray vanilla, strawberry, and lime bought or home-made ice-cream, chocolate syrup, cherries, wafer biscuits.

Peel bananas and slice in half lengthwise. Soak

● Whatever the occasion—a party or an impromptu get-together — the gang is sure to get hungry.

in lemon juice. Arrange 2 halves at each end of long sweets-dishes. Place a large scoop of vanilla ice-cream in centre and small scoops of lime and strawberry either side. Place pineapple pieces around ice-cream. Pour chocolate syrup over ice-cream and decorate with cherry and wafer biscuits.

PEACH MELBA

One large can peach halves (drained), 1 tray bought or home-made ice-cream, whipped cream, raspberry flavored syrup, chopped nuts.

Place a little ice-cream in bottom of each sweets-dish and arrange a peach half in the centre. Place a scoop of ice-cream in halved peach and place another peach half on top. Pour over raspberry syrup. Decorate with whipped, sweetened cream which has been piped around base and on top of peach half. Sprinkle with nuts.

CHOCOLATE SUNDAE

Three ounces dark chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$

cup water, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream.

Melt chopped chocolate over hot, not boiling, water. In separate sauce-pan mix sugar and water together and cook to a full boil. Boil for 5 minutes (time this; it's important!), then remove both chocolate and syrup from heat; cool.

Pour sugar syrup into melted chocolate slowly, stirring constantly. Stir in salt, cinnamon, vanilla, and cream; mix well. Serve hot or cold over ice-cream.

If serving sauce hot, it can be reheated by placing the pan in a larger pan of hot water and heating gently. For a thinner sauce, stir in a little more cream.

STRAWBERRY-CREAM ICE-CREAM

Two cups milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine (dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water), 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup

powdered milk, 1 cup strawberries (chopped).

Heat milk and evaporated milk, add sugar and butter; stir until butter and sugar are dissolved. Add powdered milk and dissolved gelatine, beat 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerated trays, freeze until mushy around edge.

Remove, turn into chilled basin, beat until doubled in bulk. Fold in strawberries. Return to freezing trays until firm.

Cover tops of trays with aluminium foil; this will help prevent ice crystals forming, and the ice-cream will keep its creamy-smooth texture.

CHOCOLATE DOUBLE MALTED

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup, 1 tablespoon malted milk powder, 2 small scoops ice-cream; extra ice-cream.

Place all ingredients in electric blender or beat with a rotary beater until light and fluffy. Chill. Serve in tall glasses, topped with another scoop of ice-cream. This quantity enough for 2 glasses.

BANANA SPLIT needs just three flavors of ice-cream, bananas, pineapple, and chocolate syrup, topped with a cherry and wafer biscuit.



Great Discoveries—By WILLIAM JOY

First aeroplane like big box kite

● Only five locals watched in a North Carolina field on December 17, 1903, when a crazy 32-year-old inventor, Orville Wright, lay on his stomach in what looked like an outsize box kite.

A PRIMITIVE petrol motor spluttered into life. Two propellers whirled. With brother Wilbur, then 36, holding a wing tip, the "box kite" slithered down a monorail and took uncertainly to the air. Twelve seconds later it landed 120 feet away.

Brother Wilbur then stretched himself on the "kite." He stayed in the air 59 seconds and travelled 284 yards. For the first time man had flown by mechanical power.

As with most inventions, the world jeered. They called the flying machine a crazy toy. Religious fanatics pronounced solemnly that if men were intended to fly they would be born with wings.

Not even the Brothers Wright then realised the impact their machine would have on the lives of millions.

To the end, Orville, who lived till 1948, never ceased to marvel as planes annihilated distances, men fought to the death in the air, and giant bombers flattened cities in fiery warfare.

Wilbur and Orville Wright were born into an inventive family. Their father, a modestly paid bishop of the United Brethren Church, invented a typewriter.

Their mother, one of the few college-trained women of the day, taught them to make mechanical toys, including a helicopter powered by rubber bands.

Wilbur and Orville sold mechanical toys — and old bones — for pocket-money.

Bicycle inventions

Because of frequent moves, the brothers' education was broken.

Despite this, invention began early. In their teens, the brothers built an 8ft. lathe from scrap. They devised a machine to fold their father's religious papers, and a printing press to produce their own news sheet.

When the family settled in Dayton, Ohio, Wilbur and Orville opened a bicycle shop and invented special hubs and brakes.

The possibilities of flight caught their imagination when a German, Otto Lilienthal, made spectacular flights in a glider before crashing to death in 1896.

Wilbur and Orville read every

book they could on the subject and built a glider. Dayton citizens thought them mad. "I tell you, Wil," said one, "providence didn't mean for men to fly. And if it did, it ain't going to be done by anybody in Dayton."

The Wrights decided early that Lilienthal lost his life because he tried to balance his glider by moving his body from side to side. They worked out a system of adjustable wing tips — forerunners of ailerons — to restore balance by wind pressure.

First wind tunnel

They took their glider to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1900, flew it as a man-carrying kite, then glided in it downhill a few feet from the sand.

Their experiments finished, they gave it to their landlady, who made dresses from the sateen wings.

The brothers were shocked to find their second glider did not work so well. Wilbur puzzled out the cause. In a biting speech, he told scientists their air-pressure tables were all wrong.

While the wordy battle raged, Orville built the first wind-tunnel — a fan in an old box — and proved Wilbur right.

In a 6ft. tunnel, the brothers then tested more than 200 wing surfaces.

Their third glider worked. They made more than 1000 flights in it.

The Wrights were confident now that man could fly. All they needed was power, and that had come when Benz and Daimler produced the first petrol motors.

The Wrights asked a number of engineering firms to make an 8 h.p. engine weighing less than 200lb. Every firm refused; they didn't believe that man could fly.

It was all for the best. The Wrights built their own engine. It weighed only 170lb. and developed 12 h.p. They hitched it by chains to two propellers, and took the craft to Kitty Hawk for assembly.

Twice a shaft broke. Orville had to go back to Dayton for stronger ones.

They could ill afford the delay, for another inventor, Professor S. P.



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, Orville (left) and Wilbur, watching a display by one of their planes, with King Edward VII, in 1909.

Langley, whose power-driven model had flown 1000 feet over the Potomac, was racing to put a piloted craft into the air.

Returning to Kitty Hawk, Orville read that Langley's craft had tangled in its launching gear and plunged a wreck into the river.

On December 14, 1903, the Wrights were ready. Wilbur won the toss and had first go at powered flight. A gust of wind caught the plane and tipped it on its wing. Wilbur conceded "no flight."

Orville in crash

It thus fell to Orville to make the world's first piloted flight three days later. The world at first refused to believe it, then was unimpressed.

Five years passed before the U.S. Army bought one of the Wright Brothers' new - fangled flying machines. It crashed on the 13th flight, killing Lieutenant Thomas Selfridge and seriously injuring Orville Wright.

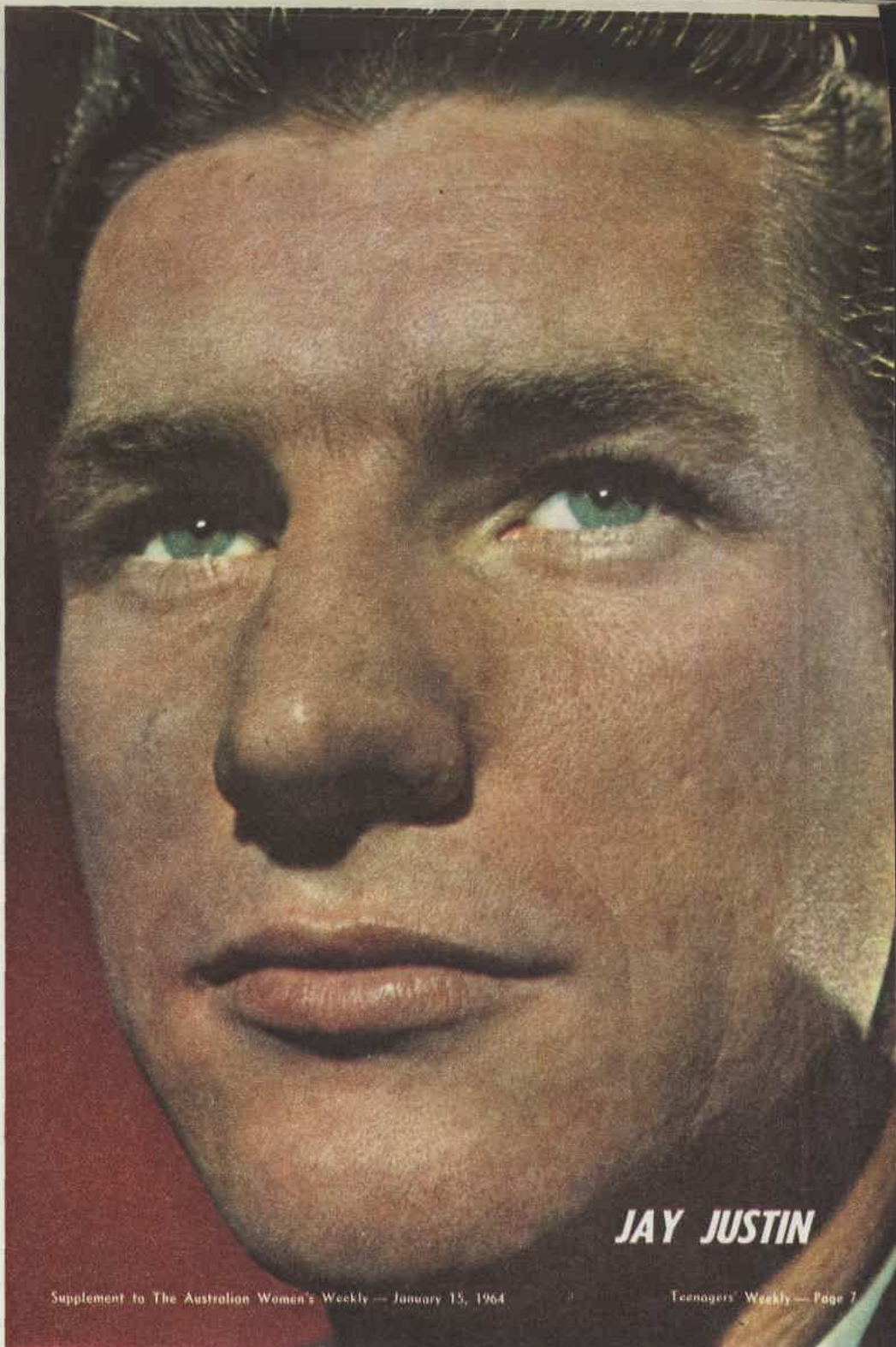
Jealousy dogged the brothers. The Smithsonian Institute decreed that Langley's wrecked craft was the first "capable of flight," and withheld honor from the Wrights.

In anger the Wrights sent their first historic plane to the Science Museum in London, where it stayed till the Smithsonian Institute climbed down and apologised 39 years later.

Big firms tried to steal their patents. Wilbur was so weakened by worry over this so weakened Wilbur that he could not fight an attack of typhoid fever and died in 1912, aged only 45.

Orville was 77 when he died in 1948. Jet engines were coming into use. Giant planes rushed over world air routes. The aeroplane had come far since Orville first flew his flimsy machine at Kitty Hawk in 1903.

RIGHT DISCOGRAPH — BY WILLIAM FOX



JAY JUSTIN

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 15, 1964

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7



Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Here's what's in store for '64

● An exciting year in show business lies ahead, and 1964 swings off to a great start with the arrival of Roy Orbison, Paul and Paula, The Beach Boys and The Surfaris this month for a tour of Australia's major capital cities.

AND right through the remainder of the year we can expect an avalanche of overseas artists descending on us.

Frank Ifield will be followed this week by English artist Matt Monro for a short season in Sydney, and Shirley Bassey blazes in during February.

Danish folk duo Nina and Frederick make their first visit to this country about the same time, Brook Benton follows in March, and Connie Francis in April.

And, of course, the

most important event in the entertainment calendar will be the arrival of The Beatles, who are expected some time in July.

Unfortunately, many of these celebrities will restrict their appearances to Sydney, but no doubt national television shows will present them to audiences right across the nation.

Right here, I'd like to make a forecast that 1964 will be remembered as the year Beatlemania swept Australia.

Sales of their records, both albums and singles, over the holiday season indicate that they are now firmly entrenched as Australia's favorite new artists.

Their visit will be the culmination of The Beatles' conquest of our country.

Boy-meets-girl success story

THIS is a boy-meets-girl story. The boy's name is Ray Hildebrand and the girl's Jill Jackson. You know them better as Paul and Paula.

These two young Texans developed early in their lives a flair for the entertainment business.

Jill, or rather Paula, made her debut singing "Shoe Fly Pic" on a radio

contest in her home town at the age of four. Naturally she won.

Paul was an accomplished musician (piano and guitar) at the age of 12.

Several years later they met at Brownwood College, where he was a star athlete and she one of the prettiest chemistry students.

Paul and Paula first teamed up vocally for a charity radio show and were so successful they decided to crash the bigtime.

One of Paul's own compositions, dedicated to his partner, "Hey Paula," was the song they chose to impress top agent Bill Smith.

Smith wasn't interested



COL JOYE, top album-seller in 1963, has just released a new single.



CONNIE FRANCIS, one of the many overseas artists to visit Australia soon.

in auditioning unknown singers who arrived unexpectedly at his studio, but an artist he had booked failed to turn up, and as a last resort he decided to give the two-some a try.

And that's the story of Paul and Paula. Or, rather, just the beginning of the story.

"Hey Paula" was recorded, released, and took off with a roar. And a string of hits followed. The most recent was "First Day Back at School." The nobodies became somebodies, and so popular that they have been booked for the Surf Show tour of Australia.

Rockers versus Surfies problem

THE rockers versus surfies conflict poses a serious problem for record companies. Many discs with a surfer theme don't appeal to rockers.

Brisbane and Sydney charts reflect the popularity of surf and stomp tunes in these areas. However, in other areas of the country it's a different story.

Groups like The Den-
vermen, who sailed into

Two more record pages
in Everybody's Magazine

Pin-up and
"Star Dossier" of
THE BEATLES

AUSTRALIA'S
TOP TEN

LATEST NEWS
and REVIEWS in

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW

THIS ISSUE ON SALE NEXT
WEEK IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA

the charts with surf music, inform me that in certain places, like Adelaide, for example, which they claim is rocker territory, they don't find audiences interested in their brand of music.

Until recently somewhat the same situation apparently existed in Melbourne.

Johnny Devlin seems to have come up with a solution to the problem with his latest song for Digger Revell, "My Little Rocker's Turned Surfie," which is designed to cater for both tastes.

Johnny says the idea for the song occurred to him when thinking of the number of teenagers who bleach their hair for the surfie look.

250,000 miles touring in year

DIGGER REVELL and The Denvermen have become authorities on the Australian music scene. During the past year they have travelled more than 250,000 miles around Australia, meeting audiences of all kinds and gauging their reception to different styles of music.

"Touring is often exhausting," says Digger, "but nothing can compare with meeting audiences first hand."

And it is expensive, particularly in the matter of clothes.

For instance, the dark formal suit so appropriate for television work is not so suitable for the stage.

With this in mind, Digger has acquired a wardrobe of suits in all the colors of the rainbow, including red, silver, purple, sky-blue, green, and a gold Thai silk outfit. This sartorial splendor cost him almost £1000. A necessary expense, Digger claims.

He also sports on stage a pair of black patent Cuban-heeled Beatle-style shoes which were specially made for him by a Sydney shoemaker.

That's show biz.



PAUL AND PAULA, whose real names are Ray Hildebrand and Jill Jackson, are two Americans from Texas who will tour Australia with the Surf Show.

Jay cuts his first album

JAY JUSTIN, whose pin-up you'll find on page 7, informs me that his New Year's resolution is to work harder than ever.

After a successful season in the holiday shows in Sydney, "Once Upon a Surfie" and the Mother Goose pantomime, he is now busy putting down the last tracks on his first album, which will be released in a few weeks' time.

New single, old magic

TOP album-seller on the local market in 1963, Col Joye failed to repeat that success with single records.

However, he is starting the New Year right with a new disc, released this week, which could be the single hit he has been waiting for.

Both "Raise Your Hand" and the flipside, "How Am I To Know," have the old magic that took so many of Col's early singles to the top.

Sure shots

"Beatle Crazy," Bill Clifton (Decca); "Please," Frank Ifield (Columbia); "Popsicles and Icicles," The Murmaids (W. & G.); "The Nitty Gritty," Shirley Ellis (Kapp).

DIGGER REVELL . . . his touring wardrobe cost £1000 — and, in red, silver, purple, blue, green, it's no sight for sore eyes.



Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9

TOPS IN SPORT

Gidget girl as gymnast

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● No girl likes sore feet, but it would be hard to find anyone who hates them as much as Val Buffham, of Perth.

FOR it was sore feet alone which robbed Val of a good chance of winning the national gymnastics title in Sydney recently.

Val, who was runner-up in 1962, was hopeful of doing better in 1963, but a painful foot injury severely hampered her practice and her prospects, and she dropped back to third place.

She was beaten by two fellow Western Australians — Jan Bedford, the glamor girl of the occasion, and Lyn Hancock — but she hopes she might be able to turn the tables on them this year.

"After all, my aching feet just can't go on aching indefinitely . . . and certainly not in Olympic year," said the graceful 20-year-old.

It's Val's greatest ambition to win a place in the gymnastics team which represents Australia in the Tokyo Games, and she has an excellent chance.

This will be only the third time Australia has competed in Olympic gymnastics events, though they've been part of Olympic contests since 1920.

Before the Melbourne Olympics, the sport was regarded as a Cinderella event in Australia, but it began to grow quickly.

Public interest really rocketed after the Rome Olympics in 1960 when an extensive TV coverage showed what a skilful, eye-pleasing, and exciting sport it can be.

And though there's yet little prospect of an Aussie capturing a gold medal against the gymnasts of Europe, the

standard of the sport here has risen so much that the team is certain to put up a good showing.

An office worker who lives in the Perth suburb of Mosman Park, Val began her gymnastic career in 1959.

Before that she'd been a basketball player with enough talent to be in the W.A. State team.

Val, who's known as "Gidget" in the local gym (after winning a "Miss Cottesloe Gidget" title), found gymnastics a much tougher sport than she at first expected.

"I thought it was just a case of leaping over bars, etc., but I soon found it required much more skill, concentration, and talent than that," Val said.

Her first real success came in 1962 when she won the W.A. State title from Jan Bedford, and was a mere half a point



VAL BUFFHAM, who has an excellent chance of going to the Tokyo Games as a gymnast.

behind Jan in the Australian Championships in Perth.

On that occasion, Val won the Australian Vaulting and High and Low Bars titles, but Jan's high scores in these sections and in winning the Beam and Floor Work titles gave her the over-all championship.

Last year her third placing (which included a win in vaulting) was a

tribute to her courage and determination.

This potential Olympian, whose other hobbies are surfing and dressmaking, spends five mornings a week training hard.

"And it will be worth a hundred aching feet if I make that Tokyo team," she says with determination.

NEXT WEEK: Dixie Willis.

Beauty in brief

SUMMER DIETING

IF you're at all figure-minded, high summer is the easiest time of all to settle down to a bit of simple weight-reducing.

Now your appetite is less keen; not only that, but delicious slimming foods, such as fresh fruits, vegetables, and green salads—all satisfying and wonderful for the complexion in hot weather—are readily available.

Yet another point to remember is that these foodstuffs tend to keep you cooler because they don't produce body heat. Make a beeline as well for fresh fruit juices, iced tea or coffee without sugar, cold milk.

Large numbers of young people are more active in warm weather; swimming, water-skiing, playing tennis and golf—all these favor the youthful trim-figure programme.

This doesn't mean that meals have to be all cold. An appealing summer lunch can be a hot thin soup followed by a salad whose main ingredient is seafood of some kind, or eggs served in any one of a dozen ways.

In general, go for dishes (and this includes lean meats) that are broiled, grilled, simmered or poached rather than those which require the addition of fat in cooking.

There's almost no limit to the number of appetising summer desserts that can be concocted at the kitchen bench by anyone with a bit of imagination.

Most fresh ripe fruit has plenty of natural sugar and far more flavor if it's not doused in sweet syrup.

—CAROLYN EARLE.

Surfie T-shirt artist

● Gifted young caricaturist Grantt Gordon earns his pocket-money by drawing surfie patterns on T-shirts.

GRANTT, 16, of Brisbane, uses his mother's laundry-marking pen to make the drawings for his friends.

The double "t" in Grant's name was handed down by his Scottish ancestors who spelt their name that way when the Grantt and Gordon knights were bold around the Banffshire country.

Grantt is known as "Nipper" to his classmates at Brisbane Boys' College, because he is only 4ft. 10in. tall, and is convinced that he has stopped growing.

But pocket-size Grantt has an awesome reputation as a half-back, nipping in where the big boots fear to tread.

"I don't mind being called Nipper, but I get tired of people asking if I'm going to be a jockey," said Grantt — who confesses that his only knowledge of horses is that one end kicks and the other end bites.



He likes jive, surfing, boxing, football, gymnastics, and taking cars to pieces, but art comes first. Grantt draws on every scrap of paper he finds.

"I'm the smallest boy in the class, so I have to make my presence felt somehow," he said. "I take it out in satire, caricaturing my mates. I'm also interested in politician's faces."

It takes him less than an hour to draw a surfie theme on a shirt, and only a few minutes to do a caricature.

Boys bring their shirts back for a retouch after a few times through the washing-machine.

GRANTT GORDON, holding caricatures of Sir Robert Menzies and Johnny O'Keefe, displays his surfie art on the T-shirts of classmates Don Brumwell (left) and Neil Senior.

A leading textile firm has recently taken samples of Grantt's work for testing, with a view to making him an offer as a "Surfie Shirt" designer.

Grantt, who says he inherits his artistic ability from his mother, takes art lessons at the Technical College, Brisbane, as well as attending B.B.C. He plans to become a commercial artist.

NEWSBOYS' HOLIDAY

● Newsboy canvassers from Melbourne and Adelaide recently had a wonderful five-day holiday in the Snowy Mountains and Canberra.

The boys won the trip as a prize for successful door-to-door canvassing to arrange home deliveries of newspapers and magazines, including The Australian Women's Weekly.

They visited the Snowy Mountains Authority's projects at Cooma, Island Bend, and Guthega, then travelled via the Alpine Way and Thredbo Village to Geethi and Cabramurra.

A visit to Tumut 2 Underground Power Station, Adaminaby, and a launch cruise on Lake Eucumbene finished up the Snowy trip. The final day

was spent touring Canberra and visiting the War Memorial.

The Snowy tunnels seemed to have made the biggest impression on most of the boys. Malcolm Bailey and David Smith, 14-year-olds from Melbourne, were fascinated by the engineering works they saw everywhere they went.

"Going into the mountain to visit the Tumut 2 Underground Power Station was the best part," said Malcolm.

For Adelaide boys Wayne Wright, 15, and Maurice Wilcox, 13, the



Lancaster heavy bomber in the War Museum in Canberra far outweighed other sights.

Wayne said he had taken 82 snapshots during the trip.

● In the picture the boys are seen at Essendon Airport, Melbourne, on their way home.

READY TO GO—rain, hail,

● Here's a shower of dashing rain-and-shine coats from an attractive new range that's scheduled to lead a busy life. These coats—and the one pictured on the cover—are all smart enough to go anywhere, light as a feather to wear in humid weather and, of course, suitably proofed to defeat the damp. In short, a perfect wardrobe piece for that uncertain weather line—"sunny, with scattered showers."



RAINCOAT coverage in striking new shade (left) is lightweight mixture of diolen/cotton, fully lined and waterproof. Smart detail includes deep-cut sleeves that widen toward cuff, huge self-buttons, tailored pockets. Wear with self-belt (as shown), half-belted or straight.

SMART AS PAINT, the cape look (above) is very newsy and dashing—in black-and-white check nylon. Coachman's coat (left) sports an attached shoulder cape that looks just great. Full-cape design (right) is a swash-buckling two-face job, fully reversible to black.



Page 14—Tennant's Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—January 15, 1964

or shine



SPORT COAT (see cover) for a change of looks and to wear when temperatures vary. The color is not-quite-white, the fabric kitten-soft laminate fabric with proofed surface, the shape spare but easy. Wood-button fastenings and pocket-flap trim look just right, pockets fit tidily on each side. (Coats by John J. Hilton at Farmer & Co., Sydney; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; David Jones, Adelaide; Charles Moore, Western Australia; Finney Isles, Brisbane. Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.)



PET OF A COAT in finest beige dacron could figure importantly for any hour of the day, wet or fine. Fashion stitching at hip level, where there are pocket flaps, and down the front and back, gives smart styling effect. Rows of fine pleating on collar and pocket edges give a new fashion lift to a coat that's full of easy-moving, comfortable good looks.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Dogmatic Dad

"I AM a girl of 17. My father is always severe in his manner to me. He won't let me speak my own mind — when he does, he always manages to change my opinion to suit his own. I have a hard time trying to remember what my own opinion was after he is through with me. How can I get him to listen to me without changing my viewpoint on the subject? I want him to take my viewpoint into consideration, then his own."

"Own Mind," N.S.W.

It's very difficult to influence — or even argue with — a strong-minded adult with fixed opinions. It's also very difficult for some parents to realise that their teenage children are near-adults with growing independence of mind.

It's important for you to be able to think for yourself and form clear-cut opinions, even if you are sometimes wrong. Read and observe as thoroughly as you can, so that you DO have a definite knowledge of the subject you're discussing (if your ideas are hazy, you'll be easy meat for a person of strong convictions).

Remember, though, that opinions SHOULD be flexible (particularly at your age!) — and that it's not a good idea to keep arguing stubbornly just for argument's sake.

As you grow older, you'll be less influenced by Dad's opinions, so don't begrudge him the right to express them to you now.

Talking to Mum

"I AM a 12½-year-old schoolgirl. My problem is how to talk freely with my mother about growing up. When I go to tell her something I can't find the words to say, and if I do find words to use I always feel embarrassed. Please help me to overcome this problem as I am in dire straits."

E.S., W.A.

It may help you a little if you realise that it's often just as hard — sometimes even harder — for mothers to talk to their daughters about the intimate problems of growing up.

Some mothers find a solution in writing a long letter to their daughter, finding they are able to

give loving and understanding advice on paper much more freely than they can in person.

Why not write your mother an affectionate letter, telling her some of the things which worry you? It should pave the way for her to talk to you.

Meantime, keep trying to find those words. The more often you try, the less embarrassment you'll feel. Complete confidence between mother and daughter is a wonderful thing for both, and worth making an effort for.

Tell your mother continually about all the little things which interest or bother you, and then you'll find it easier to take your big problems to her.

Suitable swimsuit

"I AM 17 years old, 5ft. 9in. tall, and my measurements are 36-26½-36. I would like your advice as to whether I should wear a two-

piece or one-piece swimsuit. This may seem like a small problem, but it isn't to me. I have heard so many different opinions about tall girls wearing two-piece swimsuits that I am completely confused. My mother says I may if I want to. Could you also tell me whether dark or light swimsuits are best for tall girls."

"Surfie," Vic.

There's no reason why a tall girl shouldn't look just as attractive in a two-piece swimsuit as her shorter sisters — provided she has a good figure.

You seem shapely enough from your statistics. But if it's a bikini you're thinking of, and you feel you'd be self-conscious in it, settle for a one-piece. The beach is a place where you should be completely relaxed and comfortable.

One-piece suits are more flattering, and there are lots more stunning styles to choose from. Choose a color to suit your hair and skin tonings—but if you're really height conscious, remember that a dark color will make you look slimmer, and, by the same token, taller.

Writing a book

"I AM 16 years old and am trying to write a book. I don't know if I'll ever get it finished, but in case I do, could you please tell me what I should do when it is finished? Should I send a copy to a publisher? Could you tell me to whom I should send it? I would be very grateful for your advice, because I haven't told anyone at home

Continued on page 16

A word from Debbie . . .

● The essayist Lamb once said that there was more reason for saying grace before a new book than before a meal.

WHILE you doubtless think it's a bit extreme to rank books before food, it's very true that good literature can enrich your life — and make you a more interesting person to know.

Be honest now — how many of the many thousands of books published each year ever reach you?

If reading is your weak point, join your local library. Then start reading the books that appeal to you, whether they be biographies, adventure stories, historical novels, or who-dunits.

But don't stick to one type. Mix your authors, read plays, essays, and poems, and add a classic or two. And don't skim — read carefully and you'll get real satisfaction.

Maybe you saw "My Fair Lady" or "Oliver!" on the stage,

but have you read the works they were based on? You might have seen "Jane Eyre" on TV, but have you read the book?

You'll be surprised how the books you thought a bit dull at school can come to life for you when you're a little older.

Always keep a dictionary handy to look up that odd word you may stumble over. Check the pronunciation — and, if you like, note the word down in an exercise book so you will be familiar with it next time.

Start up a "book a month" campaign, and gradually build up your own library.

Get into the habit of picking up a book or magazine during your spare moments. Read in buses and trains, and how about making use of your sunbaking time by taking a book to the beach?

TEENA® *by Linda Terry*



from page 14

about it. I read once that you have to pay to have your first book published. Is this true, and is it very hard for an unknown person to get a book published? I know some of the English isn't too good, but I think the story itself is all right."

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

If and when you finish your book, type it out in double spacing (on one side of each sheet of paper only) so that it is easy to read, number the pages and chapters, and send it to a publisher. You'll find a long list of publishing firms in the pink pages telephone directory.

It's not true that an author has to pay for the publication of his or her first book. But it IS true that you need patience and perseverance as well as talent to become an established author. Most successful writers have been through the battle of the rejection slips. So keep trying.

Unreliable escort

"I AM 20 years old, and 10 months ago I met a wonderful boy five years older than myself. I love him very much, even though he treats me very badly. Since we have been going together he has kept three dates with me — he is either late or doesn't show up. The other night I really blew my top, and all he had to say was if I don't stop getting cranky we'd have to part. This I don't want, but if he would only come to my home and pick me up when he says he will I wouldn't get cranky. Now he expects me to meet him at the places we usually go to. Do you think I should turn up, or wait till he comes around for me — if he ever does? He says he really does love me, and the way he does things is just his nature. Please help me as I am a bundle of nerves over the whole thing."

E.J., N.S.W.

Your boy-friend's claim that "it's just his nature" is so much eye-wash. A boy who's in love with a girl may sometimes be late for a date, but he DOES turn up.

Don't take his cavalier treatment any longer. Tell him firmly but without fuss that you've no intention of waiting (perhaps in vain) for him in a public place. If he won't agree to call for you at home — finish.

You're wasting your time with him, anyway. I'd say he either just wants to keep you on the hook for an occasional convenient date, or he wants out and is looking for an excuse.

Love and the law

"I AM 19 years old, and until a short time ago I was going steady with a girl of 16. We are from two different types of families—my

WHY A WOMAN IS THE "BETTER HALF"

• I was tickled by a recent statistical analysis of the average British female.

IT seems she owns two and four-tenths corsets, five and one-fifth brassieres.

She buys one and a half dresses a year, and if she has been married five years she should have 1.29 children.

She also buys half a bottle of perfume annually.

I suppose the half dress is either a strapless or a very short skirt.

And I guess a lass would have to work out how to wear the one-fifth brassiere by alge-bra!

Her perfume, apparently, is Chanel No. 5! Naughty but nice, you understand.

I wonder if it's measured in scentimetres?

It is interesting, by the way, to consider that decimals and fractions always play a big part in all lasses' lives.

We are told that two's company, but a third is a crowd.

And husband-hunting girls give bachelors no quarter.

Girls arguing are actually doing decimal calculations.

Yes, on the whole, they always make their point.

Even though their ideas might be half-baked.

I ALSO see that the latest dress novelty is a window blind shift, with awning stripes, a zipper controlled by a cord, a fringe at the bottom (of the dress).

Perhaps the appropriate jewellery to wear with such an outfit is a curtain ring?

A fashion parade of these dresses would be interesting, too.

It would truly be a case of the blind leading the blind!

On a "going Dutch" date I guess the girl would wear a Holland blind.

If the trend of window shades catches on there might be a crop of new love songs, such as "Oh, What a Beautiful Awning" and "Louver Come Back to Me."

I suppose girls will even be wearing venetian blinds.

With no strings attached, of course!

— Robin Adair

parents are business people and fairly well off and hers are average suburban, hard-working folk. Also, about two years ago, she was in trouble with the law. It was only something small and not worth worrying about. But this, and the difference in our families, caused her to break off with me. I love her very much and her past and our families mean nothing to me. She says it's no good going on as I deserve someone better than her, but I love her and that's all that matters. How can I try to win her back — or do you think I should try to forget her? I also have another problem. Recently a small store was broken into and a few items were stolen. It is reported that about 10 teenagers were involved. I feel I know who four of them are, but I'm not sure. Should I report it to the police or just keep quiet and see what happens?

I feel it's my duty but I don't like telling on my friends. What should I do?"

E.F., Qld.

Your former girl-friend is very young and perhaps a little confused. If she was really fond of you, I doubt if she would have broken with you for the two reasons you give — unless you (perhaps quite unintentionally) made her too conscious of these things.

Keep in friendly contact with her, but don't press her for dates. You should be able to judge if and when she would like to go out with you again.

Since you're not SURE the teenagers you know were involved in the store robbery, you are in no position to do anything about it. You may cause trouble for young people who are entirely innocent.

MOMENTS NEVER FORGOTTEN

How to take good photographs while on holidays

● A perfect holiday is never forgotten — and the full flavor of it will last a lifetime — if you capture it on film.

MOST people take a camera with them on holidays — maybe an old Box Brownie, a 35mm., or an expensive movie camera.

But sometimes they return with nothing to show for their efforts because they failed to follow a few simple rules.

Here is some advice which will help you make a good pictorial record of all your doings.

The first thing to do—before setting out on holidays—is to check and overhaul your camera as thoroughly as you would your car.

The easiest and best way to check a camera is to shoot a test roll of film — black-and-white will do.

Expose half the roll outdoors and the other half indoors with flash. If the pictures are satisfactory you can be almost certain the camera is working properly.

But if the pictures are mostly out of focus, badly exposed, or spoiled by streaks across them, the camera is probably faulty. Most photographic stores will arrange for it to be repaired by an expert.

With an old camera that has not been used for several years an inspection may indicate the need for cleaning, repairs, or both.

Flash attachments and batteries also need attention. Check the points on the flash-holder and camera to make sure they are not coated with dirt or corrosion; if they are the flash will not fire.

Batteries should be tested to make sure they are fresh. Replace old batteries with new ones, and these should be tested before use.

In a car, the best place to keep your camera and film is on the floor of the back seat, on the side opposite the exhaust pipe.

Don't place film in the glove compartment or near the rear window or windshield. On a sunny day these places get too hot.

Don't subject exposed film—particularly color film—to high temperatures and high humidity, both of which can damage the film.

Have exposed film processed as soon as possible.

If processing is likely to be held up for a week or two (three or four days in very hot, humid climates), preserve films in an air-tight canister or jar containing a desiccant.

This is a chemical which absorbs moisture, and can be obtained from most camera shops.

After placing the film in the container seal the lid with adhesive tape.

Beware snow, sand

If you own an expensive camera, insure it before leaving on a holiday trip. Many insurance companies offer low-cost, short-term policies to protect cameras against loss, theft, or damage.

When taking pictures in snow country, be wary of the battery in your flash-gun—it can fail because of the low temperature.

In the snow, too, wait for about half an hour before taking indoor pictures after the camera has been used outdoors. Because of the extremes in temperature it takes a while for the lens to demist.

Beach photography has its

hazards, too. If sea spray splashes on the camera while you are taking shots, dry it as soon as possible.

Keep sand out of the camera with a dust-proof cover, and never leave it lying in the sun.

To give your photographs a professional look, improve their composition.

Remember to keep the centre of interest away from the centre of the photograph, and that the eye goes first to the most contrasting part of the picture.

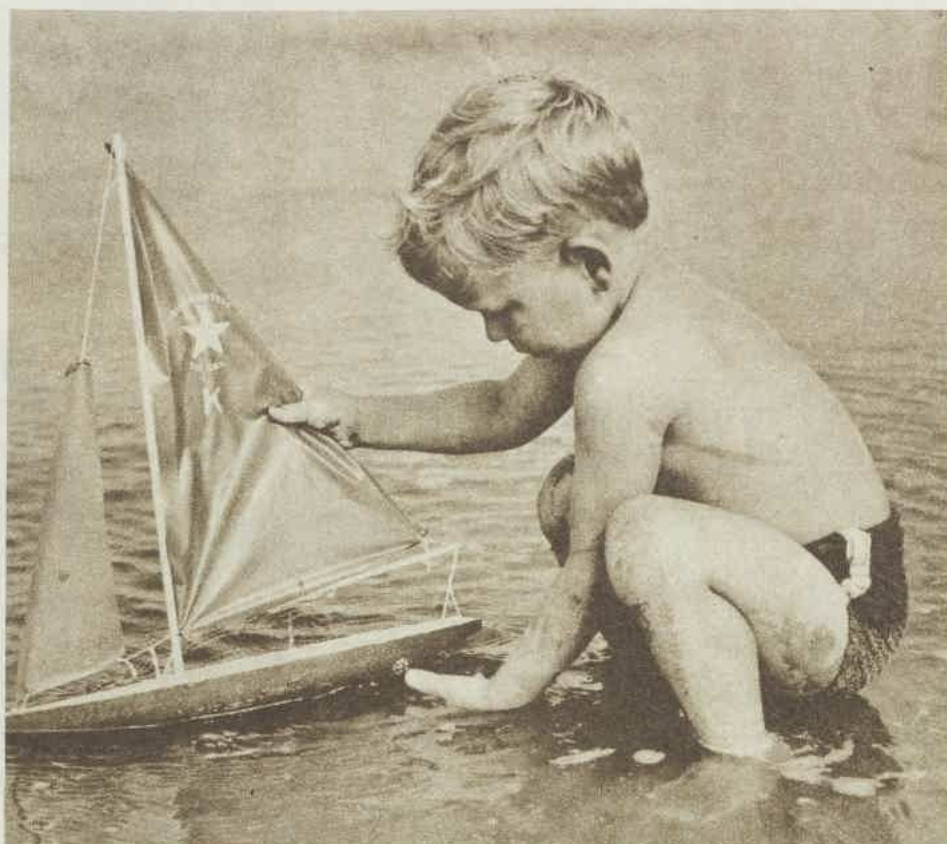
Don't let the horizon, or

anything vertical, cut the picture in half.

If you take movies, include shots of signs showing road names and other points of interest—they are much better than card titles.

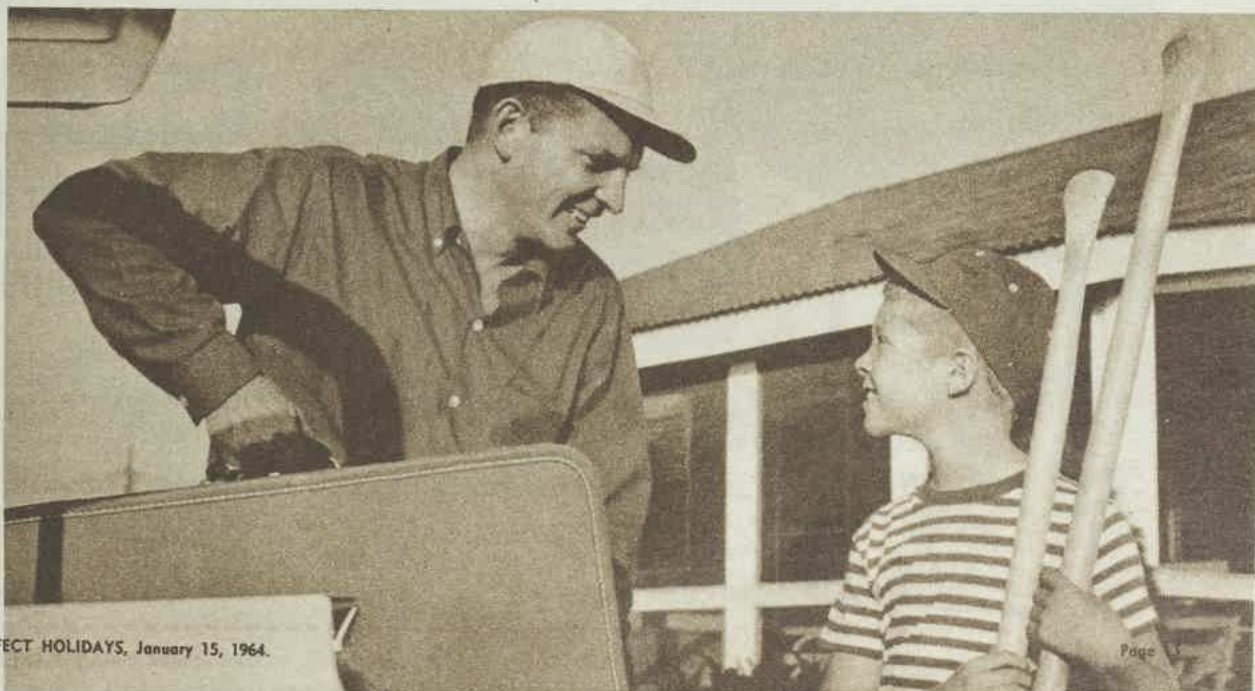
These shots are also useful for color slide enthusiasts.

Scenic pictures have added personal interest if you include friends or family in the foreground. They should be incidental in the picture, preferably looking at the object of interest, not at the camera.



SAND, sea, a boat — and a contented boy. A photograph will show him enjoying his holiday long after he has grown to manhood.

FATHER AND SON sharing mutual satisfaction at the start of a happy holiday—a moment your camera can record permanently.



The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964.

VICTORIA

THE ALL SEASONS



HOLIDAY STATE

ENJOY A PERFECT HOLIDAY!

VICTORIA IS THE IDEAL PLACE!

VICTOUR IS YOUR BEST BOOKING CENTRE!

LET VICTOUR ARRANGE YOUR VACATION THIS YEAR

VIC TOUR

**THE VICTORIAN
GOVERNMENT
TOURIST BUREAU**

MELBOURNE — 272 Collins St. Ph. 63 0202
SYDNEY — 150 Pitt St. Ph. 25 5491
BRISBANE — 221 Queen St. Ph. 2 5375
ADELAIDE — 32 King William St. Ph. 51 4129

PLEASE SEND
ME FURTHER
INFORMATION
ABOUT VICTORIA

**THE ALL
SEASONS
HOLIDAY
STATE**

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

A tourists' paradise all the year round

● Anytime is a good time to have a perfect holiday in Victoria. The choice of where to go depends only on what you want to do and when you want to do it.

HOLIDAY - MAKERS
H can be waited on hand and foot on a sunny river paddleboat cruise or try their skill at exciting winter snow sports.

They can fish, sunbake, water-ski, or relax in mountain or beach resorts, or enjoy a round of world-class city entertainment in Melbourne.

Here is a brief round-up of what you can do in each season of the year:

SUMMER

Along Victoria's 1000 miles of golden coastline, resorts range from cities to smart seaside suburbs to small watering places which are secluded and peaceful.

From Mallacoota in the east to Portland in the west, there are many beaches with excellent surf. Accommodation includes hotels, motels, guesthouses, flats, and caravan parks.

Special facilities have been provided at many resorts for the launching of boats — to cope with the increasing popularity of boating and water-skiing.

AUTUMN

Autumn is festival time in Victoria, with perfect holiday weather — warm days and crisp, clear nights — to entice holiday-makers to Melbourne's Moomba (meaning "get together and have fun") or to the gaiety of the Ballarat Begonia Festival.

This, too, is the time to see the brilliant colors of the Dandenong Ranges.

WINTER

There is fun for everyone on a snow holiday in the Victorian Alps. Toddlers can build snowmen and adults can get a summer tan in mid-winter, enjoy the thrill of a fast downhill run, ski-tour across the high plains, or just sit on a sheltered sun-deck and enjoy the colorful activity of snow sports.

In the heart of Victoria's 870 square miles of snowfields, there are alpine villages with chalets, hotels, and ski-club lodges.

At the principal Victorian resorts — Mt. Buller, Mt. Buffalo, Mt. Hotham, and Falls Creek — there are ski-tows, chair lifts, and ski-schools conducted by overseas instructors.

Melbourne's nearest snowfields are at Mt. Donna Buang, near Warburton, Lake Mountain, near Marysville, and the Baw Baw Plateau in Gippsland.

There is public transport to all major snowfields, including Mt. Hotham, where snow ploughs keep the road open right to the top of the mountain.

Victoria's official snow season dates from Queen's Birthday weekend, early in June, to mid-September. Before or after that period tariffs are reduced for those who want an inexpensive holiday. The best spring snow falls in October.

SPRING

Spring is wildflower time in Victoria when the hillsides are spangled with boronia, orchid, grevillea, golden wattle, and pink heath.

The Melbourne Cup is the highlight of Melbourne's spring, when Victoria plays host to the greatest annual influx of visitors from interstate and overseas.

Motoring tour

If you're thinking of having a holiday soon, here is a motoring tour which will take you through some of Victoria's most picturesque country.

The trip shown on the map covers about 1000 miles through Gippsland and the north-east. Parts of it can be done by bus and train.

Modern motels and caravan camps are plentiful along the way.

The whole trip by car would take ten days to a fortnight.

Leaving Melbourne toward the east, the first area of interest is the Latrobe Valley, with one of the biggest open-cut mining operations in the world in the Yallourn and Morwell areas.

Then south to Meeniyan, the base for touring the Grand Ridge Road through the Strzelecki Ranges and Wilson's Promontory.

Then a scenic run along the coast to Sale, Bairnsdale, and Lakes Entrance, largest of the Gippsland Lake resorts and headquarters for a large trawler fleet.

Next you go inland to Omeo, one of Victoria's early alpine mining towns and now a prosperous agricultural centre. Just 18 miles from Omeo, at Angler's Rest, there are good trout streams.

Then up to the high plains and Mt. Hotham (6101ft.), one



ROUTE of the suggested motoring tour for a perfect holiday in Victoria's coastal and alpine areas.

of Victoria's best skiing areas and a cameraman's paradise, in or out of the snow season.

At the foot of Hotham are the pretty townships of Harrietville and Bright, and a little farther on is Myrtleford, in the lovely Ovens Valley.

From Myrtleford you can detour south over the Mt. Buffalo plateau to Mansfield or go through Wangaratta and Benalla.

From Mansfield you'll go to Alexandra then through tall timber country to Eildon, the centre of Victoria's aquatic sports and a fisherman's delight, with perch, murray cod, and brown and rainbow trout in plenty.

During the summer, motor boats and water-skiers almost have to book parking space on Eildon's 50 square miles of waterways. Tourists can hire launches or go for pleasure cruises in ferry boats, and there are camping and caravan parks in attractive settings.

Just 88 miles from Melbourne now and the next stop is Healesville, a pretty hills resort well

known for its Sir Colin MacKenzie Wildlife Sanctuary, where the platypuses attract visitors from all parts of the world.

Train, bus trips

The best section of this tour to do by public transport would be to go to Wangaratta by train then to Bright by bus.

Using Bright as headquarters, you could make bus trips to Mt. Buffalo (and stay for a few days), to Omeo, Mt. Beauty, Mt. Hotham, and Falls Creek in the Bogong High Plains; to Wandiligong, an old mining town, and to Bogong Village, headquarters of the Kiewa Hydro-electric Scheme.

There are many fine walks you can take around the Bright district where the prettiest time is autumn.

Cost of the return train trip from Melbourne to Wangaratta is £3/17/3 first class and £3/2/- second class. The bus fare from Wangaratta to Bright is £1/10/- return. Trains and buses run daily, including Sundays.



BOAT HARBOR, on the Eildon Reservoir, is only 88 miles from Melbourne.

MT. HOTHAM, one of the many centres of snow sport in the Victorian Alps.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964.



● *Now that each Australian State has adopted a floral emblem, tourists can have a lot of fun visiting places where these lovely flowers grow best.*

NEW SOUTH WALES

● The brilliant red flowers of the Waratah, the emblem of New South Wales, can be seen throughout the State from August till Christmas.

THE best examples, and the most exciting, are not those you see in suburban gardens but the unexpected splashes of color you'll glimpse through the thick green undergrowth of bushland and forest.

The National Park, an immense tract of virgin bush just south of Sydney, is a good place for Waratahs and other native wildflowers.

The road to Wollongong winds through this park and offers many beautiful panoramic views, ideal picnic spots, and many suitable walks.

Another good location for Waratahs — or, indeed, any native or exotic flowers — is the Blue Mountains area, 40 miles west of Sydney.

Getting to the Blue Mountains resorts — there are 22 townships and 555 square miles of bushclad mountains — is no problem. Highways are well graded and smooth surfaced.

One of the most spectacular drives is the 50-mile highway from historic Windsor to Lithgow, via Kurrangong. Drivers get a continuous view of superb scenery as the road winds through gorges and scenic bushland uninterrupted by towns or cross-roads for mile after mile.

Waratahs in the Blue Mountains bloom later than those on the coastal plains of Sydney. Those in the lower Blue Mountains bloom from September to November, and in the upper Blue Mountains (from Leura to Mount Victoria and Mount Wilson) they continue until Christmas.

Perhaps the best way to see the Waratah is to walk one of the hundreds of well-known bush tracks in the area.

However, 350 miles of fire trails have been constructed recently, and these are, in fact, bush roads which provide reasonable travel by car.

They extend from Glenbrook to Mount Victoria and beyond, and delightful picnic and barbecue spots have been made in some of the more attractive areas.



WARATAHS beside the trail to Bedford Creek, Blue Mountains.



COOKTOWN ORCHID

KKNOWN botanically as *Dendrobium bigibbum*, its natural habitat is along Queensland's eastern coast north of Cairns and at the mouth of the Mitchell River on the Gulf of Carpentaria. The only other place it grows naturally is on some of the islands of Torres Strait.

In its natural state, the orchid usually grows on trees, but it is not a parasite.

It can be grown in gardens as far south as Brisbane and in glasshouses by orchid enthusiasts in Australia's southern States.

The color of the flower varies from purple to an occasional white flower.

The flowering period extends approximately from February to the beginning of July, but no

Page 16

QUEENSLAND

● The Cooktown Orchid, exclusively a Queensland native flower, became the State's official floral emblem in November, 1959.

single plant flowers for that length of time.

Since it was voted Queensland's floral emblem, many people in more southern parts of Queensland have had great success with the flower. Cooktown gardens become a mass of bloom in the flowering season.

Cairns is the easiest place to see the Cooktown Orchid, being accessible by rail, air, and sea. But many tourists, having gone that far, prefer to continue to Cooktown, its true home.

Those who travel to Cairns by car, air, or air-conditioned "Sunlander" train have all the tourist attractions of the north close at hand—Green Island, the Atherton Tableland, the sugar country around Innisfail, the Barron Falls, and the coral seas.

People who complete the journey north to Cooktown will find the fascination of a township where time seems to stand still and history to unfold before the eyes.

State flowers -



BLUE GUM BLOSSOM

THIS makes it the youngest of the official State emblems, but the graceful elegance and abundance of the Blue Gum has always made it a great tourist attraction.

It grows best in the south and east of the island State.

The Blue Gum, or *Eucalyptus globulus* Labill, was first collected in 1792 by a French naturalist, who wrote of it in 1799.

In favorable situations it grows into a tall tree up to a height of some 200 feet.

Its best flowering time is October, but in many of Hobart's riverside suburbs it is often blooming as early as July.

The Blue Gum is found in dense forests throughout south-eastern Tasmania, but the best trees can be seen in the Hartz Mountains near the Huon Valley, around historic Port Arthur and Eaglehawk Neck on the Tasman Peninsula, and at the entrance to Hastings Caves, near Dover.

These places are all tourist attractions.

The tree's trunk is smooth and greyish-white in the upper part, where the bark peels in long reddish-brown ribbons.

The leaves are bluish-grey and covered with wax—hence the name of Blue Gum. They are from 2 in. to 6 in. long, bluntly pointed at the top and rounded at the base.

The flowers usually occur singly in the axils of the leaves. The flower-buds may be up to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, are coarsely ribbed, warty, and—as in all eucalypts—closed by a cap.

TASMANIA

● The Blue Gum was chosen by Tasmania as its emblem only a little more than a year ago — in December, 1962.

The cap is finally shed, exposing many white stamens arranged in several rows near the outside.

Both the leaves and the flowers are larger than those of any other eucalypt.

The Blue Gum is a species which has been widely introduced overseas.

The tree has been established in the Mediterranean, the highlands of the tropics of Africa, India, California, parts of Chile, Argentina, and New Zealand.

J. H. LAWLER, HOBART.



THE BOTANICAL GARDENS in Hobart is proud of this superb specimen of a Blue Gum tree.



BOB MILLAR, BRISBANE.

CANEFIELDS near Cairns, where the Cooktown Orchid grows at its best.

● Car-window transfers featuring the floral emblems of the six Australian States are available free at Caltex service stations.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964

where and when to find them



PINK HEATH

VICTORIA

● Victoria's floral emblem, the Pink Heath, is common to most parts of the State. It grows in coastal or mountain areas and many suburban gardens, too.

VICTORIA has the honor of being the first State to proclaim a floral emblem.

Pink Heath (*Epacris impressa*) is one of the State's prettiest native flowers, with bell-shaped blooms and spiky leaves.

It comes in many colors, from deep red to white, but the majority of blooms are in varying shades of pink.

Pink Heath also grows in parts of South Australia and Tasmania. There are 360 species of the heath family in Australia.

The flowering season for Pink Heath is from May to October, and every year thousands of tourists flock to the districts which are renowned for the best displays.

Most people travel to the Grampians—Victoria's wildflower garden—where the heath thrives around Hall's Gap.

This tourist resort is 162 miles west of Melbourne, in the heart of the Grampians, and each year a Wildflower Festival is held there.

From Melbourne the Grampians are reached by travelling the Western Highway through Ballarat, Ararat, and Stawell.

Another pretty heath centre is the district around the township of Linton, 20 miles from Ballarat, where heath covers the hilly countryside.

Special bus tours are made to Linton from Melbourne during the heath blooming season.

Close to Melbourne the best place to see the heath is at Mt. Slide, between Melbourne and King Lake.

Mt. Slide is about five miles from King Lake—a National Park attraction—on the road to Yea, 35 miles from Melbourne.



HALL'S GAP, in the heart of the Grampians, photographed from Mt. Difficult. This area is noted for its Pink Heath.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA



JEAN C. PALMER, PERTH.

KANGAROO PAW

AND of all the State flowers, it is perhaps the easiest to see, for the best specimens grow right in the heart of Perth.

The flowering season is between June and December.

The likeness of the flower to a kangaroo's paw is immediately discernible—the flower at the top of the red stem looks like five hind legs of a kangaroo, red to the ankle joint, then green for the long thin foot, with the yellow-fringed edges looking like toes.

To see it while you are in Perth, just take a sixpenny bus ride from St. George's Terrace up to King's Park gates, and walk the few hundred yards between an avenue of lemon-scented

● The green and red flower of the Kangaroo Paw, Western Australia's floral emblem, has a curiosity value which never fails to excite the interest of the tourist.

gum trees to the Lord Forrest Memorial.

There you are surrounded by magnificent specimens which have multiplied over the years, and the thousand acres of virgin bush which is King's Park is massed with clumps of them.

Nearby is the King's Park Garden Restaurant, which serves grills cooked and eaten in the open air.

From the restaurant you can see down the Swan River to the sea and across to the Darling Ranges. At night, with the Causeway and Narrows Bridge lights sparkling, Perth, indeed, is a jewelled city.

A floral clock is in front of the restaurant and, as it reaches each quarter hour, a recorded burst of kookaburra laughter tells the time.

The botanical name of the green and red variety is *Anigozanthos manglesii* G. Don.



KING'S PARK, Perth, has a huge area of virgin bush in which the State's best specimens of the green and red Kangaroo Paw grow in profusion.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964

SOUTH AUSTRALIA



STURT'S DESERT PEA

THE flower is also seen in patches at Burra and Orroroo, on one of the three main routes to the Flinders, in the Gawler Ranges, north west of Port Augusta, and near Broken Hill in New South Wales.

Sturt's Desert Pea (*Clianthus formosus*) flowers profusely between August and November. Mostly scarlet with a blue-black blotch, the color can vary to purple, pink, or white.

Most tourists to the Flinders travel by car, and there are three main routes:

● Via Port Wakefield, Port Pirie, Port Augusta, Quorn, and Hawker, with sealed bitumen road to Port Augusta (204 miles) and graded gravel for the remaining 99 miles.

● Via Clare, Wilmington, Quorn, and Hawker, with sealed bitumen to Wilm-

● The best place to see Sturt's Desert Pea, South Australia's floral emblem, is in the Flinders Ranges, just a day's drive north of Adelaide.

ington (180 miles), gravel for remaining 99 miles.

● Via Clare, Jamestown, Orroroo, and Hawker, with sealed bitumen to beyond Jamestown and graded gravel for the remaining 135 miles.

There is hotel accommodation at all towns mentioned, with motels at Port Pirie and Port Augusta.

Motorists can stay at the Wilpena Chalet in twin-bed accommodation at £2/10/- a day, in cabins at £3/10/- a day, or in motel units at £4 a day. These tariffs include full board.

For those without cars, tourist company buses leave Adelaide three times a week on six-day tours. Fares are £23 for an adult, £16 for child under 14, including accommodation at the Wilpena Chalet.

Thirteen-day tours are also arranged at a cost of £41 (adult) and £28/5/- (child under 14).

RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF, five miles south of Wilpena Pound, is typical Sturt Desert Pea country.





PLANES ON SKIS OR FLOATS take tourists to the most inaccessible parts of New Zealand. On left, trout enthusiasts enjoy their sport on Lake McKerrow, Otago. On right, skiers on the Tasman Glacier beneath the peaks of Malte Brun Ranges in the Southern Alps.



New Zealand is full of fascinating variety

● Only a few flying hours from Australia, there's a world of difference to be found in New Zealand.

IT'S a world of lush, green scenery all the year round; of glow-worm caves and majestic mountains; of superlative trout and deep-sea fishing; of hot springs and spectacular geysers.

And there's the quiet comfort of friendly people and modern hotels.

The weather is mild and warm throughout the spring, summer, and autumn months—from September to May.

But if you are keen on skiing you'll want to go there in winter, when skiing on Mount Ruapehu in the North Island, and Mount Cook and Coronet Peak in the South Island, is in full swing.

If you're planning to do some trout fishing, you'll want to take your holiday during the fishing season—from October to the end of April—although

Lake Taupo and Lake Rotorua are open all year.

For deep-sea fishing for big marlin and mako shark, the main season is from mid-December to the end of April.

But if you simply want a relaxing holiday and a stimulating sightseeing tour, your best time is during the spring or autumn. In the summer months, particularly during the school holidays, hotel bookings can be hard to get.

There is a wide range of organised tours, and they come in all price ranges.

Seven-day tour

You can take a seven-day tour of the North Island costing as little as £79/17/6 in the off season (May to December), which includes your return air fare from Sydney and accommodation at private guest-houses.

This tour (which costs

£112/1/- in the tourist season) will take you to Auckland, New Zealand's largest city, and then south through the rich dairy country of the Waikato, to the famous Waitomo Caves.

These are three caves studded with stalactites and stalagmites. In the Waitomo Cave you'll travel by boat on a dark river under a canopy of bluish glow-worm "stars."

You'll go through the enchanting "crystal palace" of Aranui Cave, and be awed by Ruakuri, the biggest cave, where a hidden waterfall fills the cave with permanent echoing thunder.

When you get to Rotorua, in the heart of the thermal region, you'll swim in warm waters as smooth and soft as milk; you'll see mighty steaming geysers.

You'll be grateful for your Maori guide, for to be lost among the boiling mudpools and steaming rocks, glittering silica terraces, and hissing vapor would be nerve-racking.

You'll see a Maori Pa-village built on traditional Polynesian

lines, with elaborate carvings. And you'll see how the Maoris put the lavish natural supplies of boiling water and steam to domestic use for cooking, washing, and heating.

You will probably see a Maori concert performance of colorful dances and chants from their dramatic past. And you'll certainly want to buy a "tiki," the symbol of good luck, as a souvenir of your Rotorua visit.

Game fishing

Back in Auckland you could, instead of flying back to Sydney, take an extra five days and do some game fishing north of Auckland.

This tour takes you by motor coach north to the capital of Northland, Whangarei, through lovely sub-tropical scenery. The cost of about £35 includes accommodation, taxis, and transport, but not fishing costs.

These, however, are very reasonable. A day's fishing, in a good launch with five other fishermen, would cost you about £4, all gear provided.

When you hunt game fish in the greeny-blue waters out of Russell, in the beautiful Bay of Islands, you never know what excitement you'll strike. If your luck's in, you'll get one or two black marlin, the king of all game fish, weighing anything up to 900 pounds.

One of the fullest tours organised by the New Zealand Travel Bureau covers all the New Zealand resorts and takes 22 days. The tour cost of £284 includes plane transport from and back to Sydney.

You'll land in Wellington, the capital city. This in itself is an exciting event, as the airstrip has the harbor on one side and open sea on the other. You'll make an overnight steamer trip to Christchurch,

in the South Island, visit Mount Cook, and stay at the Hermitage Lodge, near the famous Tasman Glacier.

To get a bird's-eye view of the 12,349ft. Mount Cook, take a ride in a ski-plane. This, a single-engined plane wearing skis, will spirit you over ice falls and glaciers, soaring peaks and deep crevasses, and will land on the snowfields. This unsurpassed experience will cost from £3/15/-.

At Queenstown, one of New Zealand's loveliest lakeside resorts, you'll explore the lake by launch and make a trip through "Skipper's Gorge," one of the most hair-raising drives you're ever likely to make.

You'll see Lake Te Anau, and make a day trip through the beautiful Eglington Valley to the majestic Milford Sound.

While you are still at Lake Te Anau, don't miss a ride on a jet boat. A trip from Te Anau to Lake Manapouri down the Waiau, New Zealand's fastest flowing river, is a superb experience and costs only 15/- return.

You'll also visit Dunedin—known as the Edinburgh of the south because of its Scottish ancestry.

Back in the North Island you'll visit the thermal region and at Wairakei see the giant man-made geysers of the geothermal project which harnesses the natural thermal steam to generate electricity.

Your tour ends in Auckland for the flight back to Sydney.

This 22-day tour starts and ends in Sydney, but other tours can be arranged for people wishing to fly direct to New Zealand from Brisbane or Melbourne.

It is worth noting that there are family concession air fares to New Zealand. For example, a husband and wife flying to New Zealand and back to Australia pay only one normal fare and one half fare. A wife and two adult children pay one normal fare and two half fares.

MAORI GUIDE shows tourists the Pohutu geyser in Rotorua thermal region.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964





NEW ZEALAND is just like...

Just like no other place on earth. Where else will you find Maoris, vast mountain peaks glittering with snow, boiling pools, spouting geysers, glaciers, glow-worms and staggeringly beautiful fjords – all in the one country. New Zealand has jet-boats that skitter across great lakes and rapid-strewn rivers, flight-seeing ski-planes, modern resort hotels. It's all there, all different and closer than most parts of Australia.

You'll love it! Live it. Do it now.

Have a word with your TRAVEL AGENT or the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau,
14 Martin Place, Sydney (phone 25-3941). C.M.L. Building, 93-95 Elizabeth Street,
Melbourne (phone 67-6621). 131-145 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane (phone 26-132).



NOW! AN EXCITING NEW ROUTE TO EUROPE FOR GALILEO & MARCONI



SEE the ancient splendour of
NAPLES



SEE the oriental elegance of
BOMBAY



SEE the treasure-filled shops of
SINGAPORE

It's almost too good to be true . . . two magnificent new liners and now an itinerary that's a tourist's dream!

You'll certainly see much more than sea when you sail Lloyd Triestino to Europe! Imagine the thrill of a fairytale cruise to the glamour ports of the East . . . fabulous, faraway places alive with all the colour and romance of the Orient. And this is just one fascinating part of a voyage of discovery you'll remember forever!

Cruising at a swift 24 knots the sleek, stately 27,890 ton Galileo (soon to be joined by her twin sistership Marconi) has cut days off the voyage to Europe. This means less time at sea and ample time for leisurely sightseeing and shopping in ports. Twenty fulfilled days and twenty enchanted evenings after leaving Australia you've arrived . . . Italy, the gateway of Europe and the perfect starting point for your Continental adventure.

And like most Australian travellers abroad you'll soon discover that there are big savings to be made, in time as well as money, by seeing Europe first on your way to London and the U.K.

Touring the Continent at really low cost need never be a problem for Lloyd Triestino passengers! Specially for you, we've carefully planned a series of rail tours from Naples and Genoa to London in the crack express trains of Europe

. . . clean, comfortable and fast. You benefit by low concession fares and there's a choice of eight rambling routes taking you through Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. Best of all, you can take up to two full months to complete your tour . . . just stop off when and where you please.

Worried about carrying a small mountain of luggage across the Continent? *Don't!* Travel as light as you like . . . Lloyd Triestino will despatch all your excess baggage in a Customs sealed rail van direct to London for a very moderate charge.

Two great new fully air conditioned liners . . . accommodation that's spacious and lavishly appointed in both first and tourist classes . . . internationally acclaimed cuisine . . . superb Continental service and low, low fares . . . it's little wonder that more and more experienced globetrotters are sailing Lloyd Triestino. And did you know that you can travel to Europe aboard Galileo or Marconi for as low as £A127? *Even less if you embark at Melbourne, Adelaide or Fremantle!*

Call on your travel agent or the general agents today for full information on reduced off-season fares and literature on Galileo and Marconi. If you're planning a European tour don't forget to get all the details on Lloyd Triestino's baggage-forwarding facilities and economy rail tours, too!

Lloyd Triestino
VIA THE ORIENT TO MESSINA, NAPLES AND GENOA



SYDNEY: GILCHRIST, WATT & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 17 O'Connell Street, Tel. 25 5801. MELBOURNE: JOHN SANDERSON & CO. (Shipping) Pty. Ltd., Sanderson House, 505 Little Collins St. Tel. 62 0441. ADELAIDE: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LTD., Gilbert Place (off Currie St.) Tel. 51 1211, also Pt. Adelaide (4 1641). PERTH: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, 133 St. George's Terrace, Telephone 21 9421, also Fremantle (5 1176). BRISBANE: WILLS, GILCHRIST & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 262 Adelaide Street, Telephone 31 1551.

FUN IN PLENTY IF YOU GO BY SEA

● For leisure, luxury, and fun, nothing can beat a good old-fashioned sea voyage on a modern ship.

FROM the moment the streamers break and your liner slides slowly away from the sea of faces on the wharf, you're launched into a new world.

The complications of your past life are left behind with the ship's wake. For what can you possibly do about them now that you're all at sea?

Probably for the first time in your life you'll be forced to relax completely. In this shipboard world your only job is to enjoy yourself.

And it's the job of your stewards, officers, and even your captain to see that you do enjoy yourself. So make the most of it.

Completely enjoying your sea voyage depends also on your state of mind. Decide that your holiday begins as soon as you embark, not when you arrive at your destination.

There are any number of different ways of going to Europe by sea.

If time is no object and you want a quiet uneventful voyage, take a berth on one of the many cargo ships operating from Australia.

These carry from 12 to 20 passengers. Accommodation is sometimes more roomy than it is on the big passenger liners, and life is less organised.

So if you want utter peace and quiet, a life of salt, sun, reading, and a quiet game of cards in the evenings, this is the sort of trip to suit you.

You also have more time to spend in ports of call because of the cargo handling.

If, however, you want entertainment as well as relaxation and like meeting new people, you'll want to go on one of the new passenger liners plying between Australia and Europe.

Most of them — like the new Lloyd Triestino ships Galileo and Marconi — take the route

to Europe through the Suez Canal.

This is the shortest way to Europe and, many people claim, the most interesting. Your ports of call are exciting—Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Messina, Naples, and Genoa.

These huge new Lloyd Triestino liners combine speed, comfort, and safety in travel. Stabilisers take care of the old bugbear of seasickness, cutting the ship's roll down to a minimum.

Air-conditioning makes changes in the climate easy to cope with.

Modern decor and design make day-to-day living comfortable. You're not cramped — even in the smallest cabin you won't feel cooped up.

To Europe for £106

Fares for such comfort are not exorbitant. The cheapest way to go to Europe on Galileo or Marconi is in a six-berth cabin, in the off-season (August to December) tourist class.

This would cost you £117 for a single fare, but if you book your return passage with the Lloyd Triestino Company, you get a 10 per cent. cut, making the fare £106 each way.

And travelling in a six-berth cabin, particularly if you're young and with friends, can be great fun. More often than not you'll find that not all the six berths are booked, so you will each have more room.

Off-season fares are cheaper, because the winter months are the least attractive time to arrive in Europe. However, if you take an adequate supply of warm clothes you'll find an off-season trip well worth while.

At the other end of the scale, if money is no object, you'll want to travel first class in the on season.

The cost of a de luxe two-berth cabin with refrigerator, TV, and bathroom is £613

single or £552 each way on a return ticket.

If this is too much you can get a first-class berth for as little as £212.

All the fares quoted are from Sydney to the Italian ports of Messina, Naples, or Genoa. Fares from Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle are a little cheaper.

Lack of exercise need never worry you, for there are all sorts of games organised for sports-minded passengers, ranging from clay-pigeon shooting to the traditional ship's game of deck tennis.

Mothers with young families can fully enjoy their trip, as the liners have special children's nurseries and nurses, a children's dining-room, a baby-sitter service, and a special swimming-pool for toddlers.

The food is one of the main pleasures of shipboard life, particularly if you go by a foreign shipping line. On an Italian liner you are really bound for a gastronomical adventure.

Menus are translated into English, but dishes are nonetheless exotic. Not often in life can you sit down to a luncheon of lamb on the spit or pheasant perfumed with oranges.

The main event of any day on board is dinner at night, and for this event the wise woman will spend at least an hour on her toilette.

After all, this is one time in your life when you have ample time to look after your looks and primp and pamper yourself.

Shipboard life can be pretty social, and you'll probably have to take afternoon rests to be able to stand the pace of all the parties at night.

The captain's cocktail party, to which all passengers are formally invited, is the height of the festivities.

Another, less formal, event is "Crossing the Line," a ceremony which takes place as your ship crosses the equator. This is a fun-for-all tradition.

If you're an actor, singer, or performer of any sort, you'll enjoy taking part in the passengers' concert, and at the fancy-dress ball you can't help wanting to win first prize for the most original costume.

Just when you're getting used to shipboard routine, you'll suddenly find the voyage is ending. It's been all so short! Wherever did the time go?

But it hasn't been time wasted. Some of the friendships you have made will last for the rest of your life. And so will the memories of your shipboard holiday.



ITALIAN LINER Galileo is a blaze of gaiety as she prepares to leave Sydney's overseas terminal at dusk.



FUN FOR CHILDREN is part of shipboard life. Properly supervised, it allows mothers to really enjoy their trips.



FANCY DRESS PARTY is always a highlight of the voyage to Europe, with much competition for the prizes.



FOOD, prepared in exotic variety by the best Italian chefs, is one of the main pleasures of sea travel.



CROSSING THE LINE ceremony, featuring "King Neptune" at the swimming-pool of a Lloyd Triestino liner.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964.

Carry money you can't lose
take

NATIONAL BANK TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

issued in denominations of
£2 £5 £10 £20 £50
available in Australian
or English currency



Bank gives free service to travellers

● "All you have to do is pack." That's the advice the National Bank gives to its customers who are planning a holiday anywhere from Timbuktu to Trinidad.

"WE do everything but take the holiday," said a spokesman for the bank.

And the bank's holiday and travel service is free to customers, whether they're millionaires or housewives with savings accounts.

The bank will plan holidays anywhere in Australia or overseas, and its travel officers organise every detail — rail, air, sea, or bus bookings, accommodation, entertainment, and financial arrangements.

As well, maps and information about the places to be visited are available.

The bank even organises a postal service for holiday-makers.

Explained a bank spokesman: "We can't go as far as cancelling their milk and paper deliveries, but we can help them to prevent mail accumulating in their letter boxes.

"Customers just inform us where they are going for holidays, and through the Postal Department, we forward their mail to a branch of the bank nearby.

"Campers, particularly, find this a welcome service when staying in out-of-the-way places.

"Customers travelling overseas can use our London office as their postal address."

Many customers also use another free bank service to travellers. They can leave valuables — jewellery or documents — with the bank, while they are away. The valuables are kept in sealed containers in locked safes.

The bank also arranges insurance for any valuables which travellers take with them.

Theatre tickets for visitors

The National Bank was the first in Australia to establish a travel department. That was in 1928.

At the bank's headquarters in Collins Street, Melbourne, the travel department looks like a busy international booking office, where a large staff handles every sort of holiday request.

The Australian Women's Weekly PERFECT HOLIDAYS, January 15, 1964

Special attention is paid to interstate and country people visiting Melbourne.

For example, many visitors inquire through their local bank managers for theatre tickets to use while they are in Melbourne.

Such requests are dealt with by the bank's pretty interstate travel receptionist, Miss Shirley Cocks, of Burwood.

Shirley goes privately to most of the current shows, and finds that customers are usually pleased to get her personal recommendations.

She is often requested to book tables for lunch and dinner and asked for her advice on where to go.

An annual job for Shirley is to get Melbourne Cup tickets for interstate and overseas customers.

Two days to plan itinerary

"I even arrange quiet fishing holidays for clients, and in the summer I'm kept busy with bookings for local beach resorts," said Shirley.

She often spends several days working out an itinerary for a customer's holiday. Recently she was landed with such a complicated holiday that she had to work it out on graph paper.

"The client wanted to do a tour of Central Australia," she said, "and I had to plan several bus tours and accommodation, making sure that nothing clashed, and could be done within the customer's holiday period.

"I also had to allow days of rest. It took me two days just to map out the itinerary."

After working eight years in the travel department, Shirley has a good knowledge of Australia. "I find this very helpful when I have to suggest holidays for people," she said.

"It's such a thrill when they come back and tell me that the holiday I helped to plan was a success."

Travel department officers spend most of their time planning overseas trips.

For the tourist about to go abroad, they arrange to get essential documents such as passports and visas.

They also help you arrange



to have the necessary health injections.

One of the best bank services for tourists is the issuing of travellers' cheques for interstate or overseas travel.

The bank describes these cheques as "money you can't lose." If the cheques are lost, the bank should be contacted immediately and it will refund the money.

Travellers' cheques are issued for amounts of £2, £5, £10, £20, and £50. They are as good as banknotes, and can be cashed anywhere — at milk bars, garages, hotels — and, of course, at banks.

A charge of 15/- for each £100 worth of cheques is made by the bank.

Commercial travellers and business people use travellers' cheques like the average person uses cash.

A bank spokesman pointed out that customers can also

operate on cheque accounts while travelling.

"Their chequebook gives entry to any branch of the National Bank after identification," he said.

"This comes in handy when a customer runs out of ready money and finds he has to cash a cheque.

Savings bank facilities

"Customers with savings accounts can also make withdrawals at their destination, upon identification.

"They should advise their local bank before they leave, and a specimen signature is sent to the branch at their destination."

Another safe and convenient way of handling holiday money is to use the bank's letters of credit.

These credit notes make available a stated amount of money

TRAVEL OFFICER Shirley Cocks, in the travel department of the National Bank, Melbourne, assists two would-be travellers with plans for a holiday trip.

at any of the National Bank's 945 offices throughout Australia.

Apart from financial service, the bank also gives obliging help to customers who are going to new places where they do not know anyone.

The bank supplies them with a letter of introduction to the local bank manager, who then helps them with contacts.

Finally, if customers haven't got enough money to take a holiday, the National Bank will help them by opening a special-purpose savings account where money can be deposited solely for a holiday.

Produced by The Australian Women's Weekly on behalf of advertisers. Printed by Comptess Printing Ltd., 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, N.S.W.

Save your travels forever in KODAK COLOUR PICTURES:

MOVIES



Make wonderful colour movies with Kodachrome 8mm. colour movie film. That way, you save all the lively action.



SNAPSHOTS



Take brilliant colorsnaps with Kodacolor film. Even the simplest camera will do. You can get extra prints too.



SLIDES



Kodachrome II or Kodak Ektachrome are the films you need for clear colour-slides you'll be proud to show.



There's no better way to remember the places you've been, the people you've seen than in living colour on Kodak film. Kodak colour pictures keep your memories fresh; help you to re-live every wonderful moment. Before you go, wherever you go, see your Kodak Dealer first for the right camera and film to bring back your memories in pictures.

KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States.

Kodak

● Novel shapes and colorful decorations make these biscuits unusual as well as very good to eat. They're right for any occasion — good for lunch-boxes, too.

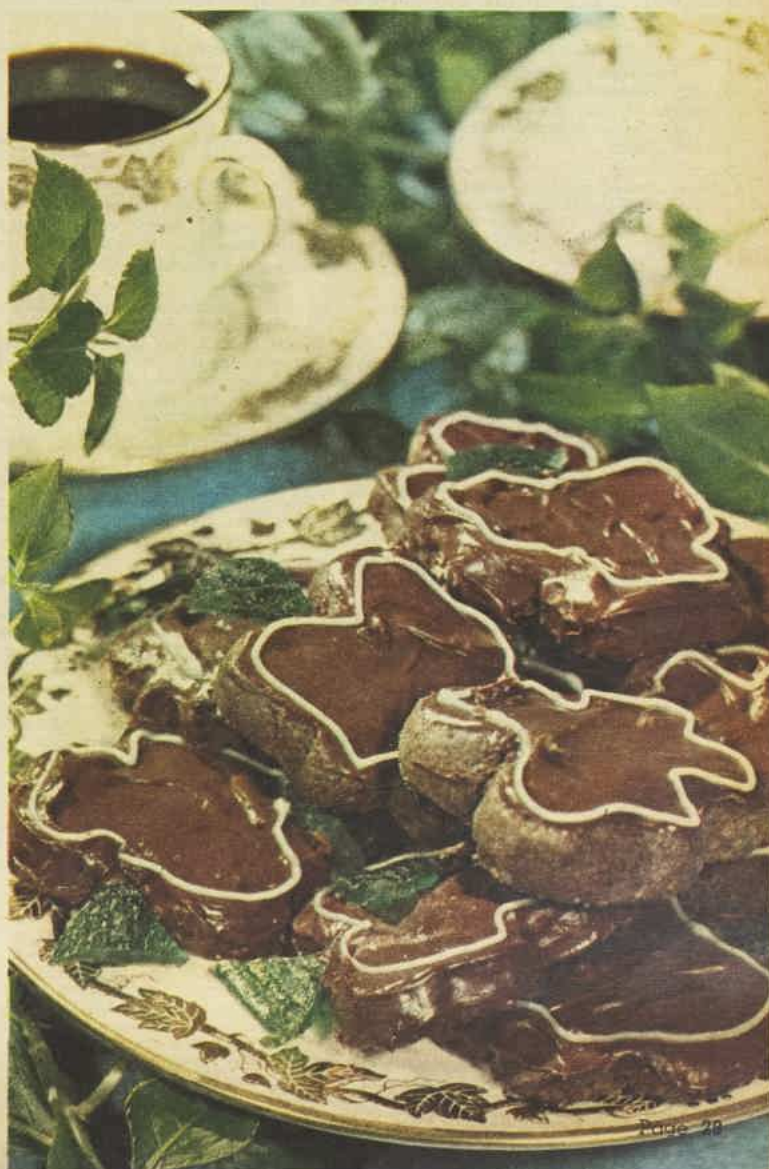
ALL BISCUITS in the picture at left can be made without baking. On the small plate are Choco-Oat Logs. On the large plate are Coconut Date Balls (in centre), Raisin Coconut Slices, Springtime Slices, and Torrone Molle. Recipes for all these easy biscuits are given in the panel on page 30.

TWO melt-in-the-mouth types of Continental-style biscuits are the Marzipan-Cherry Stars and Almond Rings shown at right. The recipe for Marzipan-Cherry Stars is on page 31 and for Almond Rings on page 27. Quantities given will make more than three dozen of each of these two unusual biscuits.



THREE of the easy-to-make recipes in this feature are shown above. They are Coconut Pompons, topped with cherries (see recipe page 27), Heart's Delights, decorated with tiny pastry hearts (see page 30), and delicious Pineapple Twist Brownies (see page 31).

SERVE little Chocolate Shamrocks (right), topped with chocolate and peppermint icing for a special afternoon tea. These are rolled-type biscuits and are chilled before being baked and decorated to resemble shamrocks, as shown. The recipe is on page 27.





SLICES

● Slices, one of the most popular types of biscuit, are made by pressing a rich base into the baking-tin. Toppings are varied.

PASSIONFRUIT-MALLOW SLICE

(Picture on page 28)

Base: Quarter-pound butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup coconut, 2 tablespoons milk, apricot or raspberry jam.

Topping: One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup hot water, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, pulp of three passionfruit, coconut.

Base: Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, remove from heat. Add sugar, mix well, then, with wooden spoon, beat in egg. Add cocoa and coconut, then sifted flour, salt, milk, and vanilla. Blend together well, spread over base of well-greased lamington-tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven, spread lightly with jam. Set aside to cool.

Topping: Soak gelatine in cold water until softened; add hot water, stir until dissolved. Beat egg-whites stiffly, beat in sugar, gradually adding gelatine mixture. Beat until quite thick; add passionfruit pulp. Spread over cooled biscuit base, sprinkle with coconut or additional passionfruit pulp; refrigerate until set. Cut into bars or slices. Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

DATE AND PEANUT SQUARES

Half-cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ cup butter, ½ cup peanut butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs (beaten), 1 cup dates (finely chopped), 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour, then sift again with baking-powder, salt, and spices. Cream butter and peanut butter thoroughly; add sugar to beaten eggs, beat until light and lemon colored. Stir into creamed mixture; add flour, beat until

well blended. Stir in dates and vanilla. Turn into greased, lined shallow tin, bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Turn out on rack. Cool slightly, cut into squares. Ice if desired with lemon icing. Makes approximately 15.

HEAVENLY YOGHURT BARS

Two-thirds cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond essence, ½ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), ½ cup white sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups chocolate (finely chopped), ½ cup flaked or shredded coconut, ¾ cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup yoghurt.

Cream butter with essences until fluffy, gradually beat in sugars; add egg, mix well. Stir in chocolate and coconut. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with yoghurt, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Spread mixture in waxed, paper-lined Swiss roll-tin, chill overnight. Next day, remove mixture from tin, peel off paper. Cut into bars with sharp knife. Place 2 in. apart on ungreased oven-trays. Bake 15 minutes or until deep golden-brown in moderately hot oven. Makes 4 dozen.

COCONUT TANGO SQUARES

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup canned drained crushed pineapple, 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup each chopped dates, walnuts, and coconut, icing-sugar.

Sift flour and salt together. Beat eggs well, gradually beat in sugar. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, pineapple, dates, walnuts, and coconut. Spread into well-greased shallow tin about 9 in. square. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. While still warm, cut into squares; sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar when serving. Makes about 1½ dozen.

COCONUT PINEAPPLE BARS

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup flour (sifted), 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs (beaten), 1 cup canned crushed pineapple (drained), 1 cup sugar (extra), 1 tablespoon melted butter (extra), 2 cups desiccated coconut.

Cream butter with the tablespoon sugar. Sift dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture, mix till crumbly. Add half the eggs, blend thoroughly. Spread into shallow tin, cover with pineapple. Combine the extra sugar, melted butter, and coconut, add remaining eggs. Spread over top of pineapple. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool slightly, cut into bars. Makes approximately 15.

PEANUT FINGERS

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup white sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups sifted self-raising flour, 6oz. chopped chocolate, ½ cup salted peanuts (chopped), 2 egg-whites, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, extra ½ cup chopped salted peanuts.

Cream butter with sugars, beat in egg-yolks and vanilla. Work in sifted flour. Press dough over base of large greased shallow tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes; remove from oven and sprinkle over the chopped chocolate and salted peanuts; pat in gently. Beat egg-whites until firm, gradually beat in the ½ cup brown sugar; beat until stiff. Spread over biscuit, sprinkle with extra peanuts. Bake in slow oven about 40 minutes. While warm, cut into fingers. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

BANANA BOAT BARS

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 small banana (mashed), 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each ground cloves and allspice, ½ cup milk, ½ cup chopped walnuts (or any other nuts desired).

Cream butter well, combine with mashed banana; beat 2 minutes. Add egg, beat well. Sift together flour, sugar, cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, mix into creamed mixture alternately with milk and walnuts. Fill into well-greased 8 in. shallow tin, bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. While warm, ice with the following:

Lemon Frosting: One ounce melted butter, 1 dessertspoon hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups sifted icing-sugar.

Combine melted butter with hot water and lemon juice. Blend in icing-sugar, mix to smooth cream. Spread over top of biscuit, using warmed knife dipped in hot water if necessary. Cut into bars to serve. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

SCOTTISH BROWNIES

Base: One-third cup sifted flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup brown sugar, 1-3rd cup butter (melted).

Topping: One ounce dark chocolate, 2oz. butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2-3rd cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Base: Combine all ingredients. Pour into ungreased slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

Topping: Melt chocolate over hot water, stir in butter until well blended. Beat in sugar and egg. Sift flour, add to chocolate mixture with remaining ingredients; mix well. Spread over hot base. Bake in moderate oven further 30 minutes. Cut into bars. Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

SPICY CURRANT EVENTS

One tablespoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup water, 1½ cups currants (or raisins or sultanas), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup rolled oats, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Blend cornflour and cinnamon with water, add currants. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add lemon rind and juice; cool. Sift flour into basin, mix in oats, brown sugar, and salt. Rub in butter or substitute. Press half mixture over base of greased shallow tin, spread over the currant filling. Mix chopped nuts with remaining crumb mixture, sprinkle over the filling, pat down firmly. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool, cut into small bars. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

DATE LAYER SQUARES

Date Filling: Eight ounces dates, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup water.

Crust: Three-quarters cup butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups rolled oats, 1 egg.

Filling: In small saucepan combine dates

which have been chopped fine, sugar, and water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat; stir in lemon juice and nuts. Cool.

Crust: Beat butter and sugar together. Add sifted dry ingredients, egg, oats. Knead until well combined. Press half oat mixture into bottom of greased lamington-tin. Spread with filling. Cover with remaining oat mixture; press lightly. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until golden in moderate oven. Cool slightly; cut into squares while still warm. Makes approximately 15.

ALMOND LUXURY BARS

Three ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, ½ cup ground almond meal, extra 2-3rds cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 egg-white, ½ teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence, ½ cup berry jam (raspberry, strawberry, etc.).

Cream butter well and beat in sugar, then egg-yolk; mix well. Mix in sifted flour and salt and milk; mix to stiff dough. Press over base of greased shallow tin, prick lightly. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven, spread over the berry jam. Top with following mixture.

Combine almond meal, extra sugar, salt, egg, stiffly beaten egg-white, vanilla and almond essences. Bake in moderately hot oven further 20 to 25 minutes. Cool, coat with chocolate spread.

Shiny Chocolate Spread: One ounce chopped chocolate, 1oz. butter, ½ cup icing-sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 or 2 teaspoons boiling water.

Melt chocolate and butter over simmering water, then blend in icing-sugar and vanilla. Gradually add boiling water to form smooth thin frosting. Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

HEART'S DELIGHTS

(Picture on page 29)

One-third cup undiluted evaporated milk, 1 packet (4oz.) chocolate pieces (or use chopped chocolate), 1 packet (4oz.) cream cheese, ½ cup chopped almonds, 2 tablespoons sesame seeds, few drops almond essence, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, extra almond essence, almonds.

Combine in top half of a double boiler the evaporated milk, chocolate pieces, cream cheese. Stir over simmering water until chocolate melts. Add almonds, sesame seeds, and essence; cool. Meanwhile, sift flour and salt together. Cream butter and sugar together, add egg and extra few drops almond essence. Work in sifted dry ingredients to firm dough. Press half dough into large shallow tin which has been lightly greased. Cover dough with cooled filling. Roll out remaining dough on lightly floured board to ½ in. thickness and, using small heart-shaped biscuit-cutter, cut out shapes. Place cut-outs on top of chocolate mixture, one for each bar. Top each with almond. Bake in moderately hot oven about 15 to 18 minutes. When cool, cut into bars. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT BARS

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup chopped shredded coconut, 1½ cups firmly packed brown sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1½ cups self-raising flour, extra ½ cup butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped marshmallows, butterscotch glaze.

Melt butter over gentle heat, stir in coconut, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup walnuts. Spread on base of well-greased 13 in. by 9 in. pan. Cream the ½ cup butter, gradually add cup brown sugar, creaming well. Add egg and vanilla, beat well; blend in sifted flour. Stir in marshmallows and remainder of walnuts. Drop in small spoonfuls over coconut base, then pat out evenly with floured hands. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes; cool, drizzle glaze over in decorative pattern; cut into bars. Makes approximately 3½ dozen.

Butterscotch Glaze: One dessertspoon butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Melt butter, add all other ingredients, simmer over gentle heat until glazing consistency. If necessary, add a little more milk.

RICH COFFEE BARS

One cup raisins, 2-3rds cup strong coffee, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs.

Combine chopped raisins, coffee, cinnamon. Cream butter and sugar well, blend in eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Stir in sifted flour, then coffee mixture; blend thoroughly. Spread into well-greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Top with coffee glaze while still warm; cut into bars or diamond-shapes.

Coffee Glaze: Blend together 1 dessertspoon softened butter and 1½ cups sifted icing-sugar. Add 1 tablespoon, or a little more, of strong coffee; blend well. Makes 3 dozen.

MADE WITHOUT BAKING

● These biscuits are ideal for summer, because you can make them without lighting the oven. Merely blend the ingredients and decorate as stated in the recipes.

CHOCO-NUT CRUNCH

Two cups rice cereal, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chocolate pieces, ½ cup chopped glace cherries, ½ cup raisins, melted butter or substitute, ½oz. sherry.

Combine all ingredients except sherry and melted butter in large basin. Add sufficient butter to bind mixture. Flavor with sherry. Press into greased shallow slab-tin. Place in refrigerator, allow to set. Cut into fingers before serving. Makes approximately 15.

RAISIN COCONUT SLICES

(Picture on page 28)

Half-pound wheatmeal biscuits, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 cup mixed sultanas, raisins, and currants, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons evaporated milk, coconut.

Crush biscuits to fine crumbs. Melt butter, mix with biscuit crumbs, add remaining ingredients except coconut; blend until consistency of firm dough. Form into roll and press into triangular shape. Roll in coconut until well coated. Wrap up, chill in refrigerator overnight or several hours. Serve cut into thin slices. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

COCONUT DATE BALLS

(Picture on page 28)

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1½ cups dates, 2½ cups rice cereal, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups coconut.

Beat eggs with sugar and salt until thick; add very finely chopped dates. Turn mixture into heavy saucepan, cook over low heat about 10 minutes, stirring. Remove from heat, add rice cereal, walnuts, and vanilla. When mixture is cool enough to handle, pinch off portions and, with dampened hands, form into balls the size of walnut. Roll in coconut; chill until firm. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

SPRINGTIME SLICES

(Picture on page 28)

Quarter-pound butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg (beaten), 1lb. crushed plain biscuits, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger, ½ cup chopped glace cherries.

Place butter or substitute in saucepan with sugar and egg. Stir until well mixed, then add crushed biscuits, walnuts, dates, raisins, ginger, and cherries. Mix well, press into buttered slab-tin; chill. Cut into diamond shapes before serving. Makes approximately 15.

TORRONE MOLLE

(Picture on page 28)

Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. cocoa, 6oz. sugar, little water, 6oz. ground almonds, 6oz. plain sweet biscuits, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk.

Cream butter or substitute with cocoa until soft. Stir in ground almonds. Melt sugar in saucepan with little water, add to cocoa mixture. Stir in the eggs and, last, the biscuits broken into small pieces. Turn into oiled tin; chill overnight. Cut into fingers. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

CHOCOLATE BUBBLE BARS

Three cups puffed wheat or rice cereal, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1lb. marshmallows, 1 tablespoon sugar, 6oz. grated chocolate, 2oz. solid white shortening.

Place cereal in baking-dish, heat in moderate oven 7 minutes, transfer to greased bowl. Combine butter, marshmallows, and sugar in top of double saucepan. Stir over boiling water until marshmallows are melted. Pour over cereal, stir until all kernels are well coated. Shape into logs 3 in. long; chill. Melt chocolate and shortening in basin over boiling water, dip one end of each log into chocolate. Place on waxed paper, chill until set. Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

CHOCO-OAT LOGS

(Picture on page 28)

Two-thirds cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 cups uncooked rolled oats, 4oz. dark chocolate (melted).

Beat together butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add essence and cocoa, beat until well blended; stir in rolled oats. Chill dough several hours, until quite firm. Break off pieces of chilled dough, roll to form small logs. Spoon little chocolate over top of each log and completely cover; allow to dry. Then spoon fancy pattern down centre of each with remainder of chocolate. Makes approximately 1½ dozen.

THESE ARE PIPED

● These biscuits require a rich mixture, soft enough to be forced through a piping-bag. Any shapes can be piped, but try to have an even thickness throughout, and finish each biscuit neatly.



MARZIPAN-CHERRY STARS

(Picture on page 28)

One cup ground almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing-sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 to 2 egg-whites, glace cherries. Mix ground almonds and sugars, then add essence. Work in sufficient egg-white to make fairly stiff dough. Pipe in star shapes on to greased slide. Decorate each with halved glace cherry. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Makes approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

CHOCOLATE COCKLES

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 12oz. plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. chopped chocolate, 1oz. solid white shortening.

Cream butter and sugar together with vanilla until white and fluffy. Add eggs, beat well. Gradually work in sifted flours and salt. Pipe mixture on to slightly greased oven-slides through star tube to form shell shapes. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen, allow to cool on trays. Combine chocolate and shortening in top of double saucepan, allow to melt over hot water. When biscuits are thoroughly cooled, dip narrow ends in chocolate glaze; place on cake-rack to drain and set. Makes approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

PINEAPPLE BLOSSOMS

Cases: Four ounces cornflour, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 3 or 4 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to dry dough with egg-yolk and milk. Roll out thinly on floured board, cut with plain or fluted cutter, then line small shallow patty-tins. Prick base, bake in hot oven about 8 to 10 minutes.

Topping: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. marzipan meal, 6 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 egg, cherries, crushed well-

drained canned pineapple, little mock cream, icing-sugar.

Cream butter and sugar, add marzipan meal, sifted flour, and beaten egg. Pipe into large roses on greased oven-slide, press cherry into top of each. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes until lightly browned; cool.

Place teaspoon of pineapple into each patty-case, pipe mock cream round edge, top with almond roses. Dust lightly with icing-sugar before serving. Makes approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

MERINGUE KISSES

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cocoa, 1oz. icing-sugar, mock cream, vanilla, chocolate decorates.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, then gradually add half the castor sugar, beating until mixture is smooth and thick. Combine remaining castor sugar with cocoa and icing-sugar; mix well, fold into beaten egg-whites. Fill meringue into large piping-bag with plain tube, pipe 2in. lengths on greased oven-slide. Bake 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in slow oven. When thoroughly dried out, remove from oven; cool. When cold, join 2 meringues together with vanilla-flavored mock cream, then sprinkle cream with chocolate decorates. Makes approximately 4 dozen.

COFFEE FINGERS

Five ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons instant coffee, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, melted chocolate.

Cream butter and sugar until very fluffy. Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt, and coffee, add gradually to creamed mixture alternately with beaten egg. Beat well; mix in vanilla. Put into piping-bag and, using large star tube, pipe out into 3in. strips. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cold, sandwich 2 together with melted chocolate; dip ends in chocolate. Makes approximately 1 dozen.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Chocolate Icing: Two tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Melt butter or substitute, mix in sugar, add egg; beat well. Beat in sifted cocoa and vanilla; mix well. Add sifted flour, salt, and coconut. Spread in well-greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven, and, while hot, top with chocolate icing. Leave until set, then cut into bars. Makes approximately 15.

Icing: Sift together cocoa and icing-sugar. Dissolve butter in the boiling water, add to cocoa mixture. Beat well, adding few more drops of boiling water, if necessary, to make good spreading consistency.

BUTTER CRUNCH BARS

Half pound softened butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 egg-white, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk, sifted flour, and half the cinnamon; mix to soft dough. Press dough into shallow, greased tin, brush surface with lightly beaten egg-white. Sprinkle over extra sugar combined with remaining cinnamon, then the coarsely chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool slightly, then cut into bars. Makes approximately 15.

CHOCO-MINT SLICES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1oz. dark chocolate, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar.

Filling: One can sweetened condensed milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups desiccated coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts. (Combine all ingredients well.)

Topping: Three ounces dark chocolate (chopped), 4oz. solid white shortening.

Melt butter with chocolate over gentle heat. Sift in flour and sugar; mix well. Spread into well-greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Spread filling over; bake 25 to 30 minutes until filling is set. Combine chocolate with white shortening, melt over gentle heat. Spread evenly over filling; cool. Cut into small slices. Makes approximately 2 dozen.



Baby can have the same natural goodness wherever he goes with

HEINZ

naturally better

BABY FOODS

Yes, Heinz Baby Foods are rich in the protein, minerals and vitamins baby needs every day... and are available all over Australia, in nearly 100 varieties. So why not make it a real holiday for yourself, too? Give baby complete, satisfying, body-building meals, with the helping hand of Heinz — Australia's acknowledged Baby Feeding Specialists.



When baby wants more, more, more — serve Heinz new LARGE-SIZE Junior Foods. Almost twice the regular quantity, $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in one handy can. Choose from 8 popular varieties.

Continued from opposite page

FUDGE MALLOW LOGS

(Picture on page 28)

One cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Sift flour, cocoa, and salt into basin, mix in melted butter and sugar, cool to lukewarm, then add eggs, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla and nuts. Spread over well-greased, shallow tin, bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Cool, frost with the following:

Rocky Road Frosting: Quarter cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2oz. chocolate, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 2 cups chopped marshmallows, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Combine brown sugar, water, and chopped chocolate in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Blend in butter, vanilla, icing-sugar. Cool slightly, fold in marshmallows. Spread over biscuit base, then sprinkle over cherries and nuts. When set, cut into small squares. Makes approx. $1\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

PINEAPPLE TWIST BROWNIES

(Picture on page 29)

Six ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned crushed pineapple (well drained), 2oz. chocolate (melted), 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, lemon-flavored icing, grated chocolate.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Work in vanilla and sifted self-raising flour. Remove 1 cup of the dough to separate basin, blend in crushed pineapple. Add melted chocolate, coffee-powder, and nuts to remaining dough; mix well. Spread 2-3rds of chocolate dough over base of well-greased lamington-tin, cover with pineapple mixture, then drop remaining chocolate mixture in rough spoonfuls over top; spread carefully to cover. Bake in moderate oven about 45 to 50 minutes. Top with lemon-flavored icing and grated chocolate. Cut into squares to serve. Makes approximately 15.



Busy hands...

in seconds they're soft, smooth



FROM PEARS... A NEW HABIT FOR HANDS

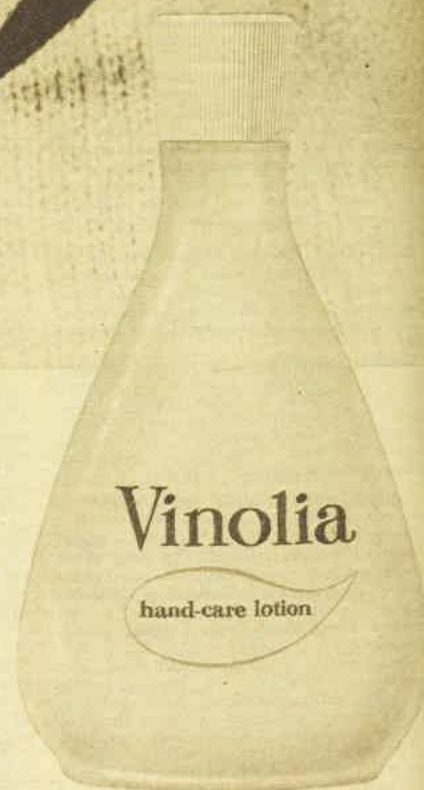
VINOLIA HAND-CARE

keeps busy hands soft, smooth – always

AT LAST SOMEONE'S REALISED what a life your hands lead — every day you do hundreds of jobs that roughen and dry your hands.

NEW Vinolia makes you this promise ... after each rough job, smooth in a little Vinolia, seconds later your hands will be soft, smooth. Why? Because Vinolia works a new, *different* way.

The finely-emulsified beautifying oils in Vinolia smooth in so fast your hands never feel greasy. You actually want to use Vinolia *each time*. And that's the secret ... *each time* you dry your hands, smooth a little in ... just a second's beauty care and what a world of difference! Your hands really are soft and smooth, lovely to look at *always*.



New unbreakable squeeze plastic bottle—handy beside the kitchen sink, in the bathroom, and pretty enough to stand proudly on your dressing table. Vinolia is in all chemists and stores now and costs 6/3.

VN1/01WWFGR

A mother's short story of a long day

● This is a saga. It recounts a day in the life of infant Adam, ten months old, two feet six inches, weighing in at 28 pounds, vital statistics 18, 19, 18.

THE saga begins on Sunday morning. Sunday was a day of rest in our house. But that was before Adam.

On any other day of the week the neighbors are not aroused from their stupors by the outraged roars of a starving infant until at least 8.30 a.m. Sunday, as I said, is different. They begin at seven.

Father, who is indifferent to the rigors of starvation, sleeps like the proverbial log, and pays no heed. Mother, sadly termed a light sleeper, rises from bed and stumbles into the kitchen.

Milk in bottle, bottle in jug of hot water, Mother proceeds to the den of the lion where he is bellowing with Sunday gusto. As she opens the door the rage of the lion increases.

Once she is around the door the roars abruptly cease. There is Adam — smiling, cherubic, not a tear in his limpid blue eyes, clinging to the top of his cot appealingly, minus his napkin, his pyjama coat dangling around his neck. The day has really begun.

Approximately three minutes later with ten ounces of milk buoying up his spirits, Adam is engaged in spitting out his ascorbic-acid tablet, preferably, if he can lean over the table far enough, into the napkin bucket.

Following this, he happily dribbles his most expensive vitamin solution out of the corner of his mouth and then with supreme cunning knocks over his nose drops with an innocent flailing motion of his innocent fat hand.

His medicines administered, if not taken, Mother departs with Adam to the bathroom.

Despite the hazards of the bath, she admires the clear apricot skin and the sturdy limbs of her imp as he flounders around in his bath, but her loving reflections are cut short by the sight of Adam picking bits off the soap and popping them into his mouth.

One piece is speared by his only tooth and must be removed at the cost of a swat in the face with a wet washer.

Dried and dressed, Adam is ready for his cereal; his mother for a rest home. Cereal is swallowed peaceably enough with only one or two spoonfuls on Mother's dress and in Adam's ear.

Now the angel is in a fit state to greet his daddy and is coming whether Daddy is ready or not! Mother determines to have her shower in tranquillity.

Ah, she is under the shower, warm, relaxing as the water pours over her. On a sudden premonition she glances down at the floor where shower water spouts out liberally from between ill-fitting curtains and there dabbling in the gathering pool with Mother's slippers is Adam.

Catching her eye he smiles benignly while his face and his clothes are increasingly bedewed with water drops. Mother bellows for Father. He comes, grumbling that he can't watch that little blighter every second. He's got to light his pipe, hasn't he? Menacing mutters from Mother while Adam gurgles high up in his daddy's arms.

The next few hours of Adam's day are relatively uneventful. He plays with his toys, leaving a trail of whatnots from kitchen to bedroom to study to laundry.

This routine is varied by pulling books from all accessible bookshelves, accompanied by the careful destruction of any loose paper covers, a few pieces of which are eaten.

Alternatively, he may surprise Mother by grasping a vase and emptying the contents over his small self.

Mother had mistakenly imagined that it has been skillfully placed beyond his reach. Well, yesterday it was!

Suddenly, to Adam's dismay, Mother places him, amid furious squalls, into his playpen. She picks up the paper.

Five minutes pass and Mother is still reading with determination. Ten minutes pass. Adam wails. Both his feet are stuck between the rails of the pen.

She meditates upon the sweet possibility of leaving him there in his self-designed stocks and pelting him with the mucky little pieces of buttery bread which he left, a while before, on the kitchen floor. However, no.

Adam is lifted off and tenderly nursed. Meanwhile he picks a button off his mother's dress as well as transferring most of her lipstick to his curious fingers and from there to her nose.

Luncheon is served. A background cacophony is supplied by a spoon drumming on the low-chair tray, the same tray being banged with lusty vigor on to the arms of the chair, the cheerful clink of little bowls being knocked out of Mother's hand, and Mother's curses.

Adam's maternal grandmother now arrives. Her precious boy is gathered into her arms, hugged joyfully, and his

multitudinous beauties enumerated to his all-but-expiring mother.

Adam contrives to smile blissfully at Gran while leering over his shoulder at his progenitor. Grandmother has come, God bless her, to parade Adam down the street in his pram and to lend a hand with the beastly task of ironing.

This week she has brought with her a lovely looking box. Gran, Father, Mother, and Adam gather on the bedroom floor for the unveiling.

At last the final knot is undone by Father (who saves string) to reveal a set of gorgeously colored blocks arranged in a little cart with jingle bells set in its wheels.

Adam is kept from this treasure while Mother and Father argue about the proper angle at which the handle ought to be assembled.

At last it is ready. With bated breath the doting trio, all on knees, place little Adam within reach of the cart.

He makes a delighted dive, bypassing restraining hands, and proceeds to crush up the discarded box with coos of pleasure. Half an hour later, Daddy is laboriously building elaborate towers from the blocks, Gran and Mother are playing with the bells in the wheels, and Adam is patiently dissecting the box with the aid of his tooth.

Eventually Mother and Gran join in the tower-making, too, and so engrossed are the three that they fail to notice Adam departing from the room, lugging two blocks.

He is discovered later, in the laundry, dropping them into a bucket which contains one or two of the morning's offending napkins put to soak, retrieving them, and dropping them back again, obviously fascinated by the plop, plop. What a lovely opportunity for a million bacteria!

Peace—for a while

Well, peace for a while, since Gran is taking Adam for his ride.

Mother, in the brief respite so dearly bought, rewashes the kitchen floor, rinses and hangs out napkins, makes a meat pie and two apple tarts, prepares a large pot of soup, mashes up pears for Adam, fills his bottle, and scrambles his daily egg.

The latter just in time for the darling's return, starving of course, despite a face daubed with ice-cream.

Gran collapses in a chair, having played a little too much of that scintillating game known as I Throw Out, You Pick Up during the perambulator parade.

Adam's appetite, stimulated by this entertainment, enables him to consume first his ten ounces of milk, one banana, a scrambled egg, two mashed pears, and two slices of bread and cheese. At this point Mother muses on the irony of having to stoke up this infant's energy, thereby helping him to resume his depletion of hers.

For some time now she has felt drawn to the Eastern philosophies, which encourage the starving of the body since it induces contemplation, but perhaps it is a little early to begin this commendable course at ten months.

The train of her thoughts is disrupted by Adam's decision to pour the contents of the sugar-bowl and the salt-cellar into a shoebox originally meant for holding his knick-knacks.

Stoically she reasons that she must not scold him, since she herself has shown him how to drop his little collection of bottle-tops, pegs, plastic balls, quoits, and other miscellaneous items into this box in an attempt to accelerate the habit of tidiness.

A misguided motion, apparently; So she will not scold him. Besides, his grandmother is close by. Further, he is educating himself. He discovers that he does not like salt.

Gradually the time for bed draws near. As he senses nightfall Adam becomes insistently more energetic. Milk bottles are rolled down the back steps.

His head contrives to wedge itself under a chair in spite of the fact that all but one chair has been removed from the kitchen to give him plenty of free space for crawling, jiggling, or staggering.

With a placating gesture he places his little hands around Mother's knee, smiling up into her face and laddering her stocking at the same time.

The fatal moment can be staved off no longer.

Gran, his one-eyed supporter, has departed for her quiet house. Adam lies on the changing table kicking his legs. He cannot bear to be put on his back.

Momentary resistance while his jumper is taken off over his head, muffled roars as his pyjama-top is put on and buttoned up.

By CATHERINE A. WHYTE,
of Camberwell, Vic.

Funny little diversions occur, such as prising the top off the talcum powder and sprinkling it on his head.

Adam's roars are ignored and inexorably he is borne off to his cot, into which he is tucked so tightly that Daddy is panting with the effort. His protestations cease as he taps a small brown bottle with a wooden block.

Mother and Father begin to relax. No! He is not going to be dismissed that easily! He begins to bellow his own name. His voice takes on the tone of the early-morning lion.

The door is shutting, the lion roars louder. The door is shut, and, behold, silence.

Mother and Father reel away free of their mischievous burden for twelve hours.

Do not spoil their illusion of liberty, do not remind them that of their 12 hours' liberty they will spend eight asleep in order, of course, to endure the next day's marathon. Oh, yes, small Adam has the last laugh.

Advertisement

Powder Puff Flattery



MRS. BETTY DALY
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

Choosing a powder shade to suit your individual colouring is an important consideration. Blondes usually find that a golden-peach shade is ideal for them, while fair-skinned brunettes look best with a rachel shade. Auburn-haired beauties almost always discover that a peaches-and-cream effect is most flattering, and brunettes favour the peach shades, changing to a sunburnt gold during the summer months.

If in doubt about your correct shade decide on one only slightly darker than your actual skin colour. Skin tones that tend to look rather blue need pink-tinted powder, and pink or rather florid complexions need yellow-peach shades. Cream skins look beautiful under the rachel powder shades.

Powder should always look like a smooth, even bloom on your skin. The secret of achieving a matt finish lies in using moist Oil of Ulan as a base. This ulan oil not only protects the skin all day from dryness but gives the finished powdering its attractive bloom, providing just sufficient moist oil to take away the dry look, and to keep the make-up perfect all day. Your tinted base and powder should therefore always follow the moist oiling of the skin. If you use a conventional powder puff, keep it scrupulously clean. Better still, use cotton-wool puffs that can be discarded after daily use. Learn to press your powder firmly on to your skin, avoiding patting or rubbing at all times. Apply powder over the entire surface of your face, including lips and eyes, and puff out your cheeks so that the final result will show no ridges or uneven patches. Use a powder brush or a clean piece of cotton-wool to remove surplus powder, brushing it gently in a downward direction, the way the small downy hairs of your face lie.

Buy a tiny stiff brush — a toothbrush is ideal — to brush your hairline and eyebrows clear of clinging powder. You can now complete your make-up with the application of mascara and lipstick.

Kelvinator announces a new **FOODARAMA** 2 separate doors to give better freezing and refrigeration



Fabulous! 2-door Kelvinator Foodarama — Model 693 — 13.6 cu. ft. of net usable capacity including 3 cu. ft. freezer, 21 sq. ft. shelf area. Cyclic Automatic Defrost. Powered by a new 1 H.P. "Polaraphere" Sealed Unit. Price 289 gns. Also available — Model 493 — similar in all respects to 693 — 11.1 net cu. ft. capacity. Price 259 gns. Other Kelvinator models priced from only 85 gns. The Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is available in left or right hand door.
(Prices slightly higher in some areas.)

This is Australia's largest capacity refrigerator-freezer with 13.6 cu. ft. of net usable space. Fully automatic Cyclic Defrost ends messy defrosting. More and better features for better living.

This is the Refrigerator-Home Freezer combination you've seen (and envied) only in glossy U.S. magazines.

Featuring two doors, it opens up a completely new and advanced concept of home refrigeration.

With 2 doors you get better freezing and also better refrigeration than you ever did before.

With 2 doors you open the freezer door only when you want your frozen foods — and so you cannot let warm air into the refrigerator section.

With 2 doors you'll find it more convenient and easier to store and remove food from any section of your Foodarama.

105 lbs. capacity Freezer Separately insulated and refrigerated for more efficient freezing. Foodarama's Freezer holds 105 lbs. of frozen foods — safely stores them for months.

Cyclic Defrost ends messy defrosting Now you're finished with defrosting in the refrigerator section forever.

The secret? Cyclic Automatic Defrost — an advanced method of defrosting that just doesn't give frost a chance to build up. No water to empty! There just isn't any.

AUSTRALIA'S MOST ADVANCED FEATURES!

Deep Twin Crispers have enormous capacity — keep your salad vegetables and greens and fruit as garden fresh and crisp as the day they were picked.

Full-width Dairy Chest keeps all your butter spreadable, your cheese always tasty and fresh.

Three pull-out Shelves — pull out at waist-level for

maximum comfort — brings food up front to your fingertips.

Full size Egg Shelf gives safe, non-spill storage for as many as twenty four eggs at a time.

PLUS! 3 deep Removable Door Shelves that allow you to store even the tallest bottles. The shelves can also be removed for cleaning.

These are just some of the many exciting features you can inspect at your Kelvinator retailers.

So for more, much more for your trade-in see your nearest Kelvinator Retailer now.

KL242

CHOOSE

Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING

Australia's Best Name is your best buy

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONING

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1964

Savory salad wins £5 prize

● A recipe for an unusual hot rice salad of German origin wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for economical and easily made peanut biscuits and a delicious sweet-and-sour cabbage salad.

All spoon measurements are level.

GERMAN SALAD

Eight rashers bacon, 1-3rd cup sugar (more if desired), ½ cup cider vinegar, pinch black pepper, ½ teaspoon celery seed, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, ½ cup each chopped red and green pepper, ¾ cups hot cooked rice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley.

Fry bacon in pan until crisp, remove bacon, leave 1-3rd cup of bacon fat in pan. Drain off surplus, reserve for another use. Stir into pan the sugar, vinegar, and black pepper. Cook slowly until sugar dissolves. Add celery seed, onion, green and red pepper. Taste, and if desired add extra sugar. Fold in rice and crumbled bacon. Dice 1 hard-boiled egg and add to rice, gently mix in.

Pile rice mixture on platter, serve hot garnished with the other egg (sliced into wedges) and parsley.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 9 Margaret Street, Highfields, Adamstown Heights, Newcastle, N.S.W.

SWEET-AND-SOUR CABBAGE

One small crisp cabbage (shredded finely), 1 carrot (grated), 1 small can crushed pineapple (well drained), 1 finely chopped onion.

Dressing: One tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ to ½ cup water, salt, pepper.

Combine in bowl the cabbage, carrot, pineapple, and onion; mix well. Blend together honey and vinegar, add just enough water to make taste desired. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over tossed ingredients, let stand in covered bowl in refrigerator at least 1 day before serving. This salad will keep stored in this manner at least 2 weeks.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Shepherd, 14 School Street, North Mackay, Qld.

PEANUT BISCUITS

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup minced peanuts.

Melt butter, add sugar, and leave over heat about ½ minute. Remove from heat, add beaten egg, sifted cocoa and flour, and lastly the peanuts. Roll into small balls with floured hands, place on lightly greased oven-slides. Press flat with fork. Bake in moderately hot oven about 10 minutes. Cool on slide. Makes about 40 biscuits.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Somerville, 211 Wyrallah Road, Lismore, N.S.W.



PIQUANT RICE piled high on an attractive platter and flavored with bacon, vinegar, sugar, and eggs makes a delicious salad. See recipe.



JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS

in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere. 475

FORD PILLS

READERS' HINTS

● These household hints from readers win £1/1/- each.

DAMP shoes will shine easily if a few drops of kerosene are added to the polish. It also prevents the leather from cracking.—Mrs. Lois Knight, 25 Wandoo St., O'Connor, A.C.T.

If you are storing wool for any length of time, it is a good idea to wind it round a mothball and thus keep moths away.—Mrs. L. C. Marshall, Kohunui, Private Bag, Wanganui-N.I., N.Z.

When boiling a fowl, always add a couple of shanks and a handful of rice. This will enrich the stock, and the chicken-flavored shanks and rice, served with a little of the thickened stock, makes another tasty meal.—Miss F. N. Breen, 20 Convent Court, N. Coburg, Vic.

Make time-saving and delicious pasties by using one tin undiluted vegetable soup, one chopped onion, pinch herbs, 1lb. minced steak. This filling saves tedious chopping of vegetables.—Mrs. Toni Lynch, 8 Palm Ave., North Manly, N.S.W.

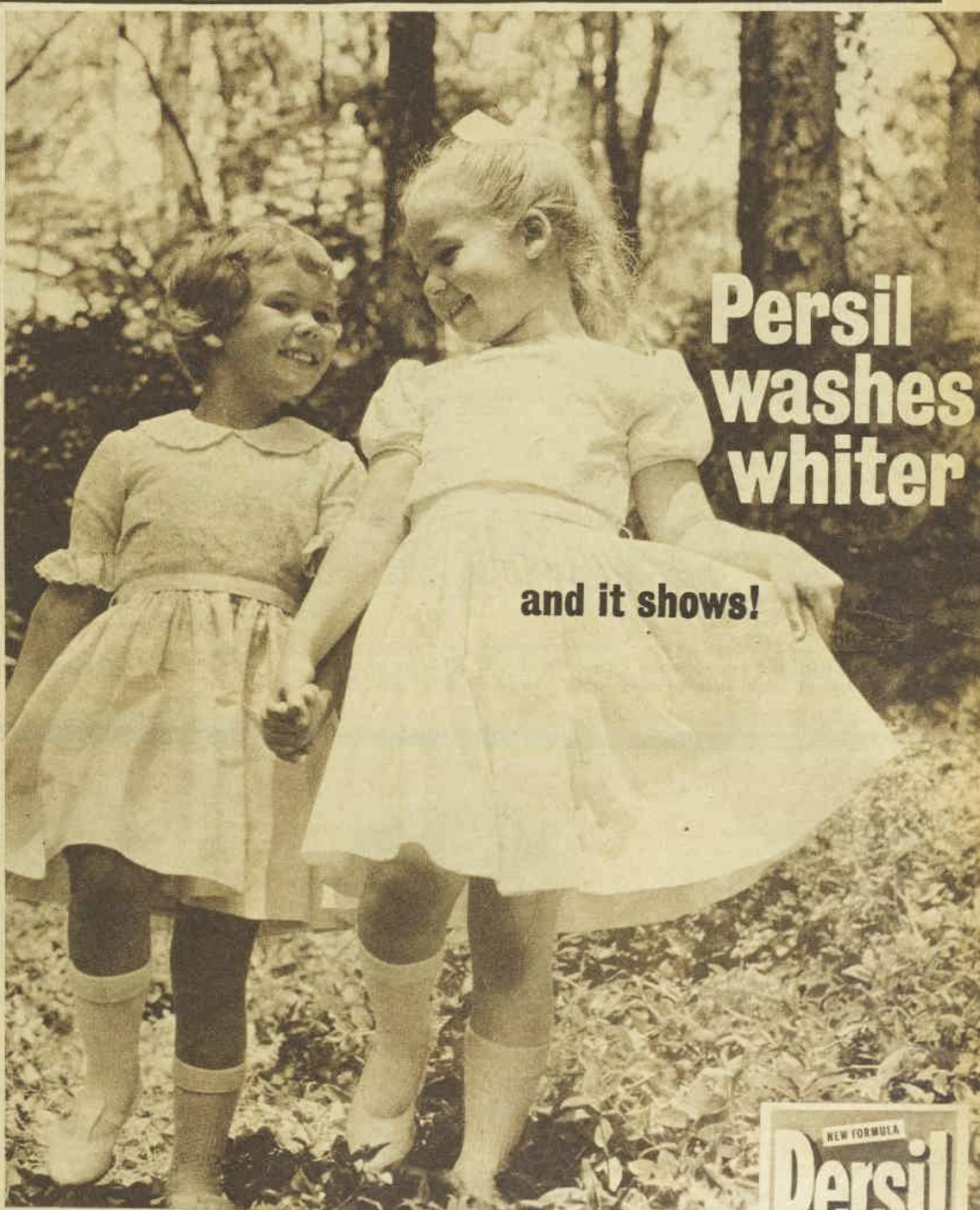
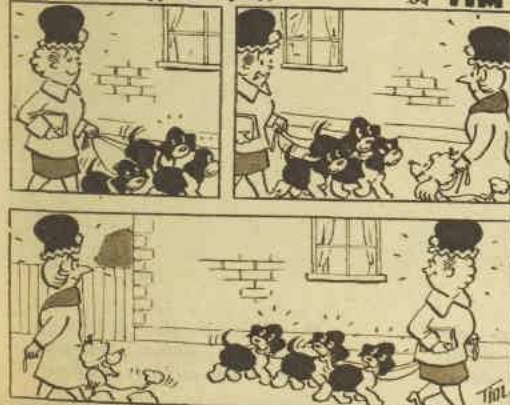
Grow a sweet potato as an indoor plant. The green foliage spreads, cascades beautifully, and lasts for months.—Mrs. E. Malone, 1142 Victoria Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.

Discarded lampshades make excellent food covers. First remove remnants of old shade, thoroughly clean wire frame, then cover it entirely with butter muslin, which must be stitched firmly round lower circle of frame. These covers are very useful for keeping insects from food.—Mrs. V. Clark, Box 157, P.O., Bega, N.S.W.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by **TIM**



Persil washes whiter

and it shows!

Persil has an exclusive "Colour-Safe" bleach to get clothes that important shade whiter!



LKPW704/63

Page 35

DEB HAIRSTYLES

**Nine international socialites
(at left and below) in the hair-
styles designed by Alexandre
for their recent debut at the
Debutantes Ball in Paris.**

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

THE Debutantes Ball every autumn in Paris is an international affair—one of the really "snob" occasions, when girls from socially established families make their debut.

Every year 40 or more of the deb's accept Alexandre's invitation to have him dress their hair for the ball.

Stylist Alexandre always chooses a special line for his deb's and spends days beforehand creating variations of it to suit each girl's features and face.

Jewelled ornaments and topknots—fake and real—were the note this year.

On the day of the ball Alexandre and his staff work from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. without a break, dressing and primping the deb's hair.

I popped in on the big day to see how they were all making out. Alexandre's salons, normally busy but organised and calm, were like a fairground.

Girls in pink peignoirs, their hair rolled up under nets, queued behind the hairdressers or sat squashed tightly together on the huge circular leopard-skin divan in the centre of the main salon, clutching a fake hairpiece or a diadem, and gossiping excitedly with each other.

Girls whose hair had already been dressed strolled about, chatting to friends and being admired, or were snatched off by photographers and television cameramen to be photographed.

Journalists pushed through the throng to talk to the girls, waiters from nearby cafes miraculously balanced trays of coffee and sandwiches through the milling groups.

Salon assistants trying to make a way for regular clients who had been unwise enough to turn up on this day of days really had their work cut out.

I even saw Alexandre dressing the hair of one famous client in the corridor near the lift—the only bit of spare room left.

A mere male seeing the girls leave with wonderfully sculptured chignons and piled-up styles was heard to say innocently, "They must have been growing their hair for months."

In fact, nearly all the girls have short hair.

The height and volume was achieved by a clever mixing of natural hair and hairpieces of various shapes and lengths.

Plain little girls came out transformed, eyes shining with pleasure at the new image which greeted them in the mirror.

Overleaf: More high-fashion hairdos



ANDREA GALE: Hairstylist Alexandre chose for her a "short" hairdo, with the ends curled on to the cheek. But he gave the style height with some rolled curls rising high at the back.



● Catherine Verdier: A regally formal style back-swept into a big chignon.



● Damienne Ravier: A long fringe and width at top to make her face shorter and wider.



● Marie-Zephyre Costa de Beauregard: Roll-curls piled high and a down-pointed diadem.



● Regine de Piray, youngest deb.: Simple style, only slightly puffed.

FROM PARIS

TWO NEW DESIGNS BY DESSANGE AND CLAUDE



ENCHANTING young style for Christmas parties designed by Jacques Dessange, a topflight Paris stylist. Sleek, uncurled hair is pulled into a jewelled ring at the nape.



SHORT blond hair is a picture of sculptured beauty with backward-flowing lines drawn into a cluster at back. By Claude, of Elizabeth Arden, inspired by Italian Renaissance paintings.



● **Corinne Peers de Nieuwburgh:** Hair draped over the ears, very high chignon.



● **Maria Jean de Heredia, of Lisbon,** with tiny topknot to suit petite face and hold diadem.



● **Monica von Bismarck:** Smoothly styled, diadem-topped, to balance a rather heavy jaw.



● **Donna Hunt:** A tall, braided chignon built up behind a branched diadem.



Soft, shining, well behaved hair with Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo-needs only one lather



Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo never over-washes your hair, never dries it. That's because its one gentle lather does not wash away the natural oils that keep hair shining, and easy to do. Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo leaves your hair at its loveliest. Gives it new softness, new shine. Keeps it better behaved, too.



◀ Sunsilk **Lemon** Shampoo for oily hair.

Sunsilk **Tonic** Shampoo for dull, lifeless hair. ▶



CHOOSE THE SUNSILK THAT'S BEST FOR YOUR HAIR

HAIRSTYLES (continued)
**THREE HIGH - FASHION
 DESIGNS**



CLASSIC features and swanlike necks, not to mention lovely shell-like ears, get full play in these high-fashion party hairdos created by Claude, of Elizabeth Arden. Above, a sophisticated braided chignon is backed with a sparkling diadem from the Rue de la Paix jewellers, Van Cleef and Arpels. At left, a profile style features a mass of rolled curls poised elegantly on the back of the head, and interwoven with jewels. This look is poised, serenely confident.

TOP LEFT. For tawny-haired girls, Claude prefers this softly sculptured, shortish hairstyle that slips out prettily in a half-turned curl on one side, bares the forehead, and makes the most of wide eyes—high fashion minus gimmicks.

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"JANET" — Attractive and smart maternity housecoat is available in woven cotton in white with aqua, pink, or blue.

Ready to Wear:
Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, £5/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/6.

Cut Out Only:
Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, £3/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/16/6.

Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 50. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication date. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Picture yourself as an OFFICER in the WRAAC

WOMEN'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN ARMY CORPS

APPLICATIONS are invited from younger women to train as officers of the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps. This is to meet an Army need for women in personnel, training and supervisory appointments throughout Australia.

BENEFITS. Better-than-normal conditions apply — full pay during all training, a well-paid career of worthwhile purpose and good working conditions as required for the standard of woman officer sought (3 weeks' annual leave, sick leave, full medical care, various allowances and concessions).

QUALIFICATIONS. Age, 19½ to 32. Medical fitness at Army standard. Education minimum: Intermediate (Junior, Third Year) or equivalent. Applicants must be British subjects permanently resident in Australia.

SELECTION FOR TRAINING. On an Australia-wide basis, in April, 1964. Initially, training is at W.R.A.A.C. School, Georges Heights, Sydney, April 27 to November 30, 1964. Applications close February 21, 1964.

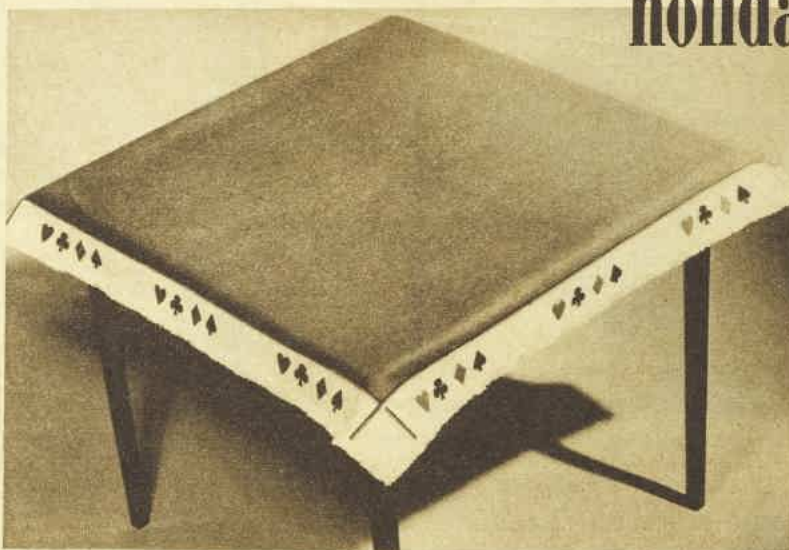
A girl can really go places in the WRAAC!



INQUIRIES by telephone or letter to the Assistant Director, W.R.A.A.C., Victoria Barracks, Brisbane, 33-4011; Victoria Barracks, Sydney, 31-0455; Victoria Barracks, Melbourne, 69-0440; Keswick Barracks, Adelaide, 53-9911; Swan Barracks, Perth, 23-1642. By telephone or letter to Staff Captain, "A" Anglesea Barracks, Hobart, 2-0541.

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

Make this pretty bridge cloth your holiday project



● An ideal weekend or holiday project, this bridge cloth fits a 30in. square card table. It measures 38in. square (with fringe).

THE cloth could be made in any size to suit any particular card table.

Materials required: One yard of 36in. emerald-green felt; ¾yd. 36in. white felt; two 9in. felt squares, one red and one black; red, green, white cotton; 4½yds. ¾in. lampshade braid (to cover joins between green and white felt); 4½yds. of narrow white cotton fringe ¾in. wide.

To make: Use a ruler, set-square, and soft lead pencil to draw 32½in. square of green felt, then cut out (no turnings necessary as felt does not fray). Cut four strips of white felt, each 36in. long by 2½in. wide.

To decorate the white felt strips, trace hearts, clubs diamonds, and spades from the shapes above on to thick brown paper and use these as paper patterns.

Pin patterns on to the appropriate red or black felt and cut out 12 of each emblem.

Arrange in three sets of four emblems on the strips of white felt, placing one set in the centre, one near each end, spaced evenly as seen in the illustration above left.

Pin in place, then over-sew each emblem to white felt with small stitches, using red and black threads respectively.

Now place the white felt strips on to green felt, overlapping edges about ½in. Stitch in place (stitches won't be seen), then pin braid over joins, crossed at ends of cloth, and stitch firmly.

Finally, sew white fringe all round cloth. If necessary, the applied emblems can be lightly pressed on wrong side.

MADE OF FELT, the cloth is decorated with card emblems traced from the shapes at top of page. Cloth is trimmed with braid, plus narrow white fringing round edge.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
 - All normal architect's services available.
 - Alterations to suit site if wanted.
- Phone or call at your local Centre at—
Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 58, P.O., Brickfield Hill), 20951, ext. 220.
Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.
- Hobart: FitzGerald's (27221).
Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.), (22-691).
Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).
Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

COUPON

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, discusses antiques.



● Fluted tea service.

One of the families in my congregation has an antique china service which has been in the family for at least three generations. The china is very thin and the pieces are fluted. There is no indication of factory or date. I would appreciate any information you could give. — The Rev. G. Treuren, Clunes, Vic.

This delicate hand-painted tea service (above) is about 80 or 90 years old. It appears to be of English origin and was probably made at the Coalport factory. However, it is impossible to give an accurate attribution unless inspected, because the fluted design and the hybrid porcelain body were turned out by many potters.



● Pair of jugs

I have a pair of jugs which my grandmother brought out from England almost a century ago. One is inscribed with what appears to be German writing and the date 1591. — Mrs. M. Thomas, Townsville, Qld.

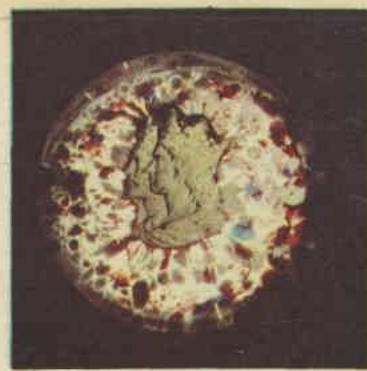
These jugs of German origin are probably Cologne pottery, and the decoration is blue monochrome. They were made during the second half of the 19th century and were reproduced in the antique style, hence the writing and date, 1591.

OUR TRANSFER



PUPPY MOTIFS for each day are from Embroidery Transfer No. 197. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of transfer 2/-.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1964



● Cameo glass paperweight

Could you please give me some information about my paperweight? It has a pontil mark on the bottom and appears to have been made in two pieces. I was told it came from Alsace-Lorraine. — Mrs. C. Kelly, Annerley, Brisbane.

This rare and exquisite encrusted cameo (or sulphide, as the French call them) glass paperweight is mid-19th century. Undoubtedly paperweights must have been made at the famous glass-houses of Alsace-Lorraine, but so far I have not encountered any references in connection with their manufacture there. In France the most notable factories producing paperweights were at

St. Louis, Clichy, and Baccarat, and in England at Nailsea, Bristol, Stourbridge, and Whitefriars (London). Your paperweight is probably Baccarat.

Generally, the paperweight produced by a building rather than a blowing process is made in at least two sections, and the pontil mark (scar) is caused by the rod (pontil) of iron used to hold the paperweight when being made. The material used to produce the cameo profiles is a ceramic mixture. Unfortunately, many modern reproduction paperweights are often sold as genuine old ones to the unsuspecting collector; they are usually ground underneath to appear old. You are fortunate to own one of such superlative quality.



Trust only Gossamer for glamorous hair

Gossamer is made from the most expensive ingredients and is carefully blended to an exclusive formula. Because of this Gossamer will hold and style your hair better than any other hair spray. Gossamer's rich lanolin esters will nourish and condition your

hair and enhance its natural beauty. There is no stickiness, no lacquered look with Gossamer. Your hair is too precious to hold with any hair spray but the best. That is why most discerning women trust only Gossamer hair spray for glamorous hair.

Gossamer is the crystal clear hair spray that adds lustre and life to your hair

Puff Size 5/11
Regular Size 10/- — Large Size 16/6

his mother replied. "And don't waste time. I noticed your bike tyres need pumping. You'll be late for school."

The day for Stella was a long procession of washing-up, preparing food, and serving meals. In the evening she went to her room. It was the same the next day and the next. Mrs. Layton told her what to do and she did it.

Stella sometimes wondered about the older woman. She watched her work from the crack of dawn till after dark, rarely stopping. Her whole life's purpose seemed to be in the farm. She did not talk about outside things, had no callers. Her expression seldom changed.

Steve was good-humored, but she saw little of him. With Ian it was different. In the early evenings when he helped Neil with his school-work, Ian would sit in the kitchen with them. He would throw a suggestion to them from over the top of the book he was reading, or make a joke and his blue eyes would smile at her. It was the only time she saw him for any length of time.

On the Sunday after he arrived Jim Baxter had taken her for a drive around the countryside, and the next day off was to be Thursday. She decided to ring him to see if he would drive her into town, but to use the phone she would have to ask Mrs. Layton. There was a telephone outside the post office about a mile down the road which she could probably use at night, and Stella decided to walk down, or perhaps borrow Neil's bike.

Continued from page 22

After eight she took her coat and hurried across the open space from the kitchen garden toward the barn where Neil kept his bike. The door was big and heavy and as she pulled it toward her she noticed a soft light inside. It was too late to go back, whoever was there would have heard the door, so she stepped inside and looked toward the light. She could hear the shuffling of animals and then a voice said, "Is that you, Mum?"

It was Ian. "No, it's Stella."

"Stella! What are you doing out here?" He rose from where he was crouched near the animal in the stall and came out into the open.

"I just thought I'd borrow Neil's bike," she said.

"At this time of night?"

"I wanted to . . ."

"To what?"

"Well, ring up."

"There's a phone in the house."

"I know, but . . ."

"No one's going to stop you using it," he said, "why didn't you ask Mum?"

"I'd rather go down to the post office."

The boy laughed. "You're a funny girl, Stella," he said.

"You know what you remind me of?"

"No."

"A foal that's just born. Those brown eyes of yours. They're wide open, and they seem to be wondering what

A LAMB IN THE FOLD

it's all about. You look as though you've only just been born."

He leaned against the rail beside her and she thrust her hands deep into the pockets of her coat. "I've never lived on a farm before," she said.

"Do you like being here?"

"I don't know. I don't have time to think about it."

"It's not much fun. My mother's pretty changed since Dad died. Did you know about Dad?"

"Mr. Baxter told me he died when Neil was a baby. A car accident."

"Yes, I was eleven. Everything changed after that. Jim Baxter was driving and Mum blamed him. She blamed him

with her. 'I'll take her back to the house,' he said.

"You'll stay here, Ian."

"No, Mother, I'll come back."

He pushed the barn door open with his foot and led the girl out into the night air. They walked together across the open paddock to the kitchen gate. "Goodnight, Stella," he said. "Please don't worry. We're two grown-up people. It's just something mother has to learn."

She walked inside and he turned back toward the barn. His mother stood leaning against the rail of the stalls, her face white, her mouth tight.

"How long has this been

"Approves of you?" The man's voice was puzzled and he frowned across at her. "Approves? Can't you manage the work?"

"Yes, yes, I can. I'm sure I do everything all right, Mr. Baxter. It's just that I've never lived like this before. I've never known just a few people in a family and had a room of my own and talked to boys."

"Ian?"

"Yes, I'm all mixed up because I don't know what's right and what's wrong. If you do something and you feel it's right, isn't it always right?"

He hesitated before answering her. "No, Stella. No, it's not always right."

"Then how are you to know?"

Nora Layton was in the

"Finish your tea and the three of us will go. Ian, you and Steve can fix yourselves lunch. And you'll have to take the cream down the road, too. I've spent so much time thinking about things this morning, I forgot about it."

In silence they drank their tea, Stella went to her room to get ready, Steve walked back to the top paddock, and Ian took the utility to the shed to get the cream.

In the kitchen, Jim Baxter stood in front of Nora Layton and said, "I don't know what has happened here, Nora. Maybe I never will. But what I have seen happen to you is what I've been waiting to see for nine very long years. You've been hiding behind an exterior of ice, Nora. What thawed you? Stella?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "Stella and something Ian said to me. The lambs I keep warm here in the kitchen in spring, and Jenny. She calved yesterday and the calf died. Ian has been looking after her. When he left her in the barn last night I went in and sat by her. Have you ever seen a cow's eyes filled with grief?"

"I'm a town man, Nora. No."

"Well, I watched Jenny. She didn't have her calf any more. But I had two wonderful boys, and very surely and very slowly I realised I was losing them. The difference between me and Jenny, Jim, is that I can do something about it."

"Are you going to, Nora?"

"Yes, I've thought about it for a long time. All night, that is. I liked Stella from the first day."

"She needs a guiding hand."

"I know. I heard what she said to you in the kitchen. Maybe things might work out that I even gain a daughter."

"You can gain more than that, Nora," he said. "I've been waiting a long time."

"I thought about you, too, Jim. I wondered why you've kept coming back here after the way I've been."

"Because I've loved you. I'm just a one-woman man. If I couldn't have you then I've wanted no one else. I've been willing to wait, and hope."

"Keep waiting, Jim," she said, "just a little longer. I can't change overnight. I've tried not to need anyone," she said in a low voice, "but I need you, Jim. I need you all."

Stella saw them as she came into the kitchen and stopped quickly. She retraced her steps, went out the side door, and watched Ian drive the utility along the drive and swing to a stop beside Baxter's car. "Cream's delivered," he called, "everyone ready?"

"Not quite . . . but I don't think we'd better interrupt them. After all, it doesn't take all day to buy a dress. What color dress do you think I ought to have?"

"Well, what about . . ."

he stopped, "here's Mum and Jim, now."

The three sat in the front seat of the car and Stella wound the window down as Ian called—"I like green, Stella."

"And I like blue," Jim said, turning the key in the ignition and starting the engine. "Green for your girl, Ian, and blue for mine."

The car moved off setting a group of chickens squawking, a small dog running at the wheels, and as they drove up toward the drive Ian stood beside the white picket kitchen gate waving his arm high in the air, watching the car turn and disappear toward town.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



for years. I don't know whether she still does. It was an accident."

"I'm sorry, Ian," Stella said, then added, "Neil and I missed you tonight."

"I had to stay with Jenny," he said, "I'll introduce you."

He climbed the rail of the stall and looked over at the animal lying on the straw below. Stella followed him.

"Hello, Jenny," she said.

"Poor old Jen lost her calf this morning. Hey, Jen, this is Stella." He turned to the girl, "You'll have to forgive her, she's a bit miserable."

He jumped back to the floor of the barn then turned around and put his hands round Stella's waist, catching her weight as she jumped down from the rail.

His blue eyes pierced into hers.

"Stella, you're lonely, aren't you? This is a lonely place," he continued. "We don't do much else except keep the farm going. But the animals mean a great deal to me. I hold the lambs in my arms when they're born, stroke the calves. They're living things and I feel they need me. They don't, really."

"No," she said, "it's more that you need them."

He looked at her, surprised. "Maybe," he said, then after a moment continued, "Things changed for me when you came, Stella."

He reached out hesitantly and touched the fair hair about her face.

"Do I feel like a sheep?" she asked.

"No."

"I'm glad you're here, Ian," she said softly, "You're the reason why I haven't really felt lonely. I've waited each day for you to walk into the kitchen. I feel as though I've known you for years and years."

He rested one hand on her waist and they stood together not moving and neither heard the door as it creaked open. Nora Layton's voice whipped through the stillness.

Stella drew back and gazed at the woman with wide, frightened eyes.

"Stella Martin, go to your room at once."

Stella moved toward the door and the boy walked

going on?" she flung at him.

"Tonight was the first time we have even been alone."

"She has been here a week. She didn't waste any time."

"Mother, when she came in here she didn't even know I was here. She came for Neil's bike."

"At eight o'clock at night."

"Yes, she was too frightened to ask you to use the phone."

"Frightened—bosh."

"She's a frightened, lonely girl, and you don't even try to help her."

"She came here to work."

"She's a human being. She has no one. Mother, I've seen you with the animals. You give more to them than you give to all the people that are around you. And she's just like a lost lamb."

The woman turned toward her son, then stood at the open door throwing her words at him. "You ought to know enough about farm animals, Ian. A lamb's looking for a mother, not . . ."

He cut her words. "Yes. For the first time you're right."

Jim Baxter arrived at the house early next morning. Breakfast was over, Neil had gone to school, and Stella was washing the dishes in the kitchen. He walked inside, slamming the wire door.

"Anyone home?" he called.

"Oh, Mr. Baxter," Stella lifted soap-covered arms from the enamel dish on the sink and turned toward him. "Oh, it's good to see you."

"Mrs. Layton about?"

"She went to the orchard."

"Ian here?"

"I think he and Steve are working in the top paddock. Will I call Mrs. Layton for you?"

"No. Do you feel like a trip into town?"

"I'm having a day off tomorrow, Mr. Baxter. Could I go then?"

"What's the matter, Stella? Is something wrong?"

"Well, in a way it is. I don't know, I'm all mixed up."

"I thought there was something from the way Ian spoke. He rang early this morning."

"Well, I . . ." she shrugged her shoulders, "I don't think she approves of me."

room before they realised it and Stella turned back quickly to the dishes while Jim Baxter spoke.

"I called in to see how Stella was getting on. Do you mind if she changes her day from tomorrow?"

The woman did not answer. She lifted the basket of fruit by her side on to the table and began placing the fruit in rows, studying each one as she put it down. "I think I'll go up to the top paddock and get Ian. We'll have morning tea early," she paused, "before you go. I won't be long." She walked out of the room and Stella turned to Baxter. "We've only had breakfast an hour ago."

"Is she angry with you?"

"Yes. She didn't say it was all right if I went, too. Do you think she'll let me? Oh, Mr. Baxter, I don't know, she might want to send me away."

"It's no good staying if you're not happy. We'll be able to find you somewhere else."

"But it will mean leaving . . . leaving everything here. I'm just getting used to everyone."

"Maybe it'll take a little while to fit you in somewhere, but we will. You're not to worry, Stella. You do have a friend, you know."

They heard the sounds of the men's heavy boots coming toward the kitchen and Jim put his hand out and held Stella's arm. "You can't fly out the window, Stella," he said. "Make the tea, we'll be in town in an hour."

When they were seated at the table Jim spoke. "You haven't answered me about taking Stella, Nora. Is it all right if we go into town?"

She did not answer and Jim looked across at her quickly. Her eyes were looking down as she stirred her tea cup and she had opened her mouth to speak. Somehow the words were not coming.

"I was going to take her in myself," she said.

All heads turned toward her as she went on, "It's about time someone saw to her clothes. Unless you know how to buy a girl a new dress, Jim Baxter."

He reached for the sugar.

"I haven't the faintest idea, Nora. But I'll come with you and you can show me."

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 8

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, blue, tan.
* Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, pink, black.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, violet.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, red.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, pink.
* Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, cerise.
* Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, orange.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, grey.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, pink.
* Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, red.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

DOLPHIN

Really! To arrive to take over a school escorted by a man with nothing on but a pair of brief shorts!

Dora King decided there and then that she would never become accustomed to this barbarous country.

Suddenly the grass plain ended. They plunged into jungle, enveloped in coolness and shade. Moss-greened trunks towered all around. Thick vines hung in loops from lower branches. Giant ferns and dwarf palms hid the earth. Orchids made patches of color in the joints of the trees. Parakeets chuckled above them. The wheels of the sulky now made a soft sucking sound in the shallow mud.

"Nice bunch of kids," Teddy told her.

Dora restrained herself from repeating that this remained to be seen. She loved children, Teddy Pugh or no Teddy Pugh.

"Like to see them?" he asked.

"It's Saturday," she pointed out. "They will all be home."

Teddy chuckled. "Like hell they will! No kid in Jindi is ever home before six on a Saturday."

He offered no more information, nor did he press her for a reply.

Through the trees ahead she suddenly glimpsed the blueness of sea.

"They're all at the beach," said Teddy.

It was plain he had taken her acceptance for granted.

He brought the sulky to a halt. In front of them was a stretch of yellow sand, beyond, the sparkling waters of a long, narrow inlet where trees grew to the very edge of the water. Playing in the water were about twenty children, the smaller ones content to splash in the shallows, the others swimming busily, professionally up and down beyond them. Half a dozen sat on rocks in the shade of a huge pandanus tree.

"Well," said Teddy, "that's them."

"Thank you," she said coolly. "I shall no doubt get closer acquainted with them in the near future. Now, would you please take me to my house?"

Silently, Teddy turned the horse about, went a few yards back along the track, then swung on to a track leading off to the right. Fifty yards farther on he stopped and indicated a small weatherboard bungalow. With relief, Dora saw that the verandah was wreathed in vines and the roof was shaded by peppercorn and jacaranda trees.

"Your place," said Teddy.

He hopped down and took her luggage. Without another word he carried the luggage up the steps to the door, opened it, took the luggage inside, and emerged almost at once.

By this time Dora was on the verandah, too. She fumbled in her purse and brought out a two-shilling piece. She held it out with a brisk, dismissing "Thank you."

The smile left his face. He looked at her with an expression amounting to reproach.

"No thanks, Miss King. This was my way of saying 'Welcome to Jindi.'"

She felt her cheeks burning at the gentle dignity with which he refused the tip. He looked at her a little pityingly now, and said:

"It's going to be real nice having a lady like you here."

"You think I'm a lady?"

"I know you are," he said simply.

Resentful of the way he

had turned the tables on her, she told him coldly:

"Next time you meet a lady, there's something I suggest you do."

"Yair? What's that?"

"Dress!"

The house was all that Dora had feared. The timber walls of the rooms were painted a hideous shade of green. The only bedroom was three-parts filled by a great brass bed. The tiny sitting-room was almost swamped by a massive velvet suite. There was a particularly repulsive vase on an overwrought mantelpiece.

The kitchen was even more depressing. A slimy sink of galvanised iron, a wooden draining-board waterlogged to a chocolate color. A rusty fuel stove and a row of stained enamel saucepans completed its equipment.

She noticed with surprise that there was a neat stack of chopped wood beside the stove. The fire had also been laid. Most surprising of all, there was a bucket standing on the table containing three fish packed in ice. On investigating the cupboard, she found that it held a small store of groceries, enough to provide plain meals for the next day or two.

Somewhere, she had a friend.

It didn't seem to cheer her up noticeably. That abandoned feeling came over her again. She dissipated it by busying herself about the house that was to be her home for—how long? She unpacked her things and put them away. Then she sat down and spent the rest of the day making notes and studying the bulky curriculum of the Education Department of New South Wales.

At dusk, she got up, lit the lamps, and, going to the kitchen, lit the stove and fried the fish. She was not in the least hungry, but supposed she had better eat. It was no use moping. She had taken the job on, and that was that.

AFTERWARDS

she sat out on a sea-grass chair on the verandah in the cool darkness. The surrounding bush was full of the shrilling of cicadas. She watched the stars come out. She wondered where all those children had disappeared to. She had a sudden yearning to hear their voices again. Lonely. She had not been anything but lonely ever since she had arrived in this country.

What was that shape on the step? She shuddered and her heart began to thump. Some sort of animal, quietly watching her. Waiting.

She rose, gasping. Still the animal had not moved. She turned, ran into the sitting-room, grabbed up the lamp, and standing in the doorway held it high so that the verandah steps were illuminated.

There it was. In a rusty jam tin, on the bottom step, someone had left her a bunch of wild orchids.

The following morning Dora inspected her new school. It was not difficult to find, because there was not much of Jindi, anyway. She strolled back down the track along which Teddy Pugh had taken her, to the beach. At the far end of the beach was a little wooden jetty, where a boat was moored. Walking out to the end of the jetty she turned, looked back and saw the whole of Jindi.

A score or so shacks standing among low sand hummocks, and beyond them, on

the fringe of the tall trees, a square timber building painted dull yellow, with large windows, standing in an acre of sandy ground. She had seen too many such buildings already to take it for anything but a small bush school.

The Department had believed in shifting her about from one town to another. Never more than a few weeks anywhere. Jindi was the first promise of anything like a long-term appointment.

She had put on a white cotton frock this morning and wore a floppy straw hat to shade her face from the sun, which, even at this early hour, had shown signs of fierceness. The sun glittered on the waters of the cove and the sand looked as though it had been scrubbed clean. There was a delicious, sharp tang in the air. The morning held promise. Promise of what?

Suddenly the din of the cicadas was challenged by another. Out of the trees burst a dozen children, all clad in briefs. Yelling their utmost, they flung themselves into the water, where within half a minute they were almost invisible behind the splashing they threw up as they played.

None of them seemed to have noticed the woman who, for some time to come, was to be responsible for their education. That, decided Dora, was all to the good. Tomorrow would be soon enough.

She walked back along the jetty, and as she reached the sand again became conscious that the splashing and the yelling had abruptly ceased. Though she did not look aside she felt the intent scrutiny of a dozen pairs of eyes.

"She looks a bit scotty," said a boy's voice.

Looking straight ahead, she crossed the smooth stretch of beach and took the track leading to the school, fumbling in her pocket for the key provided by a thoughtful Department. But the door was already open. She stepped inside to see a figure in a now familiar pair of blue shorts. Teddy Pugh was down on hands and knees scrubbing the schoolroom floor.

Dora coughed. Teddy went on scrubbing. Dora coughed again.

The sound of the brush ceased. Teddy rose and turned. "Good day, Miss King. Sleep O.K.?"

"Thank you. Mister Pugh, you are, I take it, authorised to come in here and scrub the floor?"

"Well, I was told to. The School Inspector at Panambura told me to have everything shipshape by tomorrow morning."

"I see."

"I'm the caretaker like."

"I see. You omitted to mention this fact yesterday."

Teddy looked embarrassed, he glanced swiftly down his chest at his near-nudity and said:

"Well, I was going to, but you didn't give me much of a chance, did you? I mean you just didn't want to talk to me, did you?"

She realised that this was only too true. She had snubbed the man unmercifully. She found herself flushing under the scrutiny of the vivid blue eyes. Gently he said:

"You don't like me, do you?"

The flush went and Dora, now icy, told him:

"Mister Pugh, I neither like nor dislike you. I am completely—"

"That's even worse," he sighed. He bent down swiftly and picked up the pail and brush. "That's just about the issue," he told her glancing round the room. He waved at his chest and said: "I'm

To page 44

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● We have had a riotous time this last weekend installing a TV aerial. For some technical reason quite beyond my understanding it had to go at the far end of the house from where the television set is; and out of sheer snobbery it had to be concealed under the eaves of the house instead of being stuck up on top.

"THE problem is to get the lead through from one end of the house to the other," Hugh said to me on Saturday morning. "What about one of those useless cats—d'you think it'd tow a bit of fishing line through for me?"

"Of course," I said confidently, and chose Plum on the rather obscure grounds that fitting TV aerials was work for males.

We were both anxious to make sure before we put Plum into a narrow channel in the roof that he would wear a collar and drag a piece of nylon line without panicking, so we made the mistake of having a rehearsal at ground-floor level.

We put a watch-strap around his neck and tied the fishing line to it, and Plum, far from panicking, thought it was the biggest joke of the year.

He rioted round and round the house, going up, over, and under everything he could find, and positively begging the dog and the other cats to chase the end of the line.

"He'll do," Hugh said, picking him up. "He's not scared of it, and he can't play the fool in the roof where he'll have a track only 18in. wide." So Hugh carried him gently up and fed him into one end of the gangway, while I stood at the other end to make encouraging noises.

This TV aerial was the cat's whiskers . . .

WE expected to wait quite a time while Plum stalked cautiously through from end to end of the house. Instead he came through like a tornado, and stopped dead, just out of my reach.

I shone a torch into the cavity to see what he was up to, and there he was, poised for a game, with his whiskers thrust forward with excitement and his body crouched ready to take off at top speed if he thought there was any chance of my getting a hand on him.

"Call him back from your end," I shouted, and, as soon as Hugh called, Plum turned and raced back like a hurricane—again stopping just out of Hugh's reach.

This race up and down happened half a dozen times, with Plum making loud Siamese noises which obviously meant "Come on in, it's lovely."

Since there didn't seem to be the least chance of getting him out while he was having so much fun, we finally went away and left him.

Two minutes later, still wearing his collar and towing his fishing line, he joined us in the kitchen, obviously complaining that no one in the house had any sense of humor.

We then shut Plum up in the laundry and chose Melly as our second candidate.

Melly took the whole thing with commendable seriousness. She made no objection to the collar, and when Hugh put her

into the cavity she walked solemnly and efficiently through and presented me with her end of the line.

She then went round through the garden and rejoined Hugh, watched him attach the lead to the fishing line, got in again through the hole, in spite of Hugh's efforts to keep her out, and solemnly accompanied the aerial lead through the channel as I pulled it with the fishing line.

In fact, she spent the rest of the afternoon popping in and out to superintend things and see how the work was going. We feel pretty certain that we have the only TV aerial in the country partly installed by a pregnant Siamese cat.

Just how colorful can a pet get?

I WAS amused by the recent newspaper story about Queensland cat-breeders who hope soon to have technicolor cats on the market—bright blue, red, and purple—and even more amused by the optimistic statement that "there will be a big demand for them in places like Sydney."

Who, I wonder, is pulling whose leg?

Bright blue, red, and purple are not colors, as far as I know, which have yet appeared in the fur or wool or hair of the animal kingdom.

And if nature hasn't produced bright blue, red, and purple (except in birds and flowers) during aeons of evolution, I think you'd be more likely to get a pillar-box red Persian from a dye packet than from a genetic experiment.

I sometimes wonder whether we don't already mess about too much with domestic animals.

Selective breeding for fixing certain desirable characteristics is fine where the selection is for some useful purpose (like the production of more wool and meat in farm livestock or the eradication of actual physical faults in pets). But breeding to change basic characteristics for "fashion" reasons is rather horrible.

Many of our breeds of dogs have been caricatured by selection to emphasise certain characteristics.

Fill in your own candidates. I don't dare name the ones I consider caricatures for fear of the hundreds of angry letters I'd get from supporters of one or other of the breeds!

But we shouldn't for reasons of fad and fashion alter things like the jawlines and the cranial capacities of our pets, thus unfitting them for anything like a normal animal life.

And as for the cats, well, with due apologies to Gelett Burgess—

I never saw a purple Cat,

I never hope to see one;

But I can tell you anyhow that

I'd rather see than be one!

sorry about not being dressed again. I wasn't expecting you so early."

She noticed he had shaved. He was not unhandsome, in a pagan sort of fashion, it occurred to her.

"Well," he said, "so long."

He made for the door, swinging the pail.

"Mister Pugh!"

He turned eagerly. "Yair?"

"What does scotty mean?"

"Scotty? Oh, harsh, bad-tempered. It's a kid's expression."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "so I gathered."

"Everything all right at the house?" he asked.

"Thank you, yes."

He paused as if expecting her to go on. Dora remained silent, plainly awaiting his departure.

"Well, so long," he said again, and disappeared whistling softly to himself.

Continued from page 43

Too late it became clear to her that the pile of chopped wood, the fish in the ice-bucket, even the few groceries were the work of this man. She was on the point of calling him back, but restrained herself. That would be too much like—like what? "Give these Aussies an inch and they'll take a mile," she told herself.

And the wild orchids?

She decided not even to think about those.

This was Jindi. The arms of the bay were long and low, hemmed with flawless sand, beyond and topping the promontories was the dark and solid-seeming forest which has been known to drive men mad with

DOLPHIN

its stillness and its silence. Indeed, under the great heat of the summer that forest seemed to have been fused into a rock-like mass.

The sun seemed to draw the color from sky and sea; they lay mute and pale and motionless and the air itself seemed to writhe in a silvery agony and the sand to go white like ashes. And at times the shrilling of a million cicadas completed the endless bemusement of the days.

At night, when the sky was dark, soft, and laden with stars, they shrilled briefly high in the pungent gums, and the sea came to life on the sand with the sound of strange bells.

The road that brought Dora

King to Jindi was a secondary dirt road which ran for miles across the great grassy plain inland from Jindi, islanded with jungle and lake, overrun with kangaroo, wallaby, and emu, and in the summer had to be trodden carefully, for tiger snakes came out of the grasses and lay coiled, stupefied by the heat, in the dirt.

The nearest town was Panambura, twenty miles away, whose amenities totalled a cinema, four pubs, and a Mechanic's Institute. Once a week the tradesmen from Panambura, the baker, the butcher, the iceman called out to Jindi and restocked its inhabitants. The milkman was not needed, for half of the Jindi-ites owned a cow, and also provided the half which was cowless.

Teddy Pugh provided fish and oysters, for which he was paid

mostly in kind, sometimes in beer, but rarely in money.

Jindi was the name of an aboriginal tribe, but the straight black men with the hunting spears were gone and all that remained to remind you of them were the traces of their darkness of skin and their cast of countenance among some of the people of Jindi, like the Carvers, the Olleys, and the Seftons. But only one or two of the elderly remembered seeing a full-blooded aboriginal in Jindi, so wholly had they merged with the intruding whites.

In the summer the world seemed alight at five in the morning. The sun seemed to open the skies and the eyes of the children simultaneously. The children rose and dressed, sometimes quarrelling if there were more than one of them, waking their parents who cried out to be quiet. The children went to the kitchen, cut a slice of bread and jam, drank a cup of milk, and emerged into the morning, scattering the dew from the grass with bare feet.

Jindi children learned to swim almost as soon as they could walk, at an early age most of them were accomplished swimmers and divers, so when they went off to play in the sea their parents never worried. In any case, wasn't Teddy Pugh there most of the time?

Teddy's shack was the one right on the beach within a stone's throw of his jetty and his boat. It had a tiny verandah in front, almost hidden in a thick passionfruit vine covered in purple and white flowers with frilly edges. Teddy went to sea in his boat often enough to keep himself and the rest of Jindi in fish. On the days he went in the sulky to Panambura for the purpose of drinking beer ("breaking

Beverages are best from CANS

Canned beverages give you more freshness — more sparkle. And they're lighter to carry — stack more easily in cupboard or refrigerator — chill quicker. No breakages either — and no returns.

Canned beverages are absolutely pure — every can is brand new when filled, and never used again.

Buy soft drinks, beer, fruit juices in Cans. Keep a supply handy — enjoy them at any time.



You can trust the contents of a can,

— because nothing seals like steel.

BHP Tinplate — product of Australia.



To page 45

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1964

FROM THE BIBLE

● "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

—Proverbs 16:32.

out" the Jindi-ites called it) or when the sea was too rough outside for a small boat, Teddy was missed.

Often he went over to the southern promontory to Coxtown. There was nothing there now, Dora learnt, except the ruins of the old convict settlement, a place of roofless crumbling walls where you could still see in certain walls the rings to which transported wretches had been chained a hundred years and more ago. But at Coxtown, on the mudflats of the estuary of a creek, Teddy gathered oysters, which, said Jindi, went just right with the bottled beer that came from Panambura.

The world had forgotten Jindi. Dora King told herself on that first day; but later she realised she was wrong — the world had never even heard of Jindi.

Dora could find no fault with Teddy's caretaking. She was even ashamed to surprise in herself a mean little desire to find any. But the boxes of chalk, the slates, the textbooks were neatly stacked away in the cupboard, the blackboard spotless, the desks clean, and the windows unclouded by dust or dirt.

That was all very well, but somehow she had to repulse these attempts of his to get on familiar terms with her, especially from a man who walked around almost naked and was a self-confessed wastrel. The schoolteacher was looked up to in a small community; she had to be careful.

On the Monday she got to the schoolhouse at half-past eight, thirty minutes before school was due to start. She put slates on the desks and piled books on her own desk at the end of the classroom. Tomorrow she would appoint monitors to do all this. There were, she had been told, two age groups.

She decided to keep the younger at the front of the classroom; the elder ones needed less supervision and were more interested in their work.

Or so she believed. The Jindi children were a different proposition from the others she had handled, she was soon to find.

At five to nine she put the roll-book on her desk, opened it at a new page, and placed her fountain pen on top. She took the large handbell from the cupboard and went to the schoolhouse door. The playground was deserted. The first faint misgiving arose in her. At all her other schools the children usually got there about a quarter to nine and ran wild in the playground until the bell was rung.

She reassured herself with the thought that since they all lived within a stone's throw of the school none of them bothered to get there before a minute or two before nine. She rang the bell.

But nine came and there were no children. A quarter past nine and Dora King was still the only occupant of the schoolhouse. She rang the bell again impatiently, resentfully. Only the cicadas replied. "All I need now," she thought miserably, "is a kookaburra to start laughing at me."

At half-past nine, when Dora's arms were aching from her fruitless wielding of the bell, Teddy Pugh went by fifty yards away with a fishing net draped over his shoulders. Before she had given it any thought she had called to him:

"Mister Pugh!" Teddy kept on walking. He obviously had not heard her. She ran out of the doorway and across the playground. "Mr. Pugh! Oh, Mister Pugh!" The second "Mister Pugh" carried a plain note of appeal.

Teddy halted and turned and waited as she ran toward him. He was still clad in nothing but the blue shorts.

He looked at her without curiosity, waiting while she got her breath back.

"Good morning, Miss King."

"Mister Pugh, there's obviously been a misunderstanding. None of the children has arrived for school. I've been ringing the bell for half an hour. Has anything happened?"

Teddy dropped the net in a pile and put one foot on it. "Same as any other day in Jindi, Miss King. You reckon you rang the bell?"

"Naturally."

"Well, the kids wouldn't know what that meant. That bell hasn't been used for years. They'd just think it was a cow-bell or something."

"Indeed. I suppose they are aware, in any case, that school begins at nine o'clock?"

"Well, vaguely. But Edie always used to go down the beach and call them in."

"Edie?"

"Edie Gorman. The teacher you've succeeded. She was here thirty years. A real sport, old Edie. When she retired—"

"I'm not interested in Edie Gorman's sporting proclivities, nor in her methods of getting the children into the schoolhouse."

"You say they are down on the beach?"

"Yair, but I wouldn't call them in today if I were you. They'll be wild with you. You see, if old Edie didn't

come and get them by nine or thereabouts it meant she was giving them the day off. That was usually on a Monday, too. On Mondays, Edie was often crook with the grog."

"Crook with the grog?"

"You know, a hangover."

"Are you trying to tell me that when this Edie Gorman had a hangover she just didn't bother to open the school for the day?"

"That's about the strong of it," said Teddy placidly.

"This is disgraceful!"

There was a smile in Teddy's eyes now, a mocking one.

"Do you reckon?"

"I certainly do, if what you are saying is true."

"It is," Teddy assured her.

"Then for thirty years generations of children in this place have been in the care of a drunkard who taught school when her drinking allowed her to. Have you any other word for it?"

"Yes. Heroic."

"I don't think you know the meaning of the word."

"I didn't until Edie taught me. Edie knew her weaknesses and she fought them like a tiger. But they didn't matter really. You see, Edie had something which cancelled out all her lapses. She was a true teacher, and that was everything. The kids all loved her and she loved them."

"I've no doubt they did love her, Mister Pugh. I could no doubt make them love me by giving them unofficial holidays."

"They didn't love her for that, Miss King. Edie had the gift of transmitting knowledge, she could make people want to know more. She made learning a wonderful sort of thing. I know. She taught me."

DORA was too angry to reflect that she had never expected to hear such words from this man. Her predecessor had been a drunkard who generally did not turn out on Monday mornings, and she, Dora King, was expected, it appeared, to behave likewise on a Monday.

"I must go over to Panambura," she told him. "How do I get there?"

"Well," said Teddy, "you could borrow a pony, you could go to the main road and catch a bus, but that doesn't go till three this afternoon. Or I could take you all the way in the sulky. Hey!" he said, suddenly agast. "You aren't going to see the School Inspector, are you?"

"And what has that to do with you, Mr. Pugh?"

Suddenly, this gentle, shiftless man was stern, almost hostile. He took his foot off the net, stepped away from it, and pointed to it.

"Sit down, Miss King."

"Thank you, I prefer to stand."

"Sit down!"

Astonishingly, she found herself obeying. She seated herself on the net and said contemptuously:

"How dare you talk to me like that? This is none of your business!"

"This is Jindi business, and so it's my business. I'm going to tell you about Edie Gorman, Miss King. It was she who steered me through my scholarship and taught me the worth while from the phony. She was quite a woman. She was every child's mother, and yet she longed for a child of her own. For years she and a certain man not far from here wanted to marry. Every time she was on the point of saying 'Yes' her kids drew her back."

"As I said, she was a true teacher and she was torn between two loves. That's

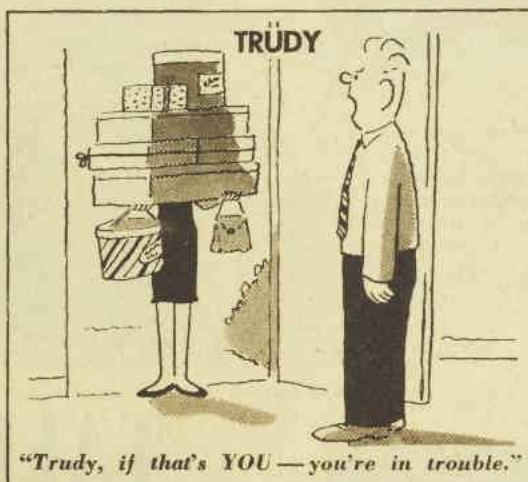
Continued from page 44

why she drank. She might have given them a holiday when they should have been in school, but she taught everyone in Jindi better than anyone else on earth could have taught us.

"Even long after we had left school, when we were beginning to get grey hairs we went to old Edie for help. And help us she always did, drunk or sober. She threw away her chances of personal happiness because she loved people so much."

Dora felt tears rising. The front of primness and reserve she wore for protection in this strange country was slipping away. She pulled herself together, but a sense of duty, hammered in by a stern course of training, still struggled with compassion for a woman she had never met and whom it seemed all Jindi loved.

Then there was the man standing sternly above her. From the person she had snubbed only the day before and dismissed as some kind of a beachcomber he had turned into a humanist, even



a moralist. Scholarship? What kind of a scholarship?

"Miss Gorman is retired now, and I have no wish to damage her reputation. But you must realise, Mister Pugh, that now I am here I consider it part of my duty to ensure that the children attend school regularly, except in the case of illness. In cases of regular truancy or absenteeism, the Inspector is informed and the parents consulted."

"The Inspector will come over and lecture the parents if you put it to him like that, Miss King, but it will get you off to a bad start in Jindi. As for damaging Edie's reputation with him, you needn't worry. You see, he's the man she loves."

This was the final blow. Coldly she said:

"You are telling me then, that my chances of enforcing discipline at Jindi School are foredoomed to failure?"

"Of enforcing it, yes. You can't force an Aussie to do anything, and yet look what wonderful soldiers they were during the war. That sort of thing took a lot of self-discipline. Get round these kids, Miss King, and they'll die for you."

Dora swallowed. She bent her head so Teddy could not see the emotions which her face must be betraying. "Mister Pugh," she said at last, "I have not the slightest idea of how to get round any Australian, man, woman, or child."

Teddy came up to her and put out a hand.

She allowed him to help her up and when she was on her feet he told her:

DOLPHIN

"How about letting me give you a lesson?"

She nodded meekly. "Very well, I put myself in your hands. What do I do?"

"The first thing you do," said Teddy gaily, "is to go home and put your swimming costume on."

Ginger Perkins was lording it as usual: a rough, tough boy with a mission—namely, to prove himself the best at everything in the world. Just at the moment he was proving he could stay under water longer than anybody else. So far as Jindi was concerned, it happened to be true, so that he strutted up and down with the water up to his waist, followed by Mamie Thoms, his chief adorer.

Several of the smaller children sat in the shallows groping in the sand for shells or small crabs. Still more sat beneath the pandanus, chewing the sandwiches their mothers had packed for them. A rivulet flowed by the pandanus with small, confidential sounds. The

child stood gazing up at Dora. She was small and thin with dark, questioning eyes.

A girl of about thirteen ran up to them. She, too, was thin, but tall for her age, with a very straight back and a swaying, natural grace. Her forehead was wide above enormous brown eyes, soft eyes, shining and wonderful and not yet hurt. Her skin was not the biscuit-brown of most of them, but a more chocolatey hue. She had the full upper lip and wide mouth of the aboriginal.

"Hello, Teddy!"

Teddy ruffled her lank black hair. "Hello, love. This is Lydia Sefton. Lydia, this lady is your new school-teacher, Miss King. She's come down to have a swim with you on her first day. Get acquainted like."

Dora found herself being gently but frankly appraised by the huge eyes.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss King."

It was almost a whisper.

"Lydia," said Teddy. "Tell Ginger I want him, will you?"

Lydia ran off.

"One of the descendants of the aborigines," Teddy told Dora. "They're all beautiful children."

She saw Lydia wade out and speak to Ginger Perkins, who turned and looked with an air of casual scorn at Dora. He thrust out his chest and waded masterfully inshore, followed by his retinue.

"Don't let him bluff you," said Teddy out of the side of his mouth. "Beneath that freckled exterior there beats a heart of gold."

Ginger Perkins was about thirteen and sturdily built with flaring orange hair. Never in her life had Dora seen anyone with so many freckles. They covered his body from his ankles to his hairline.

He approached and stood with hands on hips assessing Dora coolly. Somehow she had the feeling that he was the boy who had described her as scotty the day before.

"Ginger," spoke Teddy. "This is Miss King your new teacher. She's come down to have a swim with you. She's all the way from Eneland."

"Cripest!" said Ginger with an air of one who made a concession. "I never knew Poms could swim!"

The time had come. Dora threw off the robe to reveal a green satin bathing costume. On seeing her figure, Teddy's eyes opened in frank admiration. He had never seen such white skin before. It seemed almost cruel to send her out into that sun.

Dora kicked off her tennis shoes and put on her bathing-cap. "Do you want a race, Ginger?"

"Too right," cried Ginger, thrilling to the challenge. "See yer in the water."

He ran back in with his retinue to disseminate the news. The new teacher had rashly offered to race him—him! Ginger Perkins!

"He can swim like a fish," said Teddy, looking a little rueful. "Are you any good?"

"I was school and university champion," Dora told him. "I think I'll be able to manage Ginger Perkins."

"You beat him, and you're home and hoed," Teddy chuckled.

"I don't know what that means," said Dora, "but it sounds optimistic. Well, here goes."

"Don't stay too long in that sun," Teddy told her anxiously. "It'll fry you like a mullet."

"Mister Pugh, wish me luck," she said, and smiled at him for the first time.

"Good luck, Miss King." Under his breath he said: "You'll need it."

She ran into the water.

She waded out and stood next to Ginger in three feet of water. "Hallo, children," she greeted them. "As you all probably know by now, I'm Miss King, your new teacher. I'm pleased to meet you all, even if we should rightly be in school." A battery of stares was the only reply. "Ginger and I are going to have a friendly race."

"Ginger's a beaut swimmer," Mamie Thoms told her loyally.

"We shall see just how beaut he is," replied Dora with dignity. "Now, Ginger, where shall we race to?"

Ginger over-reached himself. Up to fifty yards he was fast, but the rock he pointed to was at least seventy-five yards away. But she was only a Pom, and even if he did tire a bit he could still beat her.

A walkover!

"See that rock with the kunjevoi on it?"

"The kunjevoi?"

"The stuff with the orange-colored knobs."

"I see it. You sure you want to race that far?"

"You're not dingoing?" cried Ginger, as though he suspected it all along.

"What does that mean?"

"It means," said Teddy, who had waded out to stand nearby, "are you trying to back out?"

"Certainly not!"

"I'll give you a start, then," said Teddy. "Everybody stand back."

GINGER PERKINS held his arms stiffly in front of him, then swung them behind him, bending his knees, poised for a racing dive. Dora remained with her arms by her side. There was no advantage in a racing dive when you stood three feet in water.

"Ready, set, go!" called Teddy, and they both hit the water and started into a crawl.

There was a concerted yell of "Come on, Ginger!"

Ginger came up from his shallow dive with his right arm poised for the crawl. He gained ten yards on Dora almost immediately. There was no doubt, he was a good little swimmer, though he tended to over-reach on his stroke and fling his legs about to adjust the timing of his kick. After fifty yards he began to tire, shortening his stroke and coming up just a little too soon with his head on the inspiration stroke.

Dora passed him easily and clambered up on the rock when Ginger was still ten yards from it. She watched his last few strokes compassionately, quite certain now that she shouldn't have challenged him to a race. She had humiliated him in front of all his idolators; he would never forgive her.

He clambered up beside her and promptly burst into tears. She sat silent, tactfully ignoring his distress.

"My, you did give me a race, Ginger. I've beaten many full-grown people much more easily. You're going to make a grand swimmer."

"Beaten by a sheila!"

"Yes, but a sheila twenty years older. That's no disgrace."

Ginger looked suspiciously at her through his dripping hair. "No?"

"Of course not. The main thing is, you didn't—what's the word? Dingo?"

"I never dingoed in my life!" asserted Ginger.

"Shall we swim back?" Dora asked.

Ginger nodded glumly and rose. "Miss?" he gulped.

"Yes, Ginger?"

"Don't tell 'em I cried, will yer?"

"Why, Ginger, I never saw you crying. Were you?"

"No, not really. I was just

To page 48

Page 45

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



PAMPAS GRASS (*Cortaderia argentea*) makes a graceful clump where there is plenty of room for it to be established. It definitely needs space to grow in, but is ideal for the large garden. Plant in winter and the bushy heads will appear in spring and early summer. This hardy plant is useful for indoor decoration.

Gardening Book — page 240

CANTERBURY BELLS (*Campanula medium*) are biennials, raised one season to flower the next. Sow seeds in January or February to harden before the winter, and they will flower the next spring. Pure white and pink and dark purple varieties are available as well as blue. Canterbury bells commonly grow to a height of about 2½ ft.



DELPHINIUMS are one of the prettiest spired flowers in the garden. Raise them from seed in autumn or buy established "crooks" in late winter. They demand very generous feeding with manure or compost and complete fertiliser, and a light dressing of lime is also welcomed. The white variety is not as common as the blue, which is seen in many gardens.

Gardening Book — page 242



ALOE sends up spires of bright orange and makes a wonderful background in a large garden. It can be planted out at any time and is extremely hardy. There are many South African species of this genus, which grows well in Australian conditions. The plants will flower in poor soil, but if given some care and feeding will respond happily and produce magnificent blooms.

Gardening Book — page 241

TALL BEAUTIES

● When a garden is being planned for year-round color, the tall-growing biennial and perennial flowers are too often overlooked.

MANY of them take a full year to reach flowering stage, it is true, but when they do come into bloom they reward you with flowers for months on end — some of them for almost the entire year.

The spired beauties you see on these pages—and others of their kind—offer an unparalleled opportunity for adding special touches of drama and color to the home layout.

For instance, you might try them planted in groups toward the back of the border or garden bed, where they're well hidden during the long growing season and require little maintenance. Suddenly, after the early spring flowers are done, they'll shoot up to become real attention-getters.

Or how about softening the lines of a house or garage? They're tall enough to do that without rigging up trellises or wires, as you'd have to do for creepers. The protected position suits them, too, sheltering from the wind that tends to uproot such top-heavy plants.

A well-placed clump of tall plants can become a garden feature in its own right. Use them to frame a view—to hide a fence—to add color in the shade of tall trees—as an exciting punctuation in an otherwise too-flat landscape. (But

be sure they're well staked when you use them like this.)

For the new garden they have a wide range of uses and can be planted to fill in until background shrubs are well grown.

At any time they'll make the flower-arrangement fan happy. For as well as adding necessary height to spectacular displays they are often long-lasting, the flowers opening gradually up the stem for some weeks. The principal exception to this rule is the brilliant mauve-pink *liatris* or "blazing star," which unaccountably begins to open from the top.

Being larger than average, the tall and handsome plants have a larger appetite, appreciating plenty of water and manure to reach flowering size. A mulch around the root area is useful, too, keeping down weeds, which are difficult to get out under the shade of heavy leaves.

Those same leaves are also liable to frost damage in cold areas, so some protection in the form of fence or shrub shelter is a wise precaution.

Other tall-growing plants include the pentstemon, gilia, Russell lupin, verbascum, celcia, delphinium, stock, echium, Easter daisy, antirrhinum, solidago, varieties of salvia, lythrum, and kangaroo paw.

Gardening Book — page 243

Lofty plants help shape a lovely garden vista



FOXGLOVES are used to highlight the lovely garden scene at Sir Robert and Lady Webster's home at Clifton Gardens, N.S.W. This graceful old-fashioned plant flowers in early summer from seed sown the previous January. Biennials, they re-sow themselves from seed each year.

OYSTER PLANT (*Acanthus mollis*) is a splendid choice for shady or moist corners, sending up 4ft. spikes of lilac-pink flowers in spring. The wonderful leaves are useful for large flower arrangements, and the plant is attractive all the year. Plant from divisions during the autumn.



HOLLYHOCKS (*althaea*) propagate themselves from seed when established and are easy to grow. Annual and biennial varieties are generally raised from spring-sown seed, or planted in summer. A sunny wall with shelter from wind is useful, for they may easily grow as tall as 10ft.

Gardening Book — page 244

YUCCA GLORIOSA is an unusual plant which attracts great attention when in flower. The erect stem, up to six to eight feet high, is densely clothed with long, rigid, sharply pointed leaves, which are responsible for the plant's common name of Spanish bayonet. It is slow growing, so it's best to buy an advanced plant. It is very drought resistant and grows well on stony banks where few garden plants could survive. It should be planted well out of the way of paths and places where children play, as the sharp points of the leaves are a source of danger. Plant at any time of year.



Gardening Book — page 245

Dress Sense

● These maternity separates were chosen for a young mother-to-be who requested a wardrobe of mixed-matched separates — the perfect answer for maternity fashions.

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could I have some styles and patterns for maternity separates? I need slacks, a long terrace skirt, a skirt for day wear, and a top that can be sleeveless or have sleeves put in."

An entire set of maternity clothes can be made from two Vogue patterns. The patterns include the designs you mention, and the separate top can be made with various details, such as a bias roll collar, attached collar with looped ends, optional pockets, and varying sleeve lengths. Details are at right, beside the illustration.

"I am being married next spring, and as I am trying to shop for a few lengths of fabric now I would like to know what shades to look for."

Look for black and white in spots, stripes, and floral designs; bright turquoise in plain and printed fabric; all bright pinks, mostly plain; yellows, including orange; and bright green.

"Please suggest a late-day frock suitable for fine black silk. My size is SSW and I am in my late forties. I don't want the style to have any sleeves."

A slim self-belted dress with a cowl neckline would look soft and becoming made in fine-textured silk.

"Please tell me if a belted shirt frock is still being worn for summer."

Yes, it is. The current summer version is often made in flower-print silk or cotton.

"Should a placket with a slide fastener be put in by hand?"

Yes, a hand finish will give the garment a high-fashion look.

5451 and 5970. — Maternity top in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust. Vogue pattern 5451, price 5/9 includes postage. Slim skirt in two lengths, shorts and trousers sizes (hip measurements) 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42. Vogue pattern 5970, price 5/9 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep Pattern Service, P.O. Box 4, Croydon, N.S.W.

"I am making a cardigan suit for winter in white wool. I intend trimming the pockets and outlining the front with braid and would like a suggestion for the color."

The famous Chanel jacket is often braid-trimmed with a sharp color contrast, such as brown on white. If the suit is for dressy wear, you might consider gold braid.

Continued from page 45

crooked about being beaten by a sheila."

"Well, Ginger, when you're a little older, you'll realise that we sheilas have our uses."

She allowed Ginger to lead the way back to the group near the beach. When she reached them and stood up he was declaring:

"I was tired. I been racing you lot for the last hour, ain't I?"

"You shouldn't make excuses, Ginger," Dora told him kindly, and left it at that. "You're a very good swimmer and one day you'll be a champion."

"Yer see?" Ginger challenged his companions.

Dora looked round for Teddy and found he had disappeared. Mamie Thoms was glaring at the woman who had brought her idol low with tight lips and hostile eyes.

She spent the next hour or so sitting in the shallows with several of the younger ones. She glanced at her shoulders and saw they were beginning to turn a dull red under the glare of the sun. She rose.

"I must go back and do some work now, children," she told them all. "I shall expect to see you all in the playground by five to nine in the morning. Mamie, Ginger, Lydia — you will be monitors tomorrow. Will the three of you please report to me at ten to nine? Goodbye for now."

As she went back to the schoolhouse she was in two minds about how she had gone down with them. She found herself wishing that Teddy had stayed in order to give his opinion of her first "lesson."

She was not to know that he lay at full length in his beat listening to it all. There was an amused, rather whimsical smile on his face.

When Dora had departed in the direction of the schoolhouse he rose and stepped on to the jetty. On the beach the children were discussing in loud voices the defeat of Ginger Perkins — an unprecedented and therefore a stunning thing — and the potentialities of their new teacher. The girls were inclined to like her, the boys to consider it a piece of unparalleled cheek for a sheila to defeat a bloke at swimming.

They turned for a verdict to Teddy, as they so often did. Teddy affected to consider it, gazing with those vivid blue eyes at the sky for guidance.

"Now you take Miss Gorman," he told them at last. "Could any of you ever beat her at marbles? No! Well, she was a sheila, wasn't she?"

"Yair, but this one's a Pom," one of the boys pointed out.

"Well, so what?" said Teddy. "Ginger, your grandpa was a Pom. Most of us have Pommy blood in us. I reckon you ought to give this new teacher a fair go."

"I reckon she's nice!" asserted Lydia. "And, Mamie Thoms, if you don't want to be a monitor, I'll do both our jobs for her."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

DOLPHIN

"You're a smoodger," sneered Mamie.

"Mamie Thoms, what did you call me?"

"Here," spoke Teddy hastily. "Who's coming for a trip in the boat?"

Twenty small voices asserted their priorities.

Defeat seemed to have made a nobler boy of Ginger Perkins. He arrived, as requested, at ten to nine with Mamie and Lydia, performed his share of monitoring at a fast rate, and went out into the playground to herd the others into school. Dora put them into their sections, keeping the very young in a circle of forms next to her desk. She gave one section a task while she gave the other a blackboard lesson. The curriculum was in motion.

She found herself constantly lured to her window — by the scents of the bush, by the calls of birds, and a strange, unidentifiable sound which came from the direction of the sea. She began to sense the paganism of these people, the timelessness, the absence of the ordinary forms of anxiety or worry. All the children were barefoot; half the boys didn't even wear shirts.

Her first impulse was to send them home to get shirts; then she restrained herself and decided to say nothing until she had seen Teddy Pugh again. It might well be that, Jindi being so poor, these boys only possessed one shirt which was kept for special occasions. Small as it was, Jindi still hid a lot of things.

SOONER or later she must start meeting some of the parents. So far they had been mere figures in the distance, bringing in a cow or jogging along the track on a pony.

The chance came sooner than she had expected and in a way she had not anticipated. Glancing down at the bent head of Eva Cavey, she was horrified to see a large ringworm.

"What is your name?" she asked. They had all called out their names to her, but only half a dozen stayed in her memory.

"Please, Miss, Eva Cavey."

"Eva, I want to see your mother. Will you show me where you live after school?"

"What have I done, Miss?" she sniffed.

"Nothing," Dora assured her. "How long have you had that round red mark on your head?"

Eva shrugged. "Tain't nothin'," she said.

Dora let the matter drop. "Wait after school for me and I'll come home with you. Don't worry, you haven't done anything wrong. I just want to meet your mother."

But Eva's large aboriginal eyes were worried for the rest of the day. Whenever Dora looked up from her desk she met their gaze, wide and questioning. She felt angry with herself that she had not waited till just before three o'clock before speaking to Eva. Passing by the child's desk, she laid a reassuring hand on Eva's shoulder, but found it shrugged off.

The child looked actually frightened. The fear had become infectious; she felt the eyes of half the class watching her mistrustfully. "It's my manner," she thought, "my unfortunate English manner." She just couldn't drop her reserve like a garment the way Australians did; she could never be casual about a personal relationship the way they were.

She was as miserable as she had been in her first lesson in Jindi. Suddenly she felt like crying. She fought the ridiculous weakness by coming sterner, more alert to each little misdemeanor. Hostility pervaded the schoolroom.

"I told yer she was acooty," whispered a voice.

When three o'clock drew near Dora was afraid that Eva might attempt to run without her. A minute or two before three she went to Eva's desk. "Come with me, Eva. She took the shrinking girl by the hand, led her to her own desk and sat her down in a chair next to her own.

She dismissed the school and sat there with Eva as they left. There was a combined and noisy dash for the door, but many of them looked back at Eva, as though commiserating.

"I feel like some kind of ogre," thought Dora.

When they had all gone she took Eva's hand and allowed her to lead her home. The child walked with her arm stretched at full length, looking away from Dora as she led her along the track toward the Cavey house.

"Cheer up, Eva," said Dora, trying very hard to relax her manner. "I just want to tell your mother about that nasty red mark on your head. You've done nothing wrong, believe me. Don't you trust me?"

Eva shook her dark head, not in negation but in perplexity. "Mum'll lam me," she mumbled. "You ain't seen Mum yet. You wait, Miss."

"You leave your mother to me," Dora told her, suddenly impatient. Ignorance! That was to be the main obstacle in Jindi.

"I could quite easily get furious," she told herself.

She looked aside at the frightened child and all her anger melted away. She wanted to take Eva in her arms and reassure her, but she knew she had been shut out.

"Eva!" she said involuntarily. But the girl still looked aside.

Duty! It was her duty to talk to Mrs. Cavey about the ringworm. She set her lips firmly and increased her pace.

The Cavey house (shack, rather) seemed even shabbier than the rest of them. Its vines and surrounding trees seemed not so much to shade or enhance as to overwhelm. It was as though the house were slowly immolating the place. A great, pestiferous lantana reared almost against the wall at the side, covered in the tiny blooms which always reminded Dora of hundreds and thousands.

A few yards away from the house Eva broke into a run and wailed: "Mum! Mum!"

A stout, brown woman in a shapeless white dress appeared in the dim doorway.

"Mum! Mum! I didn't do nothing."

Mrs. Cavey placed her hands on her hips and belligerently watched Dora's approach. Eva's wailing continued.

"What you bin doin' to my kid?" demanded Mrs. Cavey.

"Quiet, Eva. I've told you, you have done nothing wrong."

"I've not done anything to your child, Mrs. Cavey. By the way, I'm Miss King, the new schoolteacher."

"Yair, I tipped that."

"I happened to notice that Eva has ringworm on her head. It must be attended to before she can come to school again."

"Keep her away from school because of that. All the kids get it now and then."

"It's highly infectious, Mrs. Cavey."

"What's that fancy word mean?"

To page 50

Summer dresses at budget prices

● These beautifully cut budget-priced dresses are available ready-made or cut out ready to sew. The dresses are made in easy-care fabrics and in a wonderful summer color range. Address mail orders to Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344-6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Please make a second color choice and mention name of garment. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"JO ANN." — Empire-line shift in sundek in the following color arrangements: royal-blue, red, and white; pink, pale blue, and white; royal-blue, powder-blue, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/18/6. Postage 6/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/6/6. Postage 6/- extra.

"MAGGIE." — Attractive three-piece suit in sundek — color choice of mid-blue and white, navy and white, pink and white, lemon and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/16/6. Postage 6/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/4/6. Postage 6/- extra.

"JILL." — Poplin dress with contrasting belt in colors of white with red and royal-blue trim; pale blue with royal-blue and white trim; pale pink with deep pink and white trim; pale aqua with deep aqua and white trim.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/15/6. Postage 6/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/17/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/19/6. Postage 6/- extra.

"ELIZABETH." — Sleeveless slender-line dress made in check poplin. The color choice includes pink and white, aqua and white, lemon and white, black and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/13/6. Postage 6/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/19/6. Postage 6/- extra.

"It means the other children will catch it if they keep making contact with her and it's not attended to. It's quite simply cured, I assure you, but I think it's best she stays away while it's being treated."

"Yair? And let me tell you something, Miss King," shouted Mrs. Cavey. "I've got neither the time nor the money to take her into Panambura to see the doctor. We ain't got no National Health like you Poms have. We have to pay the — doctors in this country!"

The adjective applied by Mrs. Cavey to the doctors made Dora gasp and let go of Eva's hand. Eva promptly scuttled under the lantana. Dora took a deep breath.

"Mrs. Cavey, I'm trying to help you. This ringworm must be treated before it spreads through the school. I would be failing in my duty if I allowed a child with an infectious disease to come to school untreated. It's quite simple really. One jar of ointment will cure it."

MRS. CAVEY raised an arm and pointed vaguely into the infinite. "Well, you get the ointment and cure it! I got five kids and my hands are full!"

"Very well, Mrs. Cavey. If I have your permission I shall take Eva into Panambura and let the doctor see her. In the meantime, will you please keep her at home?"

"Keep her home! What do yer want a woman to do? Chain her up with the dogs?"

"Mrs. Cavey, must you be quite so emphatic?"

"Quite so what? Are you trying to say I've got some disease now?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Cavey. I'll arrange to take her in tomorrow afternoon if I can manage it. In the meantime I think I have some ointment of my own which might help."

"Well, you bring it back and slap a bit on her and don't bother me. I'm doin' the tea. My old man's a timber-cutter and he comes home hungry."

"I'll take her with me now then."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Cavey. "You get her out of that lantana and you're welcome to her."

"Eval!" called Dora. "She won't come." Mrs. Cavey remarked complacently.

"Couldn't you call her?"

"I could, but it's a waste of breath."

"Then I'll call later. Perhaps she'll have emerged by then."

HAPPY HOLIDAY?

Or will tummy upsets spoil the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your kiddie may become irritable and grouchy — just when he should be having fun. Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. For grown-ups, too. 3/3 at your chemist.

BACKACHE

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CRYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific, Laboratory-tested and Certified CRYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 4/6.

"O.K.," said Mrs. Cavey contemptuously. "you do that, Miss King."

"Very well. Goodbye for now, Mrs. Cavey. I'm pleased to have met you."

"Charmed, I'm sure," intoned Mrs. Cavey, but in a slightly less aggrieved tone.

Dora went back down the track and made dejectedly for her own bungalow.

Here, another shock awaited her. Along her verandah rail she found scrawled in white chalk:

SCOTTY OLD KING

Fearfully, she threw open the door and looked inside. But the interior was untouched. They had merely wanted to express their opinion of her, not to retaliate for any imagined injustice. For this relief, she thanked her luck.

She thought of making herself a cup of tea, but found she hadn't the heart even for that. The house was stifling. A swim seemed the only thing likely to make her feel better. She changed into her swimming costume, put her beach robe round her, donned tennis shoes, and made for the beach. As soon as she emerged from the scrub she heard the children playing in the water.

As she came to the beach she heard the sudden cessation of their revelry. Looking straight ahead, she traversed the beach, passed Teddy Pugh's jetty and clambered along the rocks until she reached the large rock to which she had raced Ginger Perkins the day before.

Here, she threw off her robe, kicked off her tennis shoes, and plunged in. She swam out a long way, until she felt the gentle swell take charge of her. She looked back at the beach. The children were playing once again, their teacher forgotten.

She trod water for some time, and slowly there came to her the realisation that she was looking back to the beach for the sight of Teddy Pugh. The sea, the sky, the distant children all combined to make her feel immeasurably lonely. She ached for her English county and her mother's fireside, with the cocker stretched out on the hearth rug and the fat cat curled up in a chair. Let it rain, blow, or snow, she would be with people she understood, and, more important, who understood her.

She shook herself free of this forlorn feeling determinedly and swam strongly back toward the rock. She clambered up it toward her robe to find Lydia sitting there.

"Why, hello, Lydia!"

Lydia looked on the point of tears.

"Anything wrong, Lydia?"

"No, Miss."

"What is it then?"

"I've got a secret to tell you, Miss."

"I love secrets. What is this one you want to tell me?"

Lydia gulped. "It's nothing really, Miss. I just wanted to tell you that I don't think you're scotty."

And Lydia sprang up and ran back across the rocks, agile as a mountain goat.

Dora laughed wryly to herself. You couldn't win with children. Just when you hated them the most one or other of them came along and touched your heart.

She put the robe and tennis shoes on and walked back to the beach. This time the children did not even notice her. She was not sure which was the worse; the silent hostility or the indifference.

Well, tomorrow was another teaching day.

How on earth had Edie Gorman stuck it out for thirty years?

Along the track she met a

Continued from page 48

man, a stout, brown, jolly-faced man in his forties.

"Good evening," she said, "I'm Miss King, the new schoolteacher."

"Oh, yair!" He broke into smiles. "I'm Lydia's old man."

"Yes, I've just been talking to her."

"She was telling us about you. She's a bit your way."

"I'm grateful for that much," said Dora acidly. "Tell me, do you know where I can find Mr. Pugh?"

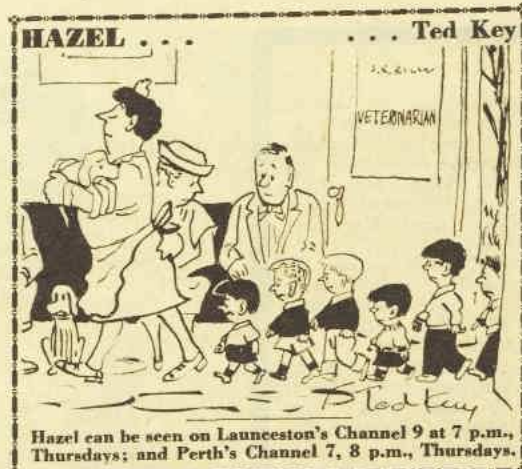
"Teddy? He's broken out."

"I don't understand."

"He's gone into Panambura on the booze."

Her spirits sank even lower. "I see. When do you expect him back?"

"We don't, but these razzles usually last about three days."



Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Perth's Channel 7, 8 p.m., Thursdays.

Seeing the dismay on her face, he asked her:

"Is there anything I could do?"

She stopped herself from telling him she wanted to get into Panambura. He would find out why from Lydia and Mrs. Cavey and there had been enough trouble already over Eva's ringworm.

"No, thank you, it's quite all right. I wished to speak to him in connection with the schoolhouse."

"Oh, yair, Teddy's caretaker, isn't he?" He chuckled. "Does quite a few jobs in his own quiet way, old Teddy. Well, good evening, Miss King."

"Good evening." She continued on her way back to the bungalow, wondering whether she could manage the walk with Eva to the main road to catch the Panambura bus. What other jobs did Teddy Pugh do, besides looking after the school and providing fish and oysters?

She thought for a minute about borrowing one of those shaggy little ponies (brumbies they called them) she had seen some of the Jindies riding, then thought better of it. She had no riding clothes, and she would look extremely undignified astride a small horse in a skirt. And she knew from bitter experience how vital it was for a teacher to retain her dignity. Oh, hang Teddy Pugh and his "breaking out!"

She had a restless night, disturbed by her dreams, the scuffling of possums in the roof and the mournful cries of the mopeke. She rose early, heavy-eyed, and ate the bleakest breakfast of her life.

At school it was equally bleak. The children were unflatteringly quiet. Even Ginger Perkins, though just as assiduous as a monitor, bore an air of reserve, rather as though he were suspending judgment. Only Lydia still

DOLPHIN

gazed at her with her adoring pools of eyes. As soon as they had settled in their desks all eyes turned to the empty one where Eva Cavey had sat yesterday.

All through the morning's lessons they were most un-nervingly well behaved. When she released them for the eleven o'clock playtime they filed quietly through the door; the sudden burst of exuberant noise out in the playground was like a bomb going off. For her, it was equally demoralising.

Nevertheless, during the course of the day's school, she made up her mind about what she was going to do. At two o'clock she called Ginger and said:

"Ginger, exactly how far is it to the bus stop on the main road?"

It was deserted. She called Eva's name, but there was no answer. She went to the edge of the lantana and called again. Silence. She hurried back to the beach, where there were already a dozen or so children, who must have dashed there straight from the schoolhouse. There was no sign of Eva.

Disappointment and anger were followed by determination to get to Panambura, come what may. She pulled her floppy hat down over her eyes and took the track to the main road. Emerging from the trees she was grateful for the breeze blowing out of the north-east, cooling her and whipping her skirts around her knees. She stepped out, forcing her pace, and promising Mrs. Cavey a good old-fashioned telling-off next time she saw her.

She needn't have hurried. She made the bus stop at ten to three. The bus arrived half an hour later. She might have known!

The driver recognised her. "Ar, there, Miss! How're you going at Jindi?"

She told him very well, thank you, and settled back on the dust-covered seat, gazing steadfastly out of the window all the way to Panambura.

The bus swept up Panambura's dusty main street and jerked to a halt outside O'Flaherty's Southern Cross Hotel.

As she got out she asked the driver where the handiest doctor was to be found. He pointed diagonally across the road. "Next to the grocer's over there. Doc Manning."

Dora hurried across, found an unpolished brass plate on a door, and wielded the big iron knocker.

A huge, fat man in shorts, sandals, and a T-shirt came to the door and amiably inquired: "Yair?"

"I'm looking for Doctor Manning."

"That's me."

She concealed her surprise and said:

"I'm Miss King, the schoolteacher from Jindi."

"Oh, yair! Old Edie's tossed it in at last."

"I've come to see you about a pupil of mine at Jindi. She has ringworm."

"Oh, yair?"

"I tried to bring her in to see you. Apparently she's gone into hiding. Can you give me something for her?"

"Ringworm. Half the kids have it just at the moment."

Sure, I'll give you something. All you need is a bit of ointment. Apply it twice a day."

Ten minutes later she left with the ointment. Coming into the street, it occurred to her that she had not bothered to ask about return buses to the Jindi turn-off. She felt completely lost.

But wasn't Teddy Pugh somewhere in Panambura?

She drew a deep breath and walked into the Southern Cross. The entrance hall was full of begonias, aspidistras, and dwarf palms. It was deserted. Peering through a hatch, she saw a large man (most of these Australians were large anyway) who gave an appearance of being in charge. Even then, it took her several minutes to catch his eye. Seeing her gesture, he came to the hatch.

"Hello, kid. You in strife?"

"I'm looking for Mister Pugh."

"Who? Teddy? Cripes! You won't get no change out of Teddy this stage of the game. Here, see him in the morning, eh?"

Dora set her lips. "Then he is here somewhere?"

"Well . . . yair . . . but . . ."

"I wish to see him."

"Listen, kid, are yer sure?"

"Yes, I am, and would you kindly cease calling me kid?"

The joviality left the man's face. His lips tightened. "O.K., grandma. Teddy Pugh coming up!"

The hatch slammed down.

She stood amidst the aspidistras and the dwarf palms in the dimness of the hall, conscious of a fast-beating heart. A little way along the passage a door flew open and released the sounds of revelry. The large man emerged holding a limp, foolishly grinning Teddy under the armpits. He bore Teddy across the hall and dumped him across a sofa. Teddy opened one eye, waved aimlessly, and promptly lapsed into drunken snores.

"There you are, grandma," said the large man tersely. And he went back into the room, shutting off the noise of the revellers within.

Teddy snored on.

Dora grasped his shoulder distastefully and shook him. He gave one convulsive snort and fell over sideways, snoring louder than ever. Not far from tears, Dora made for the doorway, and found herself confronted by a man who asked: "Can I be of any help, Madam?"

To page 52

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 924.—CHILD'S FROCK

Little girl's unusual frock is cut out to make in white cotton printed with pink or aqua rose buds. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 21/-; 6 years, 22/6. Postage 2/- extra.

No. 925.—LUNCHEON CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Luncheon set is cut out to embroider with floral design on cream or white Irish linen. Cloth is 36in. square and costs 18/6 plus 2/- postage. Serviettes are 11in. square and cost 1/11 each plus 3d postage. Set of cloth and 4 serviettes costs 22/6 plus 2/6 postage.

No. 926.—DUCHESS SET

Three-piece set is cut out to embroider with unusual flower design on cream or white Irish linen. Price 9/6 plus 1/6 postage.

No. 927.—SHIFT FROCK

Slim-fitting shift dress is cut out to make in white polished cotton printed with grey and charcoal spots, blue and teal spots, a green leaf design, or a plum design. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/6. Postage 4/- extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Needlework Notions, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





make it a real picnic! boil a billy of tea



It's a clean, lively taste, tea—an outdoor taste. That's why no picnic's really complete without a billy of tea bubbling over the burning gum wood. And tea refreshes you much more than any cold drink ever could—because it revives you, too. There's nothing so rewarding if you've been running around under a hot sun, nothing so warming if the wind is brisk. So make the most of tea. Make it good and hearty—a good big spoonful for everybody *and one for the pot*. Make enough for second cups all round.

When you're picnicking or when you're at home, tea is the lively welcoming taste.

RIGHT WAY TO BOIL THE BILLY

People from overseas often ask 'how do you make such delicious tea?' But brewing a billy of tea at its best is easy. Here's all you have to remember:

Wait till the billy is boiling. Then toss in two good handfuls of tea (you'll probably like your tea a bit stronger in the open air). When the tea leaves sink to the bottom of the billy, the tea's ready to serve.

ENJOY
THE LIVELY
TASTE OF



Tea Council of Australia

Page 51

He was neatly dressed in a business suit, the first man she had seen in Panambura with a collar and tie. He had wiry grey hair which grew up straight from his skull like young wheat. A pair of round, hard, greyish eyes stared from a long, thin face. His jaw was bony and inflexible. He looked like the last sort of man likely to offer help to a lady distressed.

Disliking him instantly, she replied: "It's all right, thank you. I came to see Mr. Pugh about some work I had for him, but he appears to be temporarily unfit."

She found herself faintly resenting the air of patronising contempt with which he remarked: "Oh, that's his usual condition. Teddy's had his chances and drunk them away."

She began to wonder how she could escape from him.

"Let me see," he said, looking at her appraisingly, "you'd be the new school-teacher from Jindi. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Now let me deduce further," he said jocularly. "You've come in from Jindi and now you want to go back. Teddy here isn't fit to drive his sulky, the next bus isn't till tonight, and you're wondering just how you're going to get home."

"That more or less sums it up," she admitted.

"Then," he exclaimed, "you're lucky to have run into me. I happen to own the only taxi in Panambura."

She began to dislike him a lot less. "How much would you charge to drive me back to Jindi?" she asked him.

"Miss—"

"King."

"Miss King. My name, incidentally, is Baker. Arnold Baker. You'll hear a lot about me if you remain in

these parts. Miss King, I will drive you to Jindi myself free of charge. It will be a pleasure. It's not often we get an English lady of your calibre in Panambura."

"Oh, no!" she protested. "I couldn't let you do that!"

"Miss King," he told her impressively. "I insist. I don't want you to think that we're all like this drunken sot here."

"He hadn't actually been hired to take me back," she said defensively.

Baker sniffed. "Just as well, I'd say. Miss King, will you step this way? I'll show you the car. I'll send the driver packing and take you myself. No," he went on as she made to protest, "it will be a pleasure. I shall be honored to perform this small service. I, Miss King, know a lady when I meet one."

DORA surrendered. In a loathsome sort of fashion the man was quite overwhelming. Anyway, beggars couldn't be choosers. She accompanied him out of the hotel and across the wide main street to a large Chevrolet where a man dozed behind the wheel with his cap over his face.

"Lose yourself," snapped Baker through the open window. The man woke, started, and promptly vacated the car. Baker opened the door on the passenger side.

"Miss King, would you care to be seated?"

"I can't begin to thank you," she said faintly.

If only he'd stop calling me a lady! thought Dora. The Chevrolet lurched off in the direction of Jindi.

On the outskirts of the town they passed a large garage with a line of petrol pumps in the front.

"Mine!" said Baker, indicating the garage. Fifty yards

Continued from page 50

farther on, they passed a small fairground with a merry-go-round and a few scattered sideshows. "So's that!" added Baker.

Arnold Baker was obviously an important man in Panambura and was well aware of it. Her rescuer sent the car tearing along the dusty road in the direction of Jindi. Dora clutched the large jar of ointment tightly in her hand and registered a vow to apply to the School Inspector at Panambura for some form of transport.

Baker insisted, despite her protests, on driving her right through the trees to the track leading to her bungalow. Here the tracks were far too narrow and rough to take his large car. Once more, with another set of assurances and frequent use of the word "lady," he refused to allow her to pay for the drive.

"Can I see you to your house?" he asked.

"I'm not going home," she told him truthfully enough. "I'm calling in on the Caveys."

It was plain he had been angling for an invitation.

"Then I'll see you to the Caveys," he said generously.

"I don't think you'd better," she told him, holding up the jar of ointment. "They have an infectious disease. I came into Panambura to see about it."

He suddenly lost his enthusiasm to escort her. "I quite understand, Miss King."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Baker," she told him.

"Don't mention it. Next time you're in town, look me up and I'll buy you a drink."

"I shall," she promised. "Goodbye."

He gave a last admiring glance at her long, slim legs

DOLPHIN

and sent the car roaring back up the track.

Dora hurried along to the Caveys with the ointment, determined to apply the first lot herself.

She was fortunate in coming on Eva just as the child was crawling out of the lan-tana. She took a firm grip of Eva's sleeve and led her to the house.

"I've got the ointment for your head, Eva," Eva whimpered. "It won't hurt, child. I'm afraid I shall have to cut your hair off around the ringworm. It will all be gone in a few days and then you can come back to school. Is your mother in?"

"No, she ain't," mumbled Eva.

"Never mind. Take me inside and find me a pair of scissors."

Eva obeyed glumly. Dora trimmed the hair surrounding the ringworm and put on a generous application of ointment. She came to the conclusion that it would be a waste of time leaving the ointment for Mrs. Cavey to apply. The woman would most likely throw the whole jar in the sea.

"Now, Eva, I want you to come to my house at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Will you?"

Eva sniffled and nodded.

"I shall come and fetch you if you don't. When I've put the ointment on tomorrow I'll give you some sweets. And try, if you can, to keep away from the other children."

She borrowed pencil and paper and left a note for Mrs. Cavey, repeating her instructions. Then, tired out, she went home and slept on the

top of her bed. When she awoke it was dark. All around the house the bush was wrapped in silence.

Dora lit the lamps and settled down in the sitting-room to correct exercise books. She worked steadily for half an hour, gratified at the high standard of the work which had been turned in. For an isolated bush school it was truly surprising. She began to have a dawning respect for the retired Edie Gorman. What Teddy had said about Edie's gift of making schooling a pleasure was starting to sound feasible.

She rose, yawning, from the table and decided on a snack and a cup of tea. In the kitchen the kettle was singing gently to itself on the stove. She put tea in the teapot and poured water on it. Then she cut herself cheese and tomato sandwiches. She was still busy slicing bread when she heard a noise on the verandah and a human voice making incoherent sounds.

Good heavens, what was it now?

PLUCKING up her courage, she ran to the front door, then halted, startled and angry.

Teddy Pugh, in the shorts, sandals, and shirt she had seen him in earlier, stood swaying in the doorway, supporting himself against the door jamb and peering bleary-eyed into the house.

"What are you doing here?" she asked him furiously.

"Ullo," mumbled Teddy happily.

Dora repeated her question even more angrily.

Teddy appeared to be reflecting. "What . . . ?" Then memory seemed to return. Triumphant he told her: ". . . said you were

looking for me in Panambura. Just thought I'd see what you wanted. Help you all I can . . ."

"Mister Pugh, you're drunk."

"No!" marvelled Teddy. "Will you please leave?"

Teddy leaned back dangerously, groped in the darkness behind him, and finally straightened up, holding a bottle of beer aloft. "Thought we might crack a bottle together," he explained.

"Please—take your beer away."

Teddy wagged a reproachful finger at her. "Crooked on me 'cause you couldn't find me in Panambura. Miss King unfair to Teddy Pugh. Thash what."

"I found you in Panambura, Mister Pugh. So drunk you didn't even recognise me."

"Ish a lie!" said Teddy indignantly. "Recognise you anywhere. Prettiest woman I've ever seen. Have a drink!"

"Mister Pugh, for the last time, will you leave?"

Teddy considered the proposal with great seriousness. "Not until you tell me what you wanted me for in Panambura."

"I'll be pleased to tell you when you're sober, and not before."

"Hard woman," mourned Teddy. "Will you marry me?"

"Mr. Pugh, you're not funny. Now please go."

"You don't wanna liddle drink?" asked Teddy wistfully.

"No!"

Teddy shook his head perplexedly. "Doan understand you. You come into town looking for me and when I find you you give me the shove. Why?"

"Go!" cried Dora. Teddy suddenly looked

To page 53

Romance has faded right out of my life!

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY MIKE SUDDENLY FADED OUT OF MY LIFE. IF YOU KNOW HELEN, TELL ME. HE SEEMED SO INTERESTED

WELL, IF I WERE YOU JANE, I'D SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH. IT CAN BE DEATH TO ANY ROMANCE

JANE SEES HER DENTIST

TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—ITS ACTIVE, PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH—PROTECTS YOU AGAINST BAD BREATH AND FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

COLGATE FIXED THIS ROMANCE FAST, NOW JANE AND MIKE ARE SET TO LAST

STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

TO STOP BAD BREATH AND FIGHT TOOTH DECAY BUY COLGATE... THE BEST-TASTING DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD

—ANOTHER REASON WHY MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM



FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH... MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!

Just one brushing with COLGATE STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY as no other toothpaste can — ANY COLOUR — ANY KIND

* Get the big family size and save 3/-

DOLPHIN

Teddy Pugh had a romantic streak, it seemed. Come to think of it a lot of romantics drank heavily; it was a way of evading the harsh realism of modern existence.

She still arrived home to find various small jobs about the house had been attended to in her absence. With the fuel stove burning, the house became unbearably hot unless the doors were left open, with the fly-wire outside doors barring the marauding insects. But the fly-wire was rotten in several and she had to shut the wooden doors and put up with the stifling air.

One afternoon, however, she got back to find that the fly-wire had all been replaced by new stuff. Now morning, noon, and night she could have the house cooled by all the stray breezes that blew in from the sea.

Tuesday afternoons were devoted to sport, according to the curriculum. "Sport" meant nothing else but swimming and races on the beach. She began to teach breast-stroke and crawl to the smaller ones and iron out the style of the more experienced.

She allowed Ginger to beat her at fifty-yard dashes along the sand; he always strutted after these victories, making up for that defeat in the water. It still rankled. Their amazement at a Pom being able to swim at all, let alone being able to beat Ginger Perkins, lingered.

Yes, Jindi was kind to her in its primitive way. The ice-man called when she was at school and filled the top of the huge ice-chest with several days' supply of ice, and every day or so she opened the ice compartment to find fish and oysters.

Never any explanation, never any inquiries subsequently about whether she had found them, no subtle hints about the possibility of being thanked. It was so obvious, despite everything, that Teddy didn't want to be thanked — just to be allowed to do for her what he appeared to do for the rest of Jindi.

Eva's ringworm quickly cleared and she returned to her place in the classroom. The marine collection on the schoolroom shelves grew; the children brought seaweed, conch and cowrie shells, giant clam shells, sea horses, and from out of the bush, for the botany collection, orchids and stag horns, ferns, and a score of strange blooms.

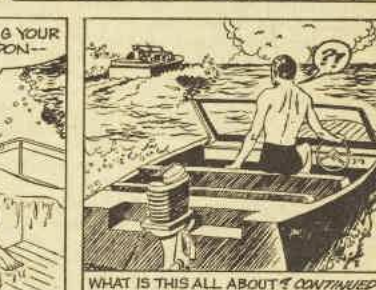
The bush and the sea invaded the classroom. In fact, it seemed at times that the walls did not exist; that she and all the children sat in trees by the side of the sea, bathed in nature as they absorbed the accumulated wisdom of man. And this wisdom, in such surroundings, often seemed puny and hardly worth while absorbing.

All the summer days there were the singing sea and the scented bush which met it, and beyond, toward the far-distant ranges, the great forests and jungles with the flowered lakes, the silver torrents, the people. Kind, casual, and careless.

To be continued

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

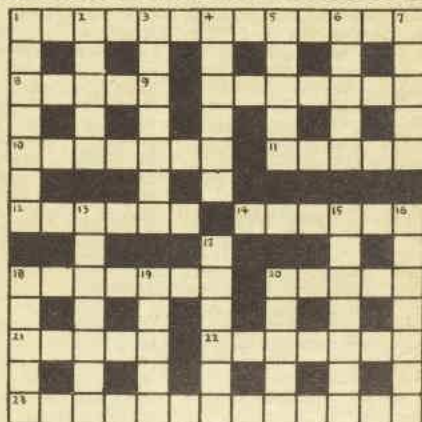
TWO men from a foreign embassy seek out Mandrake because of his startling resemblance to another man. Narda and Mandrake go water-skiing, unaware they are being watched. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Hook, line, and sinker (7-6).
8. Irritate with ease after tea (5).
9. Detachment on guard at some distance from main army (7).
10. Such nose is continuing the line of the forehead (7).
11. Provider with a feline start (5).
12. Corrects (6).
14. Automatic quick-firing gun with splendor for a start (6).
18. Modern card game (7).
20. Vehicle at a unit of weight (5).
21. Open-mouthed with wonder (5).
22. Of the month succeeding the present one (7).
23. Delivery follows it (8-5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Tiredness with a greasy start (7).
2. Pleasant when Eva is back with us (5).
3. The Arctic little auk (3-4).
4. The floor is round, the head excepted (6).
5. A buffoon sounds very old (5).
6. A Russian whip (5).
7. Come in (5).
13. Sets of nine made by Anne's Ed (7).
15. A good wine and I with a short company forms a colonnade (7).
16. Pick a rug for a start (7).
17. Small boat used in China and Japan (6).
18. Spasmodic, painful contraction ending in swindle (5).
19. Starts life as water (5).
20. Timepiece in a prismatic locker (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



correctly or make change. It was not her fault. Some people understand mathematics and some people don't, and Lolo was a charter member of the latter group.

When she was fired from that job, she went to work in a bookstore. In the confusion of the Christmas rush, she had sold a copy of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to a 13-year-old boy to give to his grandmother. That was the way things went for Lolo, and naturally the money in the bank had diminished rather more rapidly than she expected. Three thousand, two thousand, one thousand, five hundred, one hundred, fifty, twenty — blast off! This, she guessed, was blast-off time for her, since she barely had twenty dollars in the world.

She closed her eyes against the flood of despair and the sharp loneliness which enveloped her like a cold bath. She thought she could stand poverty, or embarrassment, or hard work, or wrinkles, or anything, if only she wasn't so incredibly alone.

She sat up and reached for the lavender chiffon robe with the daisies embroidered on it. She put on the gold mules and padded to the kitchen, and put on the water for instant coffee. She opened the front door and tiptoed across the hall and picked up Sammy Arco's morning paper. He was an entertainer and always slept late, which gave Lolo time to read his paper thoroughly and put it back in place.

For a moment Lolo just stood and stared dreamily at Sammy's closed door. If only Sammy would get interested in her. They were so much alike in many ways, both easy come, easy go. Of course, Sammy was younger than she was, but not too young.

Sammy came from Smackover, Arkansas, and he was enormously tall and skinny, with a big head and long, gaunt face that could light up with the most enchantingly boyish smile. Lots of times they'd have Sunday brunch together, and sometimes he'd sit around all the afternoon, strumming his guitar and singing some of the numbers he did every night at a battered little bar called the Blue Spot.

But when Lolo had tried to steer Sammy's thoughts gently in her direction, she had accomplished nothing. When she asked him if he hadn't ever thought of marrying, Sammy just said, "Oh, I reckon some day I'll find me a rich widow lady and settle down just strummin' and lollin'. Some day, maybe."

With a sigh, Lolo returned to her own apartment. Sipping coffee and nibbling on a roll, she turned to the daily horoscope. Her advice for the day was: "This is your day! Get out and be active! Circulate! Accomplish things! Then in the evening, relax with loved ones." Somehow this information gave Lolo a grain of confidence, though she couldn't imagine what she could get out and do. She had to stay home and start packing for the trip into nowhere.

Three cups of coffee later, Lolo returned Sammy Arco's paper, then got out a suitcase. Not really knowing where to begin, she vaguely started emptying a drawer. An odd glove, stockings with holes in them, curlers, racing charts, unpaid bills, nine lipsticks, a postcard from her first husband's cousin in Canada, nail polish, corn plaster, a broken garter, and a packet of tickets for Disneyland.

She looked at the Disneyland ticket books with surprise. Then she remembered that some old friend of Henry Paul's from Iowa had stopped by with his children

Continued from page 23

and left these tickets which they hadn't used up. Lolo had never been to Disneyland. The names that glowed before her eyes sounded full of magic and promise: Frontierland, Fantasyland, Tomorrowland. Particularly that last lovely word. For a girl who seemed to have no tomorrowland, it gave a pinch of hope.

When she left the apartment, there was Sammy Arco, hurrying along the hall ahead of her.

"Hey, Sammy," she said, delighted. "How about going to Disneyland with me?"

"Can't, little doll, ma'am. Got to rehearse with a warbler named Benaldine. She bills herself as the California Cuckoo — and she's right..."

She stood in line at the Disneyland entrance, then paid to get in, thus further reducing her worldly assets. As she swept across the Town Square, her heart felt buoyant and curiously carefree. Along with others, she climbed into an old horse-drawn fire engine, and it went clanging down Main Street.

MUSIC was everywhere, and groups of relaxed people meandered with curiosity past the old-fashioned shops. Two little boys were ringing the fire-engine bell. Streamers and flags danced jigs in the gentle breeze. Lolo became excited; the bustle and activity made her think that anything might happen.

"Anything" turned out to be a man named Hansen. She first encountered him at the terminal of the Skyway to Tomorrowland. They stood in line next to each other. When she was about to be ushered into her little aerial car, the attendant asked if they were together. She said they were not, because, of course, even though the little cars held two people, she could hardly ride into Tomorrowland with a strange man.

Besides, though he had a neatly clipped grey moustache and finely shaped head, he had a hole in his green sweater-vest and his shoes were quite run-down and scuffy.

So Lolo rode alone in her high little car. And Mr. Hansen rode in the next one. Lolo peered down at the excited children riding the Flying Elephants, swirling in the big cups of the Mad Tea Party or riding little boats through Story-Book Land. She hadn't enjoyed herself this much for many months. Here, happy, glorious unreality became reality. And that other smudgy reality of everyday living became only something to forget as a bad dream.

Alighting in Tomorrowland, Lolo watched with admiration the smooth swoops of the Monorail. She must ride on that next. And there again was the man with the neat moustache. He smiled in a friendly fashion and they sat next to each other and went gliding up and around the single rail with effortless grace.

Then it seemed the most natural thing in the world for them to climb down into one of the submarines together and sit side by side facing the little portholes, while the wonders of undersea life unfolded before them. Lolo gave little gasps of pleasure, and from time to time Mr. Hansen said, "Marvelous." When they reached the end of the trip he said it once more. And he seemed to be looking directly at Lolo...

MRS. LINDSAY'S NEXT HUSBAND

admiringly. Or was she just imagining that?

Mr. Hansen introduced himself with great dignity and good manners. He, like Lolo, was alone at Disneyland. And he implied that, like Lolo, he was seeking respite from a troubled and lonely life. And so Lolo never saw any harm in telling this most charming man her name.

"A happy encounter, Mrs. Lindsay," said Mr. Hansen gallantly. "And now shall we take the Rocket to the Moon?"

They did, enjoying zooming from the earth as much as any child among the passengers. Afterwards, Mr. Hansen said he'd be honored to buy her a hot dog. He took Lolo's arm firmly and guided her to a shaded pavilion, where they leisurely ate two apiece and sipped coffee and watched the people wander by.

"I like people," said Mr. Hansen in a quiet, beautifully pitched voice. "I believe in the essential joyousness of the human animal — and the need for that joyousness. This is the ideal place to strengthen my belief."

The joyousness of the human animal, thought Lolo. Perhaps that was what had always enabled her to bounce back when fate dealt her blows below the belt — her inherent animal joyousness. Even when Jonathan had been killed... Suddenly she knew she had been struggling not to think of Jonathan ever since she arrived at Disneyland.

She smiled gently into Mr. Hansen's nice face, and she said, "I had a boy who died." And then she was telling him all about Jonathan — his stringy, muscular body, his hair with the cowlicks, his fine blue eyes, and his questioning, always questioning. His love of music and games, his growing up too fast, too fast, his coping with two step-fathers, and then his sudden end — at a handsome seventeen — when a racing car went out of control and aimed straight for him.

When Lolo stopped talking, she felt a bit better. Mr. Hansen was looking at her with what she could only call a strong, understanding expression. No obvious sympathy, no maudlin poor-dearing. All he said was, "I'm glad you told me that." Lolo was glad, too. And quite suddenly Mr. Hansen was a friend.

"I've had so many bad things happen to me that I say to myself, 'Lolo girl, you're due for something good happening for a change. Something damn good!'"

"I believe you're right," he said.

Later, while they were resting near the bandstand, Lolo noticed a man in a brown suit sitting on a bench not too far away. Somehow this man bothered Lolo, because he seemed to have been following them.

She had first seen him on the Monorail and then later at the submarine landing when they emerged. He had sat not far from them while they had their lunch. She pointed him out to Mr. Hansen, and Mr. Hansen was quite upset.

They took a ride on the Mark Twain Riverboat, and on the boat with them was not only the man in the brown suit but another man in a grey suit, who, Lolo realised, had also been near them for many hours. After they had disembarked, they sat sipping lemonade under a striped umbrella. Lolo pointed out to Mr. Hansen that both these men sat near

them, each at a separate table. Mr. Hansen, for the first time that afternoon, looked unhappy.

Lolo began to feel uneasy. She had never before been escorted by a man who was being tailed. Or perhaps these men were tailing her! Did they represent her creditors? She murmured that she'd have to be getting back to Los Angeles. Mr. Hansen went with her to the main gate and saw her to the bus. As she was about to board it, he asked if they couldn't dine together the following Thursday. Lolo hesitated. After all, he was a perfectly strange man. "Please, Mrs. Lindsay," he said. "I hate to think you're just going out of my life."

He said it with such simple sincerity that Lolo gave him her address and said she'd expect him Thursday.

The next morning, Thelma Nordlinger phoned and suggested dinner on Thursday. Lolo said she had a date.

"Who with?"

"With a man I met at Disneyland."

"What were you doing at Disneyland?" asked Thelma incredulously.

"Well... it was a lovely day, and I found these tickets, and—"

"Lolo! Do you mean to tell me that in your desperate financial condition you went gaily off to Disneyland, forgetting your obligations...?"

"I went to forget my obligations."

Lolo could hear Thelma getting control of her indignation. Finally she said in a cold voice, "And how did you meet him?"

"Why, I sat next to him on the Monorail, and—"

"Lolo! What do you know about him? Aren't you aware of what happens to women who pick up strangers? Why, he might be a crook, or a mental patient."

Lolo didn't think Thelma had to paint that frightening picture. Nevertheless, the thought of the two men who had followed them flashed into her mind. Before she could stop herself she was mentioning that to Thelma.

"Well, now I know he's a crook. Probably wanted by the police. If you take my advice you will not be home when he arrives. Stay away from him."

SHE seldom took Thelma's advice, and she didn't this time. She did some worrying during the day on Thursday, but that didn't stop her from doing her hair, doing her nails, and trying a new, subtle kind of eye-shadow. By late afternoon she looked fresh and lovely and quite like a new doll—in the low lights of her living-room.

When the door chime rang, it was not Mr. Hansen who stood there, but the man in the brown suit. Lolo stood motionless in terror for a moment, but then the man smiled pleasantly and said he had to speak with her about the old gentleman she had talked to at Disneyland. Lolo didn't think "old gentleman" described Mr. Hansen at all, and with a stern expression she let the man come in. He said his name was Carmichael, and that he had been hired by Mr. Hansen's family.

"You see, ma'am," he said politely, "the old gentleman is an independent sort and likes to live his own sort of life and do... well, rather eccentric things. He sometimes gets into trouble and his family pays me to keep an eye on him and see that

he doesn't. I think it only fair to tell you he's a bit soft in the upper story. Harmless, of course, but, well, soft. A bit of a kleptomaniac, too. I wouldn't pay much attention to the schemes he may have."

Lolo stared at Carmichael and felt her chin trembling a bit. "I like him," she said loyally. "He's a very charming and intelligent man. And stop calling him 'old gentleman'! He's young in heart, and that's all that matters."

When Carmichael had gone, Lolo sat on the sofa and stared into space. She felt sad and let down. This was not the turn of events she had expected. And it was mortifying to think that in a way Thelma had been right. But when she thought of the gentlemanliness and quiet strength of Mr. Hansen she only knew she wanted to see him again.

He phoned her later. "My deepest apologies, but I was intercepted by one Carmichael. I thought it best to stay away. I suppose he told you his usual tale of my instability and incompetence. Now, dear Mrs. Lindsay, this little setback isn't going to stop us, is it? It simply means that we've got to move underground. You don't mind a bit of intrigue, do you?"

"Well..." said Lolo uncertainly.

"I have a table at Perino's for seven thirty."

"I love Perino's."

"But we're not going there. That's just to put poor old Carmichael off the scent. I'll meet you in that little park at the corner of Olympic and Roxbury in forty-five minutes."

Lolo thought this was a bit absurd. She remembered Thelma. "Oh, Mr. Hansen, I'm afraid that I..."

"You aren't going to back down now, are you?" asked Mr. Hansen wistfully. "I do so want to see you... Now be sure that you aren't being followed. Dodge into a drug-store and out the back way or something like that. You know."

Lolo didn't know, but she agreed to meet him in the park.

She realised that Thelma lived not too far from that park, and the thought of dropping in on Thelma and leaving by the back exit amused her.

Thelma was a picture of outraged convention. "Lolo," she demanded sternly, "you aren't meeting that man?"

"Now, Thelma," pouted Lolo, "don't begrudge me a little excitement in my life." "Lolo, I won't let you! It's madness! You'll end up on a marble slab!"

"Won't we all?" asked Lolo, and she tiptoed out the back door and hurried along the alley, her heart beating a bit too rapidly.

By the trees Mr. Hansen had taken over a picnic table. On it he had spread a paper tablecloth decorated with pink hearts. There was a stack of sandwiches and a bottle of wine.

"I hope it isn't going to be too cold for you, dining alfresco. But it occurred to me nobody would be likely to find us here," Mr. Hansen smiled a very nice smile.

She looked at the table again. She saw there were place cards. They had a design of cupids with arrows. One read "Lindsay," the other "Hansen."

"Please be seated," said Mr. Hansen with a shy smile. "I knew you'd come. I knew you'd have faith."

He poured some wine, then sat down opposite Lolo and lifted his glass. Slowly Lolo lifted hers. She looked across into his nice face. She realised that this was the first

time she had seen him without dark glasses. His eyes were deep-set and olive-brown, hazy with a touch of sadness.

"To joy," said Mr. Hansen quietly.

They drank.

While they ate, Mr. Hansen said, "You see, my dear Mrs. Lindsay, my family—that is, my children and some literal-minded nephews and nieces—consider me ready for the shelf. They object to the fact that I won't settle down in a rocking-chair and wait to die. They think I'm odd. I embarrass them. They sulk if my clothes are wrinkled or my shoes not shined. 'A man in your position,' they say. Ah, yes, my position. It is simply that of any other man turning into the last lap of the race. I have run a good race, my dear Mrs. Lindsay, and I have a right to do what I wish with my remaining years, to go where I choose, to be with whom I choose."

"So, because my relatives are so tongue-clucking and uneasy about my unpredictable movements, they quite some time ago hired Carmichael—a stupid private eye if ever I saw one—to tail me. I, in turn, hired a man named Glackens to tail him, so that he might prevent too much interference."

LOLO asked, "The man in the grey suit?"

"Exactly. Glackens and I work well together. Glackens was able to alert me that Carmichael had paid you a visit. That gave me time to order this repast and plan some camouflage."

There were little eclairs for dessert. As the swift dusk was descending, Mr. Hansen handed a package and an envelope to Lolo. "A small gift, dear Mrs. Lindsay," he said. "Perhaps you should read the letter first. It's—well, I suppose you might call it my references. And now, my dear, it's getting dark. I have ordered a taxi for you, to be at the Roxbury gate at eight."

Lolo looked alarmed, thinking of the cost of the taxi ride home.

"It is, of course, paid for," said Mr. Hansen.

"Gosh, Mr. Hansen," said Lolo, "I—I simply don't know what to say. This is the most magic. It's the most magic maybe I've ever known."

She smiled fondly at him, and he bowed a small bow. "I shan't see you to the gate," he said. "We must be cautious."

She had barely started away when he stopped her. "Oh, how preposterous. I almost forgot." He handed her a square of cardboard. "There is something in the letter which requires an answer. We shan't use the phone, of course. Too dangerous."

(Could he possibly have known it was being disconnected tomorrow because the bill hadn't been paid?)

"However, I shall have Glackens watching your apartment building. If your answer is yes, will you be as kind as to place this card in your window?"

Lolo looked at the card. It said "JOY" in large letters.

"Once I get that message, I shall move swiftly, my dear lady," Mr. Hansen looked a trifle wistful.

Lolo walked down the path. "Crazy," she said to herself as she got into the taxi. "Absolutely crazy, but delightful." She was afraid Carmichael was right. A little soft in the upper story.

To page 55

MRS. LINDSAY'S NEXT HUSBAND

Continued from page 54

At home, Lolo curled up on her bed and opened the letter. It read:

"Dear Mrs. Lindsay,
From my files on Macdonald Hansen, a widower, I discover the following facts, honestly set down in truth and humanity. Use them in any judgment you may have to make about him.
Macdonald Hansen has: Sixty-four years behind him A tendency toward biliousness An ironclad determination An independent spirit A sense of humor Poor eyesight A shrapnel scar from World War I

A few minor vices
Seven chess sets
A knack for cooking
A romantic fire still burning
Money enough to live on
Macdonald Hansen does not have:
Many enemies
Many friends
Worries
Much of an ego
A fear of dying
Many years left
The habit of snoring
Anyone to love and cherish (to truly love and cherish)
(to truly, truly love and cherish)

Therefore, the aforesaid Macdonald Hansen considers it a very great honor and privilege to beg the hand of one Mrs. Lindsay, widow, in marriage.

As a token of his love and esteem, he offers the accompanying small gift.

Affectionately yours,
Macdonald (Buck) Hansen.
Lolo felt touched and yet disturbed. When she opened the little box, she was even more disturbed, for there on its soft pink bed was the largest solitaire diamond she had ever seen.

He was a kleptomaniac! But good heavens, how beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! The diamond sparkled with a thousand tiny lights. Even as she admired it hungrily, Lolo's heart felt the heaviness of despair.

She phoned Thelma.
"Well, thank goodness you're alive!" said Thelma.

"Oh, Thelma," said Lolo breathlessly, "he gave me the biggest diamond I've ever seen."

"Obviously stolen," said Thelma. "The man is hiding it with you. I want you to get in touch with the police."

"Thelma, he's so sweet. And he has a knack for cooking and poor eyesight and romantic fire. Doesn't he sound ideal for me. I mean especially the poor eyesight. Let's face it, I can't always be in a dim light! And even if he doesn't have many years left or many friends, he's a dear screwball. I may put the JOY card in the window."

"This man has hypnotised you. What did he say his name is? Not that it's his right one, of course."

"Macdonald Hansen."
"What did I tell you!" said Thelma triumphantly. "How could he be Macdonald Hansen?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Lolo weakly.

"If you were at all well informed, you'd know that Macdonald Hansen is a tycoon—or was a tycoon—the richest man west of the Rockies, and your new friend is impersonating him to put something over on you. Lolo, go straight to the police and take them that diamond and tell them the whole story."

"How did this Macdonald Hansen make all his money?" asked Lolo dreamily.

"Mining, I believe. I think mostly molybdenum."

"Spell it," said Lolo.

"Lolo, stick to the point. Are you going to report this man?"

"There's someone at the door," said Lolo. "I'll call you back."

She went to the door, and it was a man with an eviction notice. It said that Mrs. H. Paul Lindsay must be out of apartment 1A within twenty-four hours or else. Lolo smiled wanly at the man and asked him if he'd like a beer. He said no he wouldn't, and went away.

Lolo sat down and thought seriously about her situation. And she realised she couldn't possibly be worse off than she was, and that even if Mr. Hansen (whose name might be Jones, for all she knew) was only a sweet old eccentric, he couldn't have less money than she, and he liked her, and she couldn't stand the way the loneliness was getting thicker than the smog. So she didn't call Thelma back. She walked to the window and leaned the card which said Joy against one of the panes.

She received a telegram shortly after dawn the following morning, telling her to be at the rear entrance of the Westwood shopping centre at 11 a.m. She was also urged to be most cautious and secretive. The wire was signed, "Joy Boy."

LOLO hurriedly showered and dressed and put on the only suit she cared about and took her largest purse, into which she dumped what a few keepsakes she owned: a nightie, a couple of extra panties, and two cans of beer. Then just as she was taking a last look around the apartment she heard Sammy Arco singing.

She hesitated a moment, then turned her diamond ring around so it wouldn't show and knocked on Sammy's door.

Sammy had on his Kelly-green bathrobe. "Hi, Lolo," he said sleepily. "Come in for a snort of Java."

Lolo shook her head. "I'm — I'm moving today, Sammy."

"Oh, say now," said Sammy, "this old teashop's gonna miss you. You gonna leave an old friend your new address?"

"Well, I don't quite know yet where — I mean there are several possibilities."

Sammy scrutinised her closely. "You're all right, aren't you, kid?"

It always pleased Lolo when he called her "kid." She nodded. "Oh, yes. And thanks for everything, Sammy."

"Well, keep in touch . . ."

"I'll miss your singing, Sammy. Maybe I'll drop in at the Blue Spot some time."

"I won't be there. Got fired last night."

"Oh, Sammy!"

"No worry cue. Can always get some grub for mv strummin'." His big mouth widened in that soft grin. Lolo wanted to mother him, to take care of him. They were two forlorn drifters and they needed each other. She almost said this to Sammy, but she didn't. Not even when he leaned his six-feet-three way down and gently kissed her cheek. She just said, "I'll find you."

"Keep the birds off your aerial, kid," Sammy said.

It was a long black Bentley, driven by Glackens, which picked Lolo up in the alley behind the Westwood shopping centre. In a daze, she tank back on the soft dove-colored upholstery, while the car floated with an elegant purr down Wilshire Boulevard to the Beverly Hilton.

Up, up, up in the elevator. Along a silent corridor, into an airy suite with a huge glass wall and all of Los Angeles spread out below. There were flowers and there was a bottle of champagne being iced. And there was Mr. Hansen in different clothes—but they were just as wrinkled as the previous ones—and wearing old carpet slippers. He came to Lolo and kissed her hand.

"Dear Lolo," said Mr. Hansen, "there is so little time that I've taken the liberty of having some things sent out here from which you can choose your trousseau." A Miss Dickinson stepped out of the next room. She was dressed in immaculate black and looked like an executive.

"I believe you'll find Miss Dickinson can outfit you from —uh—the skin out, if I may say so. City hall was unusually kind about the licence—waived the blood test. They remembered my tiny contribution to their orchestra. Judge Crocker is coming at one to perform the ceremony. Then immediately after lunch we must get to the airport. A man from the passport division will meet us there. I told my pilot we'd take off no later than three-thirty. I hope you don't mind honeymooning in Brazil."

"But—but, Mr. Hansen—I mean, Buck—all this—and—"

He took her hand in his. "I took a chance that you liked me for myself, just as I liked you. . . ."

When Lolo returned to the sitting-room she was wearing a new suit so simple that it must have been wildly expensive and a mink toque that gave her more style than she'd ever had in her life. There was a bouquet of tiny orchids. Judge Crocker was there and married them, with Glackens and Miss Dickinson as witnesses.

Only when the Bentley was taking them to the airport did Lolo remember what Carmichael had said about kleptomania, and she told Mr. Hansen with a big giggle. "So that's how he's scaring people now, is it?" said Mr. Hansen. "He'll lose his job when my children find out what has happened. You'll like my children. Won't have to see much of them, but they're not bad. Just too rich. I have too much money, too. Most of it goes into the Hansen Foundation, and still I'm embarrassingly rich."

"Oh, I don't mind," Lolo Doll said quickly.

"You are a good sport," said Joy Boy.

Now here's the point where the story says . . . and they lived happily ever after. Only "ever after" in their case was not very long, because life is not very long. In a few years, Macdonald Hansen, who had built a fortune so big he had to hire people to count it, reached that Port of Entry where he couldn't take it with him. As Lolo always did, she took the bad with the good in her own stoic fashion.

It was Thelma Nordlinger who had her pins knocked out from under her by the injustice of Lolo's ever finding Mr. Hansen in the first place. "There must be a goddess of luck who watches over fools," she'd said bitterly. And then she'd cite the example of Lolo Peck Dunlap Nordlinger Lindsay Hansen Arco, the richest woman west of the Rockies—who couldn't be happier with her own, no longer drifting, Sammy.

(Copyright)

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.



2210.— Popular shirtmaker, full-skirted, with 4 necklines and raglan sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2210, price 5/3 includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES



2560.— Smart dress with double-breasted fitted bodice and large notched collar. Slim or full skirt. (B) Detachable contrast over-collar. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2560, price 5/3 includes postage.

2627.— Cool, sleeveless, cowl-necked shift, with or without self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2627, price 5/3 includes postage.



9924.— Pretty dinner and dance dress. (A) Full-skirted with cowl neckline deeply dipped at back, unmounted three-quarter sleeves. (B) Eased sheath version. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 9924, price 6/- includes postage.

9974.— Attractive dress for the smart matron. (A) Slim-skirted with tucked shoulders, contrast-trimmed, scalloped neckline, contrast dickey and bow, elbow-length sleeves. (B) Flared skirt version with short sleeves, self-bow, and dickey. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Butterick pattern 9974, price 5/3 includes postage.



Serve simply with Sao biscuits.

Crisp Sao biscuits add pleasure to any meal. So simple to serve, buttered or plain. There's more time for enjoyment.



Arnott's
F A M O U S
SAO
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

